

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

VOLUME 158  NUMBER 1

JULY 1936

THE SELF-MADE MAN

BY WILLIAM LAIDLAW

HERR FRIEDRICH NUSSBAUM, who had lived most of his life in Berlin, had two fair reasons for not specially thinking of himself as Jewish. The first was that from infancy he had had no relatives of any description. The second reason was that he needed only to look at his dinner table, his town house on Bendlerstrasse, his country place in the Bavarian Alps, or at one of his big American cars, to see at once that his label was Solid Citizen, German Business Man — A Person of Considerable Influence, in fact.¹

It had been a long time since even the angriest dolichoblond individual had used the word 'Jew' to Herr Nussbaum in an accusatory sense. Instead he was addressed as 'Herr Direktor' or 'My dear Nussbaum'; occasionally, by sad little fellows whose notes were due, as 'Exzellenz.' His consumption was eminently conspicuous; his leisure, part of which was occupied by a charming lady whom he maintained in the Neues-westens, reputable to the last degree. There was absolutely nothing to distin-

guish him from any other right-thinking chap who had been smart, dug his toes in and got there; and from the knowledge of this Herr Nussbaum took a satisfaction which could not have been equaled if the Angel Gabriel had appeared to him and announced that he was to be given all the titles of the House of Hohenzollern, holdings included.

During the war, when he had had a textile mill near Essen, Herr Nussbaum had been keenly patriotic. True, his uniform cloth had come a bit higher than the bids some of his competitors had offered, but its superior quality had won him the warm friendship of the Boys in Field Gray, as his frequent dinners to ranking officers in the Quartermaster's Department attested. In 1918, when the end of the world had come, when Red Sailors were putting newspapers down in the palace so that their machine guns would n't scratch the Kaiser's floors, when the name of Liebknecht hung over responsible heads like a zeppelin, when the Right Wing Socialists, true Germans even on The Day, were routing their Independent brethren with court injunctions; in

¹ It should be emphasized that Nussbaum is a purely fictitious character. — EDITOR

1919, when all the right people had transformed their resentment against the Emperor and the adroit generals into resentment against the new government and were trembling at the inroads the November Criminals were making into sound business, Herr Nussbaum had shivered with the blondest of them. Later, when the Socialist Minister Eisner was assassinated on his way to turn in his portfolio, Herr Nussbaum agreed heartily with his gentile associates that political murder as a rule was beyond the pale of decent society, but that this thing had been inevitable — that it had been the only way to get rid of a man who was wrecking the country.

In the year 1920 a thing occurred which was to affect the whole future course of Herr Nussbaum's life. This was a local but violent Communist outbreak in the Ruhr district, which, extending to Essen, caused the Nussbaum Uni-Tex Mills, Inc., to be seized and held for a full day before government forces could drive the usurpers out. Herr Nussbaum never recovered from the fright this gave him. Having had the normal prejudices of a man of property to begin with, he naturally came, after this event, to regard Communism as a Pope does Antichrist, as the most formidable, the most imminent, the most personal threat in all human existence. Nor did he think henceforth of the dragon as Communism alone. In his mind it took the broader shape of 'The Red Menace,' which included various forms of Socialism, of 'experimental' Democracy, and all other developments smacking of the word 'Liberal.' After March 1920, he would often employ several of these different labels in a single sentence, using them all to connote the same individual or group or mode of thought, and could never encounter the mildest mention of 'Social Reform' without hearing the gathering drums of Armageddon.

In those days there was certainly much to keep his fears alive. Despite the fact that it had been the present government which had rescued his mill, Herr Nussbaum drew little distinction between its members and the rascals they had chased. Both were Red; the Communists were simply Redder. Men less sensitive than he were virulent against the weak Republic, with its 'National Economic Council,' its absurd taxes, and other such tripe. And if, where the retrieving of his mill was concerned, Herr Nussbaum did not thank the government, he could not be called deliberately ungrateful. To him that had been an act of God. It got soon so that Herr Nussbaum outdid all but a very few extremists among his friends in hating the Government of the Weimar Constitution. So much so that when the Kapp Putsch had its momentary success that same spring Herr Nussbaum, though even the most conservative elements repudiated the affair, said it might be a good thing, and, after a general strike had trod the Kapp Putsch out, told some of his friends they could laugh if they wanted to, but they had let slip one of the best chances that had yet come to get the country back on its feet. At about that period he heard for the first time of an agitator down in Bavaria named Hichler, Hippla, — something like that, — but there were so many of these damned Reds around just then that Nussbaum and his acquaintances could n't be bothered singling out one more. Besides, the mark, which had already gone to hell, was burrowing its way to some unexplored place beneath that, and there was no time to waste on soap-box orators, however resonant.

II

During the first of those sad inflation years, while Germany juggled desperately with Reparations, dissatisfac-

tions, and the million debilities of a Cæsarean-born Democracy, Herr Nussbaum made money hand over fist. Reluctantly, for it had been the flagship of his life, he let the mill at Essen drift toward the reefs. He put a little of his capital here and a little there. He looked ahead a bit; saw that if one had enough of this increasingly worthless paper he could still do something with the exchange; got a little gold in hand — presently quite a quantity of gold. To facilitate the success of various enterprises he borrowed heavily from the government, which he found had at least that one use. By the time he repaid this money, of course, its value had always sunk to nothing at all. Thus Herr Nussbaum soon found the threat of creditors practically nonexistent.

In order to bring more foreign money into his hands, and because he saw that the debased mark was bound to make Germany a favorite playground for people from other countries, he also put a good part of his money into hotels and amusements for the tourist trade. He bought a big hotel in Berlin, another in Munich; two in the Bavarian Alps, a beautiful big one on the Rhine. He toyed with the idea of an enormous hostelry at Oberammergau which would become world-famous. In a short time, not only in the right quarters in Germany, but in England, America, — everywhere but in France, — Herr Nussbaum's hotels began to be known. Their cuisines and situations, their excellent service, — above all, the important fact that Jews were not encouraged, — made them just the places for long sojourns as well as for discriminating travelers.

Just the same, however, as Herr Nussbaum and his friends pointed out to one another, things in those days were not so fine as they seemed. There were all sorts of attempts to prevent a man from earning an honest living; certain measures of the government

were downright confiscatory; the Red Menace was everywhere. One night in 1921, when Herr Nussbaum came out with some ladies and gentlemen from a quiet little supper in Kempinski's, he found that someone had taken a piece of chalk and drawn a large pig on the side of his Packard limousine. The pig had a silk hat on, and underneath, obviously the work of an adult hand, it said: 'Nussbaum.' Herr Nussbaum and his friends were indignant, but, as neither his chauffeur nor the doorman had seen anybody, he had to content himself with speaking scathingly about it to a police official whom he knew. The official, after a worried effort to convince Herr Nussbaum of his own innocence, gave orders that henceforth policemen were to keep a strict eye out for such things. That same year, when Finance Minister Erzberger of the Centre Party was assassinated, Herr Nussbaum told the lady in the Neues-westens that political murder as a general thing must be deplored by every decent citizen, but that in this instance it had been inescapable — that it had been the only way to eliminate a dangerous man who was bent on sending the country to the dogs.

Also, that same year, as the nation sank in a slough of paper and wages continued to fall behind prices, thousands of people starved in Germany. In many places there was no milk for small children, either in bottles or in their mothers' breasts. The price of a loaf of bread at that time was a whole handful of marks. That was cheap, however, compared to prices the following winter when the French marched into the Ruhr. That winter, the cold winter of 1923, with no fuel forthcoming and industrial Germany paralyzed, a single roll cost 75 marks, a loaf of bread 700. Americans who happened to be in Germany just then found that they could get 21,000 marks for a dollar. Presently the number of marks one

dollar would bring would be two and a half billion.

At first, since France could n't actually annex the Ruhr, Herr Nussbaum and his friends thought this business might not be so desperate. They said: 'The German coal masters hold more cards than Coste and his Frogs realize; the occupation will be brief; meanwhile the government, with its programme of passive resistance, will reimburse the operators for their failure to produce.' Soon, however, the German officials of the district were expelled; Thyssen, Tengelmann, and others were arrested; specific interests were jeopardized along with the general welfare; and Nussbaum, who had only hated the French impersonally when he was sending uniform cloth against them, began to detest France as bitterly as he did the Radicals at home. Simultaneously, out of Bavaria, there came a noise like a child locked in a closet. That fellow Hiffler commenced whooping that the Ruhr was a crime, that the French must be exterminated — Germany for Germans, Germany Top Nation! But first, he cried, out with the enemy in our own house! Out with the filthy Reds, down with the dirty Jews! New Germany — arise!

Apparently this Hitler — or was it Hühler? — was getting a little money from somewhere. All those who joined his party received nice warm uniforms, very often things to eat. His programme, while not quite original, reflected the personal patterns of two successful men: first, axiomatically, Napoleon's; second (but in this case consciously), his newly risen neighbor's in Italy. Attractive to various elements in the Fatherland, it was especially calculated to please the Bavarian provincials, whose insatiable reactionism has made them, since Odoacer, the insurgents of Germany. A vast civil service establishment, of course. Rents to be taken care of; two billions' worth of

food to be drawn from the soil; no more hunger. Not 'Liberty' here where the mass, even more than most masses, dreamed of being little burghers: 'Discipline, Order; A Sausage in Every Pot; Cheap Beer!' Economic scheme: a bustling cleaning and repairing boom. The Bavarians, even such country folk as bathed only annually, would love the sound of that. Plan of action filched from both Napoleons: the paradox of plebiscite and *coup d'état* together. Napoleonic item: all moves to be backed by an army of youths who, more than any young men since 1800, would wallow in Opportunity.

Foreigners could gasp, 'Versailles!' and 'Desperation!' when they saw how the Bavarians listened. The fellow Hühler — who cellularly, if not legally, was a Bavarian himself — knew there was more to it than that. He knew that not bread but the bad poets are the ultimate social force; that in the Wagnerian world Our Hero can never be defeated (ignobly) unless there is still time for him to turn the tables. More, in these early days this man, whom only a piece of stamped paper separated from the name of Schicklgruber, was spurred on by a need as great as any a little bourgeois — and especially a Bonaparte-Wagner bourgeois — can know. He lacked a label. Worse, *the* label, the chief tag of all — citizenship. Austria, the spot of his birth, had snubbed him. Germany, in whose army he had served, not at a Bienne or an Artillery School, but before Valhalla, had informed him coldly that she had no record of him. If any whole-souled little bourgeois could stay homeless long, or if there had been no Bavaria, perhaps he might have found himself a Man without a Country. But beer-heavy Bavaria, land of the *Schuhplattl* and mounds and mounds of food, is a hospitable place.

In olden times the hairy warriors, loving a fight but hating the responsi-

bility of individual action, would only stir behind a leader. The Bavarians had preserved that trait, but improved on it. For generations now they had served a leader whose punitive expeditions were endless, behind whom they could march perpetually in solid step — not the goose step of the Prussian Guards, but with the stalking stride of Vigilantes. This leader's name, meaningless in the Bavarian sense without quotation marks, was 'Respectable Order.' And once he stepped forth, embodied and in uniform, the Bavarians would be massed to receive him. Young men and boys began flocking to the naturalistic Austrian's banner with its Asiatic symbol. Branches of his organization sprang up outside of Munich. People commenced to take notice.

III

The National Socialist Movement at this period was still too uncertain to arouse much analysis; but, even if it had not been, Herr Nussbaum, whose life seldom pressed him beyond calculation, the mere statistics of analysis, would not have wasted time dissecting it. He left rank theorizing to those persons whose probable incomes at fifty could be determined by glancing at a chart. For himself he, like the fellow Hitler, had an instinct, a good burgher's instinct, too. Well, here at last, by God, was a man who not only said the hash of the dirty French should be settled, but seemed to have the courage to do something about it if he got the chance! As for Hitler's curses on the monopoly of Germany by the world-manipulating type of super-capitalist, — the Big Fellows, — Herr Nussbaum, for all the people who called that 'Red talk,' knew just what he meant. It was perfectly true. A man who was trying to get ahead a little in these days, Nussbaum had discovered, had to be as wary of bumping his head up above as

he did of the Bolsheviks in the grass! By God, it . . . of course a couple of the fellow's ideas — his notions about the farmers, for example — were . . .

But what really kindled his interest, the one point which muted the Nazi trumpeting in regard to nationalizing the trusts, abolishing the land tax, and so forth, was what he began to hear about the fellow Hitler and Reds. Suddenly, like a fragrant breeze, it started to go among Herr Nussbaum's friends that this Hitler was n't a Red at all; that indeed he was potentially the very Scourge of Reds! Why, he actually — and even while you were chuckling you had to admit a sort of affectionate admiration for the man's spirit — he and one of his associates named Rosenberg were actually saying that, once they had got into power and wiped the Reds out of Germany, they intended to keep on eastward until they had demolished Soviet Russia itself! Yes, sir! This Hitler had a lot of very right ideas! He might even — well, you could laugh if you wanted to, but he might in the long run even be the means of saving the country!

A number of Herr Nussbaum's Munich acquaintances were strong in this view; some of them went so far as to confide that they had made little donations. The next time Herr Nussbaum went down to his place in Bavaria he was surprised at the enthusiasm he found. All over Munich he saw detachments of fine healthy young chaps marching along in crisp new uniforms, singing their spirited songs, disciplined, obedient, ready for anything. By God, you know — well, in times like these, in spite of all you'd heard, you did n't quite expect it! It did a man's heart good!

To a person who pointed out to him that the burden of the healthy youths' songs was the manner in which they were going to rip the guts out of Jews with their knives (a silly, impractical sort of man, whom Herr Nussbaum

would n't have known at all if his brother had n't been president of Krauss & Sons in Stuttgart), Nussbaum replied, with a worldly smile, that the cry, since it was aimed at the damned Marxists, most of whom were Jews, was as good a rallying yell as any. As for interpreting it just the way it sounded, he reminded Herr Krauss that there were certain political realities; that in order to get the common people behind you it was often necessary to make quite sweeping generalizations. The majority of these Marxists, as he had already said, were Jews, and you could never weed them out one at a time. But when it came down to action, Herr Nussbaum would stake his life on it, nobody who was at all an asset to his community, worker or business man, Jew or Hohenzollern, was going to be disturbed. That was just plain common sense. To substantiate this opinion he pointed to the 'nationalization of the trusts' business and to the Leader's public invitation to the Communists — whose ranks probably included plenty of good people gone wrong sheerly through desperation, and who as men of action, Hitler said, should join him. And yet it was pretty clear how Hitler stood on Communists *as such*, was n't it? Come, come, my dear Krauss, one must be a realist!

Before he returned to Berlin, Herr Nussbaum arranged to spend an evening at a house where the fellow Hitler was to be present so that he could have a look at him. He found him an excellent chap; rather inelegant, inclined to be a trifle hysterical about his mission, perhaps, but with a strong hearty hand-clasp, a grim purposeful look in his eye — just the man for the job. Respectful fellow, too; for all his scowling, he seemed to know what was going on. Herr Nussbaum gave him his warmest best wishes, and said he would send a little check to help the good work along. When he got back to Berlin he was hot

in his praise of this new movement, which, he assured everyone, was going to make Germany Germany again.

IV

The next autumn Herr Nussbaum took a little trip to America. He had noticed that in these evil times the cheap amusement places, such as inexpensive cinemas and so forth, did not suffer so much; that on the contrary many desperate people not quite on the bottom layer relied hungrily on these establishments, even when they had to dig into their food money. Herr Nussbaum had in mind a colossal building somewhere in the Friedrichstadt, a thing somewhat like Haus Vaterland, except that you would pay a smaller sum at the door for general admission and then another small sum for each of the things you wanted to do when you got inside. Better things than Haus Vaterland, too. There would also be a cheap cinema, and Herr Nussbaum thought he would call the whole place 'Schloss Nussbaum.' For getting ideas, for buying the Tunnels of Love, the Machines for Frightening People, the Wind-gushers for the Ladies' Skirts, and other necessary equipment, he decided that the best place was America.

When he returned to Germany in November he was greeted by a shock, a bit of late news for which his ship's radio flashes had not prepared him at all. On the eighth, Adolf Hitler and General Ludendorff, dazzled by a beer-hall vision of the Sword loose in the Tree, had declared the National Socialist Revolution and marched on the government at Munich. In the Odeonsplatz they had been met by a detachment of infantry and squashed. Sixteen of the healthy youths were dead, the Party was dissolved, and the Leader himself (who in a too precipitous dive for cover had also suffered a broken bone) faced certain imprisonment.

Into Herr Nussbaum's eyes at this intelligence there leaped the dismay of a shrewd, self-respecting business man who finds he has bought some bad stock. It was not so much that Adolf Hitler's hopes had failed. It was that his, Nussbaum's, gauntlet, having been flung down to the forces threatening the Fatherland, had been treated as if it were a child's mitten. The thing filled him with a sense of personal impotence. For some while thereafter he had only to see the name Marx or Engels on a placard to be driven into a tantrum. In fact, even the name of poor President Ebert was enough, in those days, to cause Herr Nussbaum solid annoyance. Presently he hardly ever thought of the silly fellow Hitler any more.

His irritability at this period, however, could also be laid to a more subtle cause. The fact was, for all his successes in these fool-governed years, Herr Nussbaum had for some time had one bad corn; and the Munich fiasco had stepped on it. This corn was the collapse of his neglected textile business, which was now altogether defunct, the principal responsibility for the mill at Essen (though Herr Nussbaum still owned it) having come at last to rest on the shoulders of a day and a night watchman.

This price for his other gains made him feel foolish. But by no means did it make him turn his back on Essen. From November 1923, the Essen Restoration ceased to be his hobby. It became a Duty — a tiny goad which never left him now, but hovered nightly in his cigar smoke when work was done, and spoiled his rest. Small wonder that on his tender visits to the moribund mill (with French soldiers still slopping past its gate) his thoughts, as he dismounted from his Cadillac, would often turn to Versailles, the government, the Red Menace, the thousand and one agencies

which he felt were to blame for this. It was then, too, and perhaps only then, that he would sometimes think again, with the gloomy resentment one accords a heavily backed race horse which has disappeared into a water jump, of the sorry fellow Hitler.

The sands, though, Essen spinning or Essen still, go on dribbling away. Likewise did the various political groups in Germany go on belaboring one another, often bringing their differences into the streets. Leftists, Rightists, Monarchists, Communists; the Reichsbanner and Catholic Centre people; groups of Hugenberg Nationalists, groups of the supposedly disbanded Nazis, and every other sort of group — all united on one point at least: their contempt for the sad Democratic Government, with its notions of compromise. One day Herr Nussbaum, who always kept a little receiving set in his head tuned in for messages from the right quarter, heard some surprising news. It began to be whispered that things where Hitler was concerned could be worse. Certain sound people, it seemed, were still interested in the Leader; his trial, at which he had been allowed to make a most affecting speech, had been managed very skillfully. Ludendorff, to no one's great surprise, had been permitted to flounce home unpunished. The man Frick, who as assistant chief of Munich's police had helped the Leader from the inside, had received a stiff sentence; but no one had dreamed of asking him to serve it. As for the Leader himself, ignoring the old Italian precept that you must put the demagogue to death, postponing the French one that he should be offered the suicide of office, the government had parked him nervously in the Fortress of Landsberg-am-Lech, where, surrounded by thick walls and the gifts of a thousand admirers, with his hair in his eyes, — not wildly, like a Bolshevik's, but combed that way on purpose, — he had

done the one thing which, however foreign to him as an individual, he must do if he was truly to conform to the type of Man-of-the-People-in-Jail: written a book. Presently, when he was uncooped, it developed that this book, entitled *Mein Kampf*, was to be of huge importance to the National Socialist Movement; it filled a need which, until his enforced holiday, the busy messiah had not had the time to supply. It gave his flock a piece of himself to hold in their hands, something to have around the house when his Voice was absent — a Bible.

Herr Nussbaum, having put a wet finger to the wind, read as much of this as he ever read of any book, thumbing through such discussions as 'The World Menace of Jewry' and 'The Jew as the Backbone of Soviet Russia' (which, after all, had little to do with the Leader's concrete economic and political proposals), and pronounced it an amazing piece of mass psychology; told his friends they should read every word of it from cover to cover. In 1924 the mark was stabilized. In 1925, after the Leader had got his land legs back, he resumed the official headship of his party. Herr Nussbaum immediately dispatched his congratulations, enclosing a little check, and was answered at once by a letter from an aide-de-camp, full of gratitude and noble rhetoric. That same year the French evacuated the Ruhr. In 1926; in 1927 at Pharus Hall in Berlin, where enough Communist heads were broken to show plainly that D'Artagnan rode again; again in 1927 at Nuremberg, gigantic meetings of the National Socialist Party were held. Sentimental, color-starved Germany responded more and more to the bright flags, the flourishes of brass, the Wagnerian swoopings of Siegfried and his crew. The husky young chaps in uniform, the disappearance of Radicals by night, the Jew-baiting in the streets, increased. At the elections of May

1928, the Nazis were able to seat twelve of their party in the Reichstag.

V

Also, in 1928, Schloss Nussbaum got going full blast. People swarmed there by the thousands to forget their cares on things which spun them around, or by watching millionaire lovers on a screen. Herr Nussbaum thought that if the politicians would only give business half a chance things might become very satisfactory indeed. However, in that direction, aside from the Red Menace, — or rather on top of the Red Menace, — there was still much to make him gloomy. Old Hindenburg had not been panning out the way certain patriotic Germans had hoped. He was a Junker, a Field Marshal, and a Gentleman, — he did n't know how to be anything else, — and he was proud of it. Herr Nussbaum heard that if the old man found out a visiting personage was the son of a butcher, or if a minister's collar was not right, any interview, however important, might go on the rocks. Added to that, despite his boast that he knew nothing about politics, the patriarch wanted to run Germany as if it were an army post, which left things pretty clear for the persons close to him. Any time the old boy seemed on the verge of perceiving what they were up to with him, these wirepullers would show him a picture of himself at the Battle of Tannenberg or tell him a story about six gentlemen of noble East Prussian blood shooting a grouse. It was not, Herr Nussbaum told his friends glumly, a state of affairs which a plain, hardworking business man could enjoy seeing.

The aristocratic gentlemen of the Herren Club were getting to be more and more of a thorn in Herr Nussbaum's flesh. At first, soon after the war, it had seemed to him that his interests were identical with theirs, that as a man

of business who was daily growing in importance nothing could be more natural than his seeing eye to eye with the capitalists, the great industrialists, the uncrowned kings who were the real Top Business Men of Germany. Gradually, however, he saw that while these men gave a certain material recognition to his rise they did so with a queer twinkle in their eyes. He found that he was never sufficiently on the inside to know what was up, which way to jump; whereas certain Junkers, not business men at all, even certain military men of good family, always knew everything. True, some of the lesser members of the Herren Club were Herr Nussbaum's close friends, sympathized with him, gave him all the information they could. But in the end, when it came to the final test, the men who really ruled had a way of mingling the interests of Business with the interests of Gentility. Whenever there was a truly good thing going, these high and mighty lords were sure to see to it that the best cuts went to their own breed, even when the beneficiary had only made the grade by marrying one of their skinny Junker females. It pleased Herr Nussbaum to observe that the sleek chaps in the Herren Club were a little scared of Hitler. It was these fellows, he told his friends savagely when they spoke of the Leader's remarks about profiteers and traitors — it was these fellows, who wanted to run Germany and yet stand apart from it, that Hitler meant! And a good thing, too! When, in September 1930, the Nazis increased their seats in the Reichstag from 12 to 107, polling a popular vote of 6,275,000, and he saw that the Herren Club was definitely alarmed, Herr Nussbaum laughed behind his hand.

In those days, when acquaintances complained in his presence of brutal happenings throughout the country, Herr Nussbaum would demand bluntly

if the Communists, also frequently appearing in brown uniforms, were not doing the same thing. He referred them to the bottom of page 215 of *Mein Kampf*, where the Leader said: 'Up till the autumn of 1923, the *Münchener Post* omitted all mention of the fists of the proletariat.' When people he knew suggested that many persons with no political connections whatsoever, innocent Jews and gentiles alike, were being victimized, he gave them a deliberate look and asked them where they would rather live: in Germany with such outrages — or in Soviet Russia? At that time he became an interested follower of the editorials in the Leader's newspaper, *Der Angriff*, which he also forced the lady in the *Neues westens* to read. That winter, when some Munich Storm Troops were raising money for a big skiing party in the Arlberg district, Herr Nussbaum was only too glad to send a little something along.

During the following months he watched with care the manœuvres of the Herren Club either to cross out Hitler's private army or to cut him off from it by putting him in some innocuous office. None of them worked. The Leader himself was campaigning for the Presidency. On April 10, 1932, after some jerky balloting, Field-Marshal-Junker Paul von Beneckendorff und von Hindenburg was reëlected President of Germany. On April 13, at the orders of that imitation aristocrat Brüning, whose reputation for forthright honesty gave Herr Nussbaum a prodigious pain, no matter what the fellow had done for Germany abroad, Hitler's Storm Troops were suppressed.

Herr Nussbaum was incensed. This was a real catastrophe, the worst thing that could have happened! Not that the work of the Party, especially the night work of the secret *Feme*, was altogether curtailed. But the blow, crippling at any time, was sure to be

fatal just now. The fact of the matter was, the Leader was broke, drowning in debt; and for a fugleman whose ability to hold attention depended not only on the usual political funds, but on money for bread and circuses as well, poverty plus the Storm Troop edict was the same as Taps. People suddenly commenced to lose interest. In the Reichstag the Nazis were headed for a terrific setback; everything was going to pieces. Herr Nussbaum heard that the Leader was uttering moving threats as to what he would do with himself if failure overtook him now, and for a brief moment entertained the notion of putting up his own money, forming a syndicate to back the Leader. That, however, was too big a thing, too long a shot, too risky. And Herr Nussbaum told himself morosely, as many others were doing at the moment in many different moods, that Adolf Hitler was through.

VI

At this juncture — much as a trick motorcycle rider in a barrel rolls slowly forward and then backward to gather his first momentum — the initial steps were taken toward what would be a blinding finale. With Hitler down, other bids for power began — but cautiously. Brüning must go. A little closer to the hitherto unwelcome light crept the finagling Schleicher. Von Papen, all shimmering, flitted forth, his outward grace giving no hint that his plans were dressed in a diving suit. Names flew around: of people; of organizations; Groener, the Iron Front, the Stahlhelm, the Reichswehr — Hitler. Most of all, Hitler. Did Hitler down mean the end — in Valhalla's dining hall a vacant chair? Or, did it mean that the time had come when the Leader must accept a combination, when somebody with the money and influence would be able to mount behind the Man of the People and ride

through all sorts of magic spells? The motorcycle began to climb higher, to whizz faster and faster.

Suddenly it became a blur. Schleicher and von Papen; smiles and skulduggery. Schleicher and the Army, Schleicher letting Groener down. Brüning gone. Von Papen Chancellor; Prince Charming and the Sacred Bull. Von Papen giving the Leader back his Storm Troops. Rifts and new alliances. Another attempt to sidetrack Hitler by having Hindenburg, who had already held his nose at one interview with the paper hanger about the Vice-Chancellorship, offer him the post of Chancellor — which, under the conditions, the Leader could not, of course, accept. Schleicher and Hitler. Hitler and von Papen. Herr Nussbaum did n't know what to think of the Leader's relations with these two. Still it was not necessary to look upon them as his surrender to the Herren Club — these men were individuals; and a realist like Hitler could n't afford to remember that Schleicher had been one of the main flies in his Bierhalle Putsch ointment.

One morning, after it had become known to certain people that both Hitler and von Papen had been viewing the scenery of the Rhine a day or two before, Herr Nussbaum heard stirring rumors involving a banker in Cologne. Another rumor he heard was that Rothschild had offered to put up fifty million reichsmarks provided Hitler would get rid of Schleicher and stop playing up the Jewish angle. Some other banking names, a big munition name, and some heavy-industry names were whispered, though old August himself was dead and out of it. Herr Nussbaum made investigations, found out what was really what, and himself sent the most substantial sum he had yet donated to the National Socialist Party. He also informed the Leader that if at any time the Kaiserhof did n't live up to the needs of a Headquarters, or if there

was an overflow due to increased staffing, his hotel was always at the Party's disposal — free of charge, naturally.

January 1933 came. The motorcycle was whirling so furiously now that the nervous audience, even those gaping from the choicest seats, could n't distinguish the machine from the rider. Rumors — some widespread, others select, heard only in lofty places. Von Papen trying to foist Hitler off on the Old Man as Chancellor. Something about a misappropriation of the Eastern Aid Funds. Not Hindenburg himself, but many of his Junker friends. Schleicher, the current Chancellor, the dilettante democrat, enraging the old bull, saying the investigation could n't be averted. A rumor that the Eastern Aid List was in Hitler's hands. . . . Von Papen. Schleicher dismissed. Impressive cars driving up to the French hotel in the Wilhelmstrasse. Suddenly the motorcycle roared into its crescendo. It was at the top of the barrel; it was going a hundred miles an hour. Loose talking, Schleicher caught in the act, the plot about the Potsdam Garrison and a coup on the thirtieth exposed. There was a crash of cymbals, a mighty Wagnerian chord from the orchestra; the motorcycle rolled to a stop. And there upon the stage, breathless but unscathed, in full view of his followers, who stood with their arms lifted toward him as if they had been trying to see how tall he was and found him tall enough — there beside his steaming machine, Man of the Hour for more than one group of people, stood the Austrian house painter, Adolf Hitler — legally appointed Chancellor of the German Reich.

Immediately things began happening in Germany.

VII

By the end of spring, Herr Nussbaum, who was now in everything but name and shirt a National Socialist himself,

realized that this was as soul-thrilling an era as any patriot had ever had the good fortune to live through. The only thing that both irritated and dumbfounded him was the attitude of some of his friends. Unbelievable as it might seem, many otherwise sound people refused to see that they had been rescued on the one hand from the Reds, on the other from a few slick snobs who, with Schleicher and his soldiers, had wanted to hog the whole trough. Here this chap was preparing to remake the country, wipe out things that for fifteen years had been making Germany a hellhole; and some of Nussbaum's friends, far from thanking their stars for the new line-up, were even moving their money over to Lombard Street! Herr Nussbaum always kept a little something in England himself, — nothing wrong in that, — but this lack of patriotism made him boil. He was pleased when regulations were inaugurated which cut out such cowardly withdrawals.

As one month replaced another, the bickering grew. The schisms among yesterday's politicians were as nothing compared to the realignments of friends, business associates, people generally now. Hostility had sprung up between Nussbaum and some of his most intimate acquaintances; he and some people no longer spoke; some of his friends were no longer there. It was amazing to see the variety of men who talked against Hitler, spoke of the Storm Troops as if they were gangsters, drooled about 'persecution, barbarism, concentration camps'; who complained of 'censorship,' for all the world as if a wild Yellow Press had ever benefited them. That fellow Krauss, for instance, the same one who had crabbed about the boys' songs a few years back, had been caught circulating a nasty little pamphlet and taken to a concentration camp, where from all reports they had only scared him a bit.

(Continued on page 119)

YOUNG MORTALITY

BY GLANVILLE SMITH

I

SIR WALTER SCOTT wrote a book about Old Mortality, which leaves the way clear for Young Mortality to speak for himself.

This I now propose to do. Not that I am one of those limbs of the new generation who, in speaking of themselves, imply that their predecessors were a mere overture to the masterpiece. No; history, if it notices me at all, will set me down as an anticlimax. When Mortality *filis* remembers Mortality *père*, it is with piety, affection, and no little envy.

He was a Scotch eccentric, you will recall, who devoted his life to the unpaid task of marking the graves of the martyred Cameronians, or, if others had marked them, of keeping those gravestones in repair. And the Cameronians —

But, gentle reader, lay your hand on your heart, and tell me: are you recently informed on the Cameronian question? Or, like myself, do you have to brush up on these matters, which cleverer but less delightful people seem to imbibe unforgettably with their mothers' milk? If the latter, let me explain that the Cameronians were a sect of Scotch Borderlanders who were in opposition to certain policies of the last Stuart kings. These policies, for reasons of state, sought to revive Scotch jollity; shooting the popinjay, Maypole dancing, bagpipe playing, were decreed as state duties, which jollity the Cam-

eronians deplored. Still more wry were the wrinkles around their mouths when they mentioned the Stuarts' popish religion; and so they refused to be jolly and shoot the popinjay, and would not dance, nor pipe, nor have any doings with the Devil — all of which the government found first annoying, then treasonable, till at last these good people had the satisfaction of dying martyrs to their creed.

Some even were marched a great way from their Border towns, fiddlers and pipers turning out along the road to taunt them with music, and so died in the cells of strange castle prisons, and were buried in pits in the moors. But to all these places Old Mortality came in later years, riding a skinny white horse like Don Quixote, with his tools in a pouch, and a blue bonnet on his graying head. The fallen stones he lifted up, those askew he turned straight, and brushed the moss from the epitaphs. And where no stone was, among those graves, he cut one, and put it up, with the emblems of death carved on it in a plain rude style, together with an account of the martyrs' heroism.

He had abandoned his wife and children to follow this hobby. At first his wife sent one boy, then another, to entreat him to come home. But she seemed to understand why he always refused; she took to school-teaching, reared her boys to honor the father who

had left them, and so had the grace to make a bad matter no worse.

When Old Mortality died, he was away as usual. The snows were too deep to permit bringing his body home; it was buried where the soul had gone out from it, very likely in the churchyard where the ring of his mallet was heard the last time. And then, one neglect leading to another, his grave was left unmarked until nobody was sure where it was; thus it was never marked at all, which is an odd end to the story of a man who had spent his life marking the graves of others.

It would seem that his countrymen were a thankless lot, to treat the old man so. But actually they treated him well. It was a household boast to have entertained him on his faithful rounds; he lived in stories told in the taverns or by the fire; and Scott put him in a novel, which guarantees that he will be remembered until the next ice age. Toward keeping his memory green, a block of flint over his grave, as big as a bus, could do no more than the title of that one book.

In fact it might do less. Certainly public subscriptions in American cities have reared monuments to men who headed the waterworks board, or partook in the carnage of some war or other, or died rich, and yet I have never happened to hear of them. I know this to be true, because when I am visiting a city new to me these obelisks and statues loom up. 'Never forget So-and-So!' they implore, which is the duty of monuments, and thus I learn for the first time of So-and-So's existence.

But Old Mortality, all the while, in his unmarked grave in far-off Scotland, — or King Alfred in his, in England, or poor little Mozart in his pauper's grave in music-loving Vienna, — has an earthly immortality which no monument (short of a Taj Mahal or Great Pyramid) could give. He lives in the stories peo-

ple never tire of telling, as King Alfred does, or as Mozart lives in the music that haunts our brains.

Keats, for the same reason, could well let his gravestone stand nameless, with merely 'Here lies one whose name was writ in water' on it. Snubbed by the critics, he died never guessing what homage the future was to pay him. But his friends did: they saw that his name was writ in the water of immortality. And sure enough, the biographies very nicely have taken care of the vital statistics his gravestone so eloquently omitted.

II

With us Joneses and Smiths and Thompsons, however, matters are different. We must take care not to be forgotten.

First we are 'grandfather,' then 'my great-grandfather,' and after that, unless we have taken care, we live no more. 'Oblivion blindly scattereth her poppy'; our names drop out of the talk of the world, and whether we were shoemakers or sailors to China nobody remembers.

The thought of this is disagreeable to most of us, and I suspect that those who cry out for oblivion dread its poppy most of any; their hope is to be remembered as having wished to be forgotten, and so to live on, embalmed in pathos.

Actually, however, though millions are spent every year in the purchase of gravestones, nobody reasons about their purpose very much. A man rarely buys his own. What he buys is one for his parents, because he loved them, and because graves have been marked ever since they buried Adam. Good sons do these things; and his own son, he is confident without bothering his head about it, will do the same for him. And so the son does, of course.

But just here enters the fact that

makes Young Mortality's profession so melancholy. It is not the deaths of infants or traffic victims that sadden me, but what the present generation puts on the gravestones of its parents. Assembling my letters I resentfully spell out:—

WILLIAM J. JONES

1866-1936

Finis! Does the 'J' stand for 'John'? Very likely it does. But even that innocent fact has been suppressed.

Now what manner of man, for the love of truth, was William J.? Was he a politician, or a piano tuner? Perhaps he had a way with birds, and chickadees would feed from his hand. Perhaps he was shot by mistake during a bank robbery. Perhaps he was a wag, who embraced Mohammedanism to tease his wife, and came back from Mecca wearing a green fez.

To these perhapes the gravestone says neither yea nor nay. It has been told to keep its mouth shut, and shut it keeps it. I can be sure of only one thing about the late Mr. Jones, which is that he was no such zero, nonentity, and blank as the inscription would like to imply. No man could be who lived seventy years on this character-kinking planet.

Gloag and Walker's *Home Life in History* has in it a genealogy which traces a hypothetical British family from the time of the Picts, who painted their bellies blue, to the present generation, which paints its fingernails red. Genealogical tables do not usually make me chuckle, but the recollection of this one does, because, without comment, it slyly traces the fashions in names. From the early Æthelreds and Æthelwyns it laconically descends to the classical Augustuses of Victoria's day, which seem so humorously old-fashioned, and ends with the classical Anthonys of our own, which seem so chic.

When I think of that table I can but acknowledge that mere names can be a clue to the understanding of history. With their aid the antiquary of the future will be able, for example, to learn in the cemeteries what immigrants settled this or that American town, and a little of how the various national strains blended.

And while I make this concession to the value of mere names, let me say that I am alive to the beauty of a Quaker burying ground, or a convent's, where the rows of graves are marked uniformly with plain names and dates. Judgment Day will establish the true precedence among us, until which time Christians do well to wait labeled in equal meekness. Next to scattering their ashes to the winds of heaven, as Lindbergh did his father's, this is the most philosophical way of disposing of people: in the grave no man is a king. Besides, it takes up little room. The nuns' white crosses stand like fields of lilies.

But we Joneses, Smiths, and Thompsons, for the most part, are neither nuns nor stoics. Our cities of the dead are like our cities of the living, full of inequalities of wealth and character. Our gravestones reflect the thickness of our wallets and our tastes in art. And very awful some of these reflections are; beating my breast I say it. But even the most beautiful are lumps of stone that record nothing.

This it is that makes Young Mortality envy Old Mortality, who with the *tink, tink, tink* of his tool spelled out the tragic story of the Cameronians on the stones he raised. He wrote history; I lay out names.

No, it is not thoughts of death that sadden Young Mortality, but of the living people of the future, to whom the gravestones that daily pass before my fishy eyes will be the most uninteresting that ever were made. Clammy and uninformative to-day, to the man who

makes a living off them, what bores they will be to-morrow, to people who owe them nothing! If I am not under one myself in 2000 A.D. (but I hope that mine will be more chatty), I dread to see them all scrapped by act of Congress as too valueless to preserve. The rose of love, the ivy of memory, carved on them, will not save them. A few specimens typical of the lot will be set up in museums, and the rest — my lifework included — will be put at last to some real use, built into septic tanks, or bridges.

III

Why did epitaphs go out of fashion, I wonder. Was it their cost that made them unpopular? Old Mortality's way of cutting them, which took forever on hard granite, has been superseded by new methods, rapid and cheap. Jets of abrasive dust play through perforated masks of sheet glue to cut inscriptions nowadays. Letters deeper and more brilliant than he knew how to make are incised in a fraction of the time he needed for his task.

No, it was something more subtle than expense that caused the mischief. It was the inanity of the epitaphs themselves.

A stroll through a burying ground of a hundred years ago, when epitaphs were last in fashion, is wonderfully restful. Here lies the perfect generation. What a pity these good people died! And what a marvel that we, who so incline to devilry, should be descended from them! The fathers were kind and upright, the mothers were devoted and loving. Both were much lamented by the sorrowing and afflicted children they left behind. All rested in the hope of a blessed reunion.

Actually these old phrases are full of eloquence and beauty; the thorn in their loveliness is, however, that they

can't all be believed. Such a unanimity of virtue is too suspicious. The memoirs of those days tell of mothers that were dreadful, of fathers that were freaks. Where were they buried? Does no man or woman who was peremptory, flamboyant, tough, or tragic, lie in this still earth?

The inanity of the old set phrases, like that of the 'Your most obedient and humble servant' of old letters, led to their being dropped. Why it was that accurate and human epitaphs did not supplant the hackneyed and meaningless ones I can't say. Epitaph writing, like collecting bills past due, is not easy. Once the art had been allowed to lapse, perhaps it seemed too much trouble to try to revive it. But I can report what happened to the grave-stones when their reason for being was lost to them. No longer useful, they had to pretend to be important anyhow. This led to curious and rather jazzy developments.

First they were called tombstones. A tomb is something more than a grave, and for a while the delusion persisted that if you bought a tombstone it was something more than a gravestone. But if you call a spade not a spade but a steam shovel it is not true, and people finally notice that you are a liar. This was what happened in the tombstone business, and, when it did, the name became one of humorous contempt.

One good name having worn out, another, still more pretentious, was chosen to fill its place. Tombstones became monuments. Now of course a gravestone is a monument, but the general term implies a large and public piece of architecture. This was very advantageous for a while; in fact, in the glow of its false grandeur, 'monuments' have been sold for a good many years, now, that you could carry home with you in a wheelbarrow.

But that term too has become *passé*. Its sins have caught up with it; a

new name, again one syllable longer and several degrees more impressive, is taking its place. Monuments now are memorials. Here too the new term really is not inaccurate. Gravestones are (or would be, if they had epitaphs on them) true memorials. But since a memorial can be a hospital, a planetarium, or a fund held in trust to finance students working in the foreign universities, to apply the name to a nubbin of marble with no information on it is more pretentious than ever.

The name will wear out like the others, and a new one (of five syllables this time) will be shanghaied out of Webster to take its place. I wonder what it will be.

IV

Meanwhile people go on buying gravestones, or whatever they happen to be called at the time, and then they go on not putting epitaphs on them, and Young Mortality goes on growling about it. But while I growl and lay out tedious names and dates, I sometimes think about the lost art of epitaph writing, and wonder if its rules could not be reconstructed from old examples, or worked out anew.

Dr. Johnson, who was a bigwig, thought it an honor in his day to be asked to write an epitaph for a friend. Wise, busy, and great men have not considered it foolish to spend real thought on their own — Stevenson, Benjamin Franklin, Keats, to name three. Even Shakespeare's, which at first glance does not seem to be very autobiographical, takes on spice when it is examined by the Baconians: they read a cipher in it, which tells how the supposed bard was poisoned by the real one, to keep him from blabbing that it was Lord Bacon who had written those vulgar stage plays. But the Baconians are always hard to take seriously.

For intellectuality in epitaph writing give me not ciphers, but the marvelous algebraic brevity of Fulke Greville's

SERVANT TO QUEEN ELIZABETH

COUNSELLOR TO KING JAMES

AND FRIEND TO SIR PHILIP SIDNEY

— in which x , the unknown, Greville, is expressed in terms of the three great knowns, a , b , and c . Brevity, pathos, wit, poetic beauty, serenity of judgment — these are the qualities we note in the epitaphs written by Greville, Keats, Franklin, Stevenson, and Dr. Johnson.

But that these qualities are easy to note does not mean that they are easy to imitate. Serenity of judgment, or truthfulness, is the most elusive of all. With that goal in mind, the less famous epitaph writers must often have sunk back in their chairs and sucked long and sometimes vainly at the handles of their pens. Oh, for an angel to guide those pens, — or would a devil be better? — perfect in knowledge, implacable in its expression, and not, if you please, without a funny bone.

If such angels could be persuaded nowadays to write our epitaphs for us, instead of entering the information secretly in the Book of Life, Young Mortality's profession would be much gayer. And this happiness would lie in my sense of usefulness, not merely to the cause of History, but to that of Public Health as well. I should see the libraries drain their coughing biography readers into the open air; the cemetery sunshine would bring roses to the pale cheeks of the novel addicts, while they browsed among my inscriptions.

But our angel, thanks to his perfect truth, would probably not long keep out of court, and his superiority to the laws of good taste would be hard on innocent heirs. *Spoon River* had best be written of imaginary people, and

read in book form, after all. The unforgettable lines

HERE LIE THE BONES
OF HUBERT SMITH
AND WHAT IS SOMEWHAT RARISH
HE WAS BORN, REARED
AND HANGED
ALL IN THIS HERE PARISH

no doubt drove his grandchildren (if he had any) to move to a distant county in the attempt to escape that doggerel. Or this epitaph, from Epsom Downs,

JONATHAN THOMPSON
A GOOD HUSBAND AND AFFECTIONATE FATHER
WHOSE DISCONSOLATE WIDOW AND ORPHANS
CONTINUE TO CARRY ON THE TRIPE AND
TROTTER BUSINESS
IN THE SAME SHOP AS BEFORE THEIR
BEREAVEMENT

must have made Miss Melissa, one of the orphans, more disconsolate than ever, when she put her hair up and was being courted by the barrister's clerk, an elegant young man. For though

such lapses from taste and kindliness split Posterity's sides, and I, who have had my sides split by them, would not willingly give them up, yet to some of the immediate survivors they must have been too funny to bear.

However, angels are not at present for hire, and 'good taste' once ossified epitaphs into the set phraseology that killed them. If pure truth is unattainable, and good taste can be deadly, perhaps we had best hitch our wagon to plain honesty, that intermediate star. Thus, if a man was a plumber, and devoted his leisure to the game of pinochle, the thing to do is to say so, and not leave a blank because he was not a college president who devoted his leisure to archæology. It is humanity, not grandeur, after all, that Young Mortality craves to find in his inscriptions. And this, I'll bet a two-by-one-by-six grass marker, is what the future will be gladdest and most grateful to find there, if somebody will only write it.

THE HOUSE OF LAUGHTER

BY AGNES REPPLIER

La Gaieté est près de la bonté

I

It was rather a famous house, and Sir James Mackintosh once proposed to write its history, but lost his zeal when he found how much there was to tell. It stood sedately in Kensington; and in 1873 Macmillan published two quarto volumes presenting its glories to the world through the medium of steel engravings, woodcuts, and heliogravures. General Fairfax lived in it, and Addison died in it. Van Dyck and William Penn were among its tenants. Charles James Fox should have been born in it, but was n't, because Lady Caroline found the neighborhood too noisy, and preferred less august and more restful quarters for her confinement.

To this historic mansion, renovated and adorned with architectural furbelows, Henry Richard Fox, third Lord Holland, brought in 1796 the lady who was first his mistress and afterwards his honored and obeyed wife. Her maiden name was Elizabeth Vassall, and she had been married at sixteen to Sir Godfrey Webster of Battle Abbey, Sussex. She possessed some beauty, large estates in Jamaica, an imperious temper and a quick tongue. Lord Holland, who had reached the mature age of twenty-one, met her in Florence (she was four years his senior), and carried her back with him to England. Sir Godfrey, who gave no indication of

a broken heart, divorced her in the leisurely English fashion; and, after the birth of a son, she was married to her lover in the parish church of Rickmansworth. Forty-three years of domestic harmony followed this seemingly ill-advised union.

No house could have been too big or too showy for Lady Holland. She revealed from the first a taste and a talent for entertaining which fitted her hospitable instincts, but were at variance with her incorrigible self-assertiveness. It was the good fortune of Englishmen in the beginning of the nineteenth century to find themselves free to dine, and glad to dine, with a hostess whose youthful indiscretion gave them a solid British excuse for leaving their wives at home. In the course of years the London world forgot all about this indiscretion ('Lady Holland sinned early in life with Methuselah and Enoch,' wrote Sydney Smith to Lord Denman); but in the beginning she was forced to content herself with the companionship of brilliant and agreeable men who were presumed to remain untarnished by her proximity.

Of Lord Holland nothing but good was spoken. During the long years of Tory ascendancy, when there was 'no more chance of a Whig Administration than of a thaw in Nova Zembla,' he

held the party together, and made of it a disturbing minority. His opinions were crystallized into a textbook of Whig domestic policy. Oppression sanctioned by law was his peculiar horror, and it was his fate in life to make little headway against it. Imprisonment for debt at the will and pleasure of the creditor seemed to him as detestable as slavery in the West Indies. The Corn Laws were cruel, but so was capital punishment for minor offenses. He supported Catholic Emancipation, an unpopular measure in the House of Lords, and he protested vehemently, but vainly, against St. Helena as a place of detention for Napoleon.

Now how could a man who spent his life tilting against the cherished abuses of power maintain an unbroken cheerfulness of demeanor, and an even flow of spirits? 'In my whole experience of our race,' said Lord Brougham, 'I never saw such a temper, nor anything that at all resembled it.' 'Holland,' said Lord John Russell, 'won without seeming to court, instructed without seeming to teach, and amused without laboring to be witty.' 'There is no human being,' wrote Lord Byron to Rogers, 'on whose regard and esteem I set a higher value than on Lord Holland's.' He, at least, had proved the sincerity of his words.

Why the *Edinburgh Review* should have deemed it worth while to write long disparaging pages about Byron's *Hours of Idleness* can be explained only on the supposition that the harmless nothings of a peer were thought to deserve more notice, and consequently more condemnation, than the harmless nothings of a commoner. Why Byron should have imagined that Lord Holland had inspired the article can be explained only on a similar assumption — that one peer fancied himself of importance to another. As it chanced, Holland had never seen the verses, and

had never heard of the poet, being under the impression that the title was extinct. Naturally it was a shock to him, when *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers* took London by storm, to find himself, his wife, and most of his friends held up to ridicule in its pages. He, indeed, escaped lightly as the host who fed Grub Street; but there was an ugly jab at Lady Holland, to whom were ascribed the unlikely duties of a moral censor. Her business was to save the *Review* from masculine coarseness. She

Breathes o'er the page her purity of soul,
Reforms each error, and refines the whole.

Never was there so rough a pathway to a lifelong friendship. When Byron was well assured that Lord and Lady Holland had been unaware of his very existence, and when he had recovered his characteristic reasonableness which the petulance of youth had obscured, he asked Lord Holland what he had better do to make amends. Holland, who did not hold with half measures, advised him strongly to withdraw the satire from circulation. Byron, who was then hard at work revising a fifth edition, acceded promptly to this demand. He wrote to his publishers, and bade them destroy all the copies on their shelves. A few escaped, which inevitably happens. Dallas retained two. One passed into Murray's hands, and furnished the text for the edition of 1831. Another reposes serenely on the shelves of the British Museum.

It is easier to start a blaze than to extinguish it. *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers* was more like a bonfire than a conflagration, but it would not be put out. In 1813 Byron wrote in his journal: 'I wish I had not been in such a hurry with that confounded satire, of which I would suppress even the memory. But people, now that they can't get it, make a fuss, I verily believe out of contrariety.' Four years later he

wrote to Murray, authorizing him to republish any of his poems in a large edition, with the solitary exception of *English Bards*. To revive 'that foolish lampoon' would be, he considered, idiocy. 'Not for any consideration would I do so. It is not good for much, even in the way of verse; and you are to recollect that I gave up its republication on account of the Hollands. I do not think that time or circumstances can neutralize this suppression.'

II

Holland House was not in Byron's day the preëminent social centre it afterwards became; but it was shaping itself in that direction, and had already assumed, for good or bad, its distinguishing characteristics. Lady Holland cared nothing for the comfort or convenience of her guests. She crowded them at table — sixteen when there was barely space for nine — and urged them to 'make room.' 'It will certainly have to be made,' said Luttrell, 'for it does not exist.' She froze them because she was insensitive to cold. This was Byron's especial grievance, and he confided it to the pages of his journal in November 1813: 'Why does Lady H. always have that damned screen between the whole room and the fire? I, who bear cold no better than an antelope, was absolutely petrified, and could not even shiver. All the rest looked as if they were just unpacked, like salmon from an ice-basket, and set down to table for that day only. When she retired, I watched their looks as I dismissed the screen, and every cheek thawed, and every nose reddened with the anticipated glow.'

If Byron had kicked over the screen before his hostess had left the dining room, she would probably have forgiven him, for he was the *enfant gâté* of the establishment. Always an agreeable companion ('cheerful, frank and

witty,' said Shelley), there was in him a rush of inborn vitality like an Alpine torrent. Scott, who like the Hollands had something to forgive, forgave with all his heart. He had, as it chanced, no great fancy for wits, but delighted in companionship that was both grave and gay. 'Byron,' he wrote, 'occasionally said what are called good things, but he never strove for them. They came naturally and easily, and mixed with the comic or the serious as it happened.'

That there was real affection between the spoiled hostess and her spoiled guest does not admit of a doubt. Byron dedicated to her *The Bride of Abydos*, by way of atonement for his early errors, and commented more than once in his journal upon her kindness and her charm. Shortly after the episode of the screen he wrote: 'Dined last night with Lord Holland. Lady Holland in perfect good humour, and consequently perfect. No one more agreeable, or perhaps so much so, when she will.'

As for the lady's sentiments, they were expressed with feeling and simplicity after the wasted death at Missolonghi. Moore asked her if she thought Lady Byron had ever really loved her husband. 'She must have done so,' was the impetuous reply. 'He was so lovable.'

These friends saw each other at his and her best because the period of their friendship coincided with the most sane and reasonable years of their lives. 'Byron,' said George Meredith, 'had splendid powers of humour, and the most poetic satire of which we have any example, fusing at times to hard irony. He had no strong comic sense, or he would not have taken an antisocial position.' But he did not take an antisocial position until after his unfortunate marriage, and he displayed a broad-blown comic sense in all that appertained to the most amusing

episode of his life — his connection with Drury Lane. He was a diligent member of the Subcommittee of Management, which sounds humble (all subs do), but which gave him plenty of experience. The theatre had been burned down and rebuilt. When Samuel Whitbread, brewer, politician, and manager, died by his own hand, it was said that the anxieties and disputes attendant to the rebuilding and reorganization had driven him to suicide — ‘a consolatory encouragement to the new Committee,’ observed Byron.

Whitbread lived long enough, however, to deliver the address when Drury Lane was reopened in 1812. Byron wrote a poem for the occasion, and with perfect good humor consented to have it corrected and curtailed by the management. On one point only he was resolute. He would not — though it seemed inevitable — compare the theatre risen from its ashes to the phoenix. ‘How am I to avoid it?’ he said to Holland. ‘We must not for the world have a feather of that damned bird which is become as commonplace as the turtle-dove.’ He was offered, and declined, a quiet hiding place whence he could hear his poem declaimed. ‘Not for the universe,’ he said, ‘would I be — if I could help it — within fifty miles of the spot that night.’ ‘It was well he was not there,’ commented Holland. ‘Mr. Elliston recited the lines in a manner that would drive any poet mad.’

To confess the truth, no grace of delivery could have made Byron’s address anything but insipid. The comments of the press were cold and critical, and it was saved from utter damnation only by the fact that Whitbread’s address managed to be worse. He, at least, reveled in the phoenix, and described it minutely for the benefit of those who might not have been familiar with its system of sur-

vivals. ‘Byron at least wrote like a poet,’ said Holland, ‘and Whitbread like a schoolboy.’ ‘Not like a schoolboy,’ corrected Sheridan; ‘like a poulterer.’

Apparently the only glint of gayety which enlivened the audience that night was afforded by Miss Farren, who in the interval between *Macbeth* and a farce, *The Virgin Unmasked*, explained in fluent rhyme the safety secured by an iron curtain which in the event of another fire could be rapidly lowered, cutting off the stage — where conflagrations started — from the house: —

Now we assure our generous benefactors
‘T will only burn the scenery and the actors.

III

Byron loved the stage. He confessed that he never could resist a first night, not even when he should have stayed at home because his wife’s uncle was dead; and not even when he feared, with reason, that the play would be damned. Those were the days when the pit, if it was displeased or badly bored, rose and roared the actors down, making their voices inaudible. Byron, who had no more liking for the tyranny of the mob than for the tyranny of politicians or of Turks, hated these crude manifestations of displeasure. He sat cowering in the back of his box when Mrs. Wilmot’s tragedy, *Ina*, failed unequivocally. The first three acts ‘oozed patiently but heavily on.’ Even Kean could do nothing to vitalize them. Throughout the fourth the house showed ominous signs of impatience. Byron shrank more deeply into the shadows. Midway in the fifth act, when the hero was saying his prayers, the pit, ‘the damnable pit,’ rose on its legs and howled defiance. The poet slipped out of the theatre more than ever convinced that women could not write tragedies. ‘They have not seen enough, or felt enough, of life,’ he

reflected; and then bethought himself of Semiramis and Catherine the Second. 'Rare plays they might have written,' he said.

Byron's kindness to actors and dancers was as whimsical as Mr. Gilbert's. It was long remembered in New York that Gilbert, seeing one of the chorus girls in tears, asked her what was wrong. The girl replied that the dresser had told her she was 'no better than she ought to be.' 'But you *are* better than you ought to be, are n't you?' said the dramatist with sympathetic and serious conviction. Byron's efforts to keep the peace between a ballet master who wished the *pas seul* to come in the middle of the dance, and the *première danseuse* who wished it to come at the close, were unsuccessful. After patient listening and reflection he decided in favor of the dancer, for the not very logical reason that she resembled Lady Jane Harley. 'Likenesses go a great way with me,' he admitted. The ballet master, unmoved by, because ignorant of, this consideration, refused to accept defeat. The lady would not yield, and it was 'a devil of a row on and off the stage.'

On the whole, however, the cast was easier to manage than were the playwrights. Andrew Lang said that an editor was engaged 'in a kind of intellectual egg-dance among a score of sensitive interests.' But running a magazine is pastime compared to running a theatre, which is more like a sword dance than a harmless diversion with eggs. When Byron became a sub-manager, he found over five hundred plays waiting to be read. Some of them, he thought, must be good. All of them, he found, were bad. Then scores of new plays were hurled at his head. Sir James Bland Burges sent him offhand four tragedies and a farce. A 'Miss Emma Somebody' brought him a drama entitled *The Bandit of Bohemia*, 'of which she thought well.'

An unknown genius signing himself 'Hibernicus' sent him a tragedy called *Turgesius*, which he described in lively fashion to Moore: 'In the last act, Turgesius, a Dane and a usurper, is chained by the leg to a pillar. King Malachi, Irishman and hero, makes him a speech, not unlike Lord Castlereagh's, about the balance of power and the lawfulness of legitimacy, which puts Turgesius into a frenzy — as Castlereagh would if his audience were chained by the leg. He draws a dagger and rushes at the orator; but finding himself at the end of his tether, sticks it into his own body and dies, saying he has fulfilled a prophecy.'

Byron dealt gently with the author of this play, 'a wild man of a salvage appearance,' who came in person to the theatre, and filled him with justifiable apprehension. But in truth he was always as gentle as circumstances permitted. 'I am really a civil and polite person,' he said of himself, 'and do hate giving pain if it can be avoided.' When Mr. Betterton, a dancing master of sixty, and the father of Julia Betterton the actress, took it into his head that he could play Archer in Farquhar's comedy, *The Beaux' Stratagem*, and called upon Byron, 'dressed in silk stockings on a frosty morning to show his legs, which were certainly good, and Irish for his age, and had been still better,' the submanager soothed the old gentleman with compliments in place of compliance. His 'angel of reasonableness' stood him in good stead. He relished the absurdities of the stage, he revered its traditions, and he had a discriminating taste. He noted in his journal, after seeing Kean as Richard III: 'Kemble's Hamlet is perfect, but Hamlet is not nature. Richard is a man, and Kean is Richard.'

In 1804 'Young Roscius,' otherwise William Betty, a boy of thirteen, was playing to crowded houses at Covent

Garden and Drury Lane. So dense and so determined was the mob that the military was called out to preserve order. The critics were as mad as the mob. Even *John Bull* paused in its frenzied political diatribes to sing frenzied praises of the prodigy. In the midst of this turmoil, Byron, then in his seventeenth year, wrote calmly to his mother that the young actor was 'tolerable in some characters, but by no means deserving of the ridiculous praises showered upon him.'

What wonder that this brilliant and impulsive guest, who said good things without striving for them, should have been welcome to Lady Holland's table and dear to Lady Holland's heart. If he sometimes breathed an irritated word to her or about her, she forgave, knowing that, like a red Indian, he never forgot a kindness. His lifelong loyalty to Madame de Staël, who had few admirers in England, was an instance of this uncivilized trait. Moreover, she relished his observations, laughed at his picture of Mr. Edgeworth, 'bouncing about, talking loud and long, active, brisk and endless'; and probably understood when he refused to dine with Mat Lewis (whom he liked) because his would-be host had 'looking-glass panels in his book-cases' — a sound excuse for any man of taste to stay away.

In 1816 Byron left England, and seven years later he wrote to Moore that Henry Fox, Lord Holland's second legitimate son, had paid him a visit in Genoa. He was strangely moved by the meeting. Old memories crowded his mind, old friendships tugged at his heart.

'The boy,' he wrote, 'has the softest and most amiable expression I ever saw, and his manners correspond. I speak from a transient glimpse; but I love still to yield to such impressions; for I have ever found that those I liked longest and best I took to at first sight.

I always fancied that lad — perhaps from some resemblance in the less fortunate part of our destinies — I mean his lameness. But there is this difference, that he appears a halting angel who has tripped against a star, while I am *Le Diable Boiteux*.'

IV

If Byron shone for a time in the outermost rim of the Holland House Circle, its centre was composed — so say its historians — of a triad, Rogers, Luttrell, and Sydney Smith. All three were good Whigs, but Sydney alone was of any service to the party. All three were good talkers, and they were cherished for the sake of their conversation.

This was as it should have been, for Lord Holland's dwelling place was first and foremost a house of laughter — the lost laughter of the Middle Ages, which it pursued and sometimes captured by means of a comic sense. It would never have served as a rallying point in the long twilight of Whiggism if its atmosphere had been choleric, or depressing, or dull. Its master hated political diatribes as stoutly as he hated political abuses. Its mistress, although her religious convictions were intangible, suffered nothing that savored of profanity. The one honest perplexity of her mind was the quarrelsomeness of creeds. 'This confounded division of the country into Protestant and Catholic,' she wrote to Lord John Russell, 'makes the King [George IV] as powerful as was Henry VIII. He is at present as anti-Catholic as was his father, and has assured the Archbishop that they may depend upon him as a Defender of the Faith.'

Lord Holland had a neat wit of his own and a gift of lively narrative. Nothing could be better than his account of going to Carlton House to hear a paper which the Prince of Wales had

written on some Parliamentary question. Sheridan accompanied him, and told him that the Prince had drawn up the rough draft of this letter so badly that it could not be used; and that he, Sheridan, had recast the manuscript, leaving just enough of the original to enable the sensitive author to think it was still his own. After they had been admitted to the royal presence, the Prince complacently produced the paper and said: 'Sheridan drew up a damned bad letter; but I just took his general outline, and changed it when needful.' He then proceeded to read impressively, turning every few minutes to Sheridan and saying: 'You know how that stood in your draft, but I altered it'; or: 'You will allow that is better than your rendering' — to all of which the renowned but submissive subject nodded assent.

Holland left the room uncertain as to the authorship of the document, but quite sure that in either case it was valueless.

The outer circle of Holland House was a wide one, changing inevitably with the ebb and flow of London's social and political life. But in its centre Rogers, Luttrell, and Sydney Smith lived long unchallenged. Rogers supplied the poetic element. He was the darling of the reviewers, their one accepted versifier, their buttress against the strange encroachments of men like Wordsworth and Coleridge, who were not without followers. He possessed also an acidulous wit, more feared than admired, and seemingly at variance with his boundless kindness and generosity. He it was who said it mattered little whom a man married, for he was sure to find the next morning that he had married somebody else. He did not in this instance speak from experience, but from a fear of experience, which is a great deterrent.

If Sydney Smith were the best beloved of the triad, Luttrell was by all

odds the gayest, boldest, and most invincible. His wit flowed so readily that he outshone Sydney, who was apt to talk in character. He was known as a gourmet, a superbly independent Lucullus, who had learned to dine himself better than friends could dine him. Even his flights of fancy were gluttonous. Lord Holland was a portly gentleman, addicted to white waistcoats of breadth and volume. When he rose to answer a toast, Luttrell said he looked like a turbot standing on its tail. Sydney could laugh at Lady Holland, and, if there were need, could quarrel with her; but Luttrell routed her completely. He refused to enter her doors until she had suppressed a handsome and aggressive cat that had attacked Brougham and bitten Rogers. The lady loved best those pets that needed most defense; but in this case she surrendered with that sudden and flattering warmth of appeal which always won for her forgiveness.

For she was a woman who had to be forgiven a great deal. She did not hold with Heine that God has given us tongues in order that we may say pleasant things to our neighbors. She said unpleasant things by preference. Her rudest remarks were occasionally justified by truth, as when she told Moore that she feared his life of Sheridan would be a dull book; but it was certainly unreasonable in her to object to *Lalla Rookh* because it was Oriental. What else could it have been! 'Poets inclined to a plethora of vanity would find an occasional dose of Lady Holland very good for their complaint,' observed Moore, who had once trembled in her presence, but who had grown too popular and too sure of himself to care what any fine lady said about a poem which had brought him three thousand guineas and the applause of Europe. He even forgave Lord Melbourne the inconsiderate remark: 'I see there is a new edition of Crabbe coming out. It

is a good thing when these authors die, for then one gets their works and is done with it.'

Like most unreasonable people, Lady Holland was easily quelled. It was her husband's habit of yielding to her whims which established her as a household tyrant. When she bade him do a thing, he did it to save trouble. But when she bade Lord Melbourne change his seat at dinner, that gentleman left the dining room and the house without the formality of saying good-bye. When she bade Sydney Smith ring the bell, he asked lazily if he should sweep the floor. She met her match in one American, Mr. George Ticknor, whom she asked if the New England colonies had not been penal settlements. 'Your ladyship should know,' was the suave reply, 'for there were several Vassalls among the early inhabitants of Massachusetts, and there is a tablet to one of them in King's Chapel, Boston.'

Another foreigner, M. Van de Weyer, minister from Belgium, was equally quick-witted and equally urbane. At the dinner table Lady Holland asked him suddenly: 'How is Leopold?' M. Van de Weyer, somewhat taken back by the wording of the inquiry, said, 'Does your ladyship mean the King of the Belgians?' 'Belgians?' echoed his hostess scornfully. 'I have heard of Flemings, Hainaulters, and Brabanters; but Belgians are new to me.' 'Madame,' observed the diplomat gently, 'is it possible that in the course of your wide reading you have not come across a book written by a lad named Julius Cæsar? He was an able soldier who in his *Commentaries* gave to all our population the name of Belgians, which we have kept to this day.'

V

Perhaps political exile afforded a more auspicious atmosphere for Holland House than political ascendancy

could have done. It was not in the power of any party triumph to disturb Lord Holland's mental equilibrium; but who could have said as much for his wife? 'What shall we do with Lady Holland in the Cabinet?' was Canning's way of putting it when there was talk of a change of ministry. The agitation over reform gave to the Whigs a spell of power in 1831. Lord Holland was appointed Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, a post which he held until he died in 1840. Lady Holland was by no means satisfied with this moderate reward for services. She remarked to Lord John Russell that she saw no reason why her husband should not be Secretary for Foreign Affairs, a post he was eminently qualified to fill. Russell, the kind of man who would have walked to the cannon's mouth, replied succinctly: 'T is said your ladyship opens your husband's mail.'

Lord Holland's speeches were remarkable for sense and sincerity. He had a well-stocked political memory, and a patient distaste for oratory. He said that the American War had let loose a flood of British eloquence which nothing had since been able to stem. He was stoical under pain, serene under annoyance, and tolerant of everything save injustice. He could forgive Southey his opposition to Catholic Emancipation, having a higher opinion of the poet's heart than of his head. He could derive pleasure from Dr. Samuel Parr's scholarship, though he admitted that there were obstacles to his enjoyment: 'When Parr speaks, nobody can understand what he says, and when he writes nobody can read his writing.' He could converse smoothly with the historian, Hallam, the most fractious and contradictory mortal known to fame. Sydney Smith said that Hallam would leap out of bed for the pleasure of contradicting the night watchman whose duty it was to call the hours.

The company at Holland House was varied; but no one came empty-witted to the board. Palmerston, with his rough-and-ready humor; Brougham, with his impish effrontery and his rasping tongue; Melbourne, who spoke rarely and to the point; and Lord Dudley, famed for his repartees, made up a part of that distinguished group. It was long remembered that when a Viennese lady said to Lord Dudley that Londoners spoke French badly, he was kind enough to supply an explanation: 'You see, Madame,' he said, 'we have not enjoyed the advantage of having the French twice in our capital.'

Gifford used to say he wished he could organize a Tory Holland House, to counteract the great Whig stronghold. He knew the value of a non-official council chamber where the few matured plans, and the many cemented friendships; where party measures were intelligently discussed, and party hopes saved from extinction. He knew also that such considerations alone would never have brought together eminent Whigs who had a natural human distaste for being bored. They came because the dinners were excellent, and the talk was good and gay. Of Sydney Smith it was said that London was his spiritual home, and Holland House was its sanctuary. Lord Holland loved a jest, and being a man to whom any form of excess was profoundly distasteful, he became in time a past master of understatement. When he said of George the Third that 'his virtues were not of an engaging, nor his endowments of a dazzling character,' it was felt that Wellington could have done no better.

Lady Holland's profoundly sentimental admiration for Napoleon bordered on the ludicrous. Her husband, who felt a noble sympathy for the fall of a great man, and who resented the petty tyrannies to which he was subjected at St. Helena, had hoped that

an asylum might be offered him in England; but he ruefully admitted that if there were many Englishwomen who shared his wife's sensibilities this asylum might be turned into a shrine.

St. Helena being peacefully remote, Lady Holland contented herself with sending books for the exile to read, and delicacies for his table, which, like every other department of his household, was badly supplied. We know that in his last illness, and shortly before his death, Napoleon asked for '*les pruneaux de Madame Holland*'; but what many do not know is that the lady's kindness in sending her gifts was equaled by the astuteness with which she made sure of his receiving them. She had, in common with all her friends, a detestation of Sir Hudson Lowe; but she wrote him civil letters, giving him the bits of news that an Englishman remote from London would be glad to hear, and keeping ever in mind that it was through him she might have access to his prisoner. She had known Napoleon at Malmaison in 1802, and she had written to him at Elba. The gold snuffbox, ornamented with a cameo, which he bequeathed to her, and which had been the gift of Pope Pius the Sixth, created undue excitement in London. Lord Carlisle wrote a poem, eight stanzas long, begging that the legacy might be refused: —

Lady, reject the gift! Beneath its lid
Discord, and Slaughter, and relentless War,
With every plague to wretched Man lie hid —
Let not these loose to range the world afar.

This was Pandora's box with a vengeance. Lord Carlisle's verses were published in the *Annual Register*, to which they were well suited; and Byron besought his friend to pay no attention to their warning: —

Lady, accept the box a hero wore,
In spite of all this elegiac stuff;
Let not seven stanzas written by a bore
Prevent your Ladyship from taking snuff.

Lady Holland did not take snuff, and Napoleon did not 'wear' his snuffbox. Otherwise Byron scored.

As the years sped by, the sin which Lady Holland had committed 'early in life with Methuselah and Enoch' was forgotten. We have Lady Granville's word for it that by 1825 'the most strict, undivorced and unimpeachable duchesses' frequented her entertainments.

She was firmly entrenched, she knew her own strength, and she could afford to laugh at the ill-natured absurdities with which Lady Caroline Lamb sought to hold her up to ridicule in *Glenarvon*. What had she to fear from that bright, broken creature who had not even known how to make an ally of her influential and profoundly patient husband! Lady Holland had never lacked allies. She made clear her point of view to Moore when that poet brought her Byron's *Memoranda*

to read. 'What people say of me,' she observed, 'gives me no uneasiness. I know perfectly well my position in the world, and I know what can be said. As long as the few friends that I am sure of speak kindly of me (and I would not believe the contrary if I saw it in black and white), all that the rest of the world thinks and says is a matter of indifference.'

So spoke the woman who loved her friends, and who died in part with their deaths. She had the memory of brave days and of gay nights to sustain her spirit. Her loyalty to her husband's party was unfaltering. Four toasts were drunk at the Fox Club to the memory of four great Whigs: Charles James Fox, Earl Grey, Lord Holland, and Lord John Russell.

Men are not measured by their wisdom, for none are wholly wise; but by their love of justice which is common to all.

INFLATION UPSIDE DOWN

BY RICHARD DANA SKINNER

I

THE unhappy layman, the lowest person in the financial hierarchy, has every right to howl his distress at the moon. The professors and economists, many of the bankers, and most of the brokers' customers' men have scared the wits out of him. They have told him more things in three short years about the humble dollars in his pocket than could possibly be true at one and the same time about any object under the sun.

They have told him his dollars were being inflated, that inflated dollars would lead to his financial ruin, that inflated dollars would drive down the value of bonds held by his insurance company or his savings bank until his life's savings would shrivel before his very eyes. They have hung before his miserable gaze not only French assignats, but also post-war German marks, post-war French francs, pictures of Mississippi Bubbles, and horrible flapping things called greenbacks. As he groaned responsively, they have piled horror upon horror.

But they have also confided to him that he must receive smaller dividends from his insurance policies and lower dividends from his savings bank and a lower return on his bond investments because 'easy money' was raising bond prices and lowering the interest rate! Something has obviously gone wrong with inflation. It seems to be working upside down. The frightened layman

sold his bonds before they were scheduled to drop through the subcellar. Now he can hardly find them in the stratosphere. He rushed to convert his dollars into shoes before they rose to \$25 a pair — but shoe prices are still clinging to the sidewalks. Yes — he has every right to howl!

The real trouble is, of course, that our monetary crystal gazers indulged in that alluring modern habit of forgetting to define their words. They also forgot, in their anxiety about Federal deficits and Federal borrowings, to examine the total debt structure of the country, public and private, and to balance against rising public debt the stupendous decline in private debt. But, first and foremost, they forgot to define words. They picked on the word 'inflation,' — which has, at the very least, four distinct and separate meanings, — and forgot to tell the layman the difference between one kind and another.

The late Theodore Roosevelt once described to me the political campaign of a certain candidate by saying that 'he told the country there was a great national crisis, but forgot to say what the crisis was!' Our prelates of finance have been singularly guilty of just that sort of forgetfulness.

We can have, quite obviously, a general monetary inflation, during which the total quantity of money — that is, bank deposits plus circulating cur-

rency — rises faster than the gold reserves behind that money. That is one form. As a second form, we can have a currency inflation, during which circulating currency rises faster than its gold backing. This happened, for example, from 1931 to early 1933, reaching its climax in the bank holiday of March 1933.

Then there is a third and much less technical form of inflation which we might define as a state of being 'overextended.' This is a form which the layman instinctively understands, because it has nothing to do with gold standards, managed currencies, or other supposed money mysteries. The man who knows that his resources are dwindling while his debts are piling up knows very clearly that he is becoming 'overextended' or inflated. When an entire country gets into this condition, we have an acute case of national inflation. Each of these three forms of inflation involves an obvious state of strain and stress in the financial structure, raises the cost of borrowing money, and often the cost of goods as well. In 1920, when you could buy Liberty Bonds at eighty cents on the dollar, and when shoes did cost \$25 a pair, we had a combination of a general monetary inflation, a currency inflation, and a greatly overextended nation-wide debt condition, quite apart from the huge Federal debt.

This brings us to the fourth kind of inflation — the kind that seems to work upside down because it raises bond prices, lowers interest rates, and at the same time permits rising stock markets. This fourth kind is an inflation of the supply of money. It increases the supply of money without a corresponding increase in the demand for money, and by this simple process of changing the relation of supply and demand reduces the market price (or the interest rate) for the use of money. It so happens that we have been going

through just this kind of inflation since March 1932, and that bond prices by and large have been in a gigantic bull market since shortly after that date. In the meantime, the National Industrial Conference Board tells us the cost of living has risen less than 10 per cent above the average for 1932.

II

The layman can well afford, for his greater peace of mind, to take a quick and reassuring glance at the exact state of affairs to-day in each of these four major forms of inflation. Both currency and total bank deposits plus currency have a larger backing in gold than at any other known time in our financial history; and this, too, with gold measured at its old value. At the new value, of course, there are nearly twice as many gold dollars in the country as there would be at the old value. But even at the old value there is more than \$1.10 in gold for each dollar of circulating currency. That represents extreme deflation rather than inflation. For total money, there is about eleven cents in gold at old value for every dollar in use. This compares with an average of from eight to nine and one-half cents in the general post-war period up to 1929, and, once more, represents a thoroughly deflated condition. It is one reason, perhaps, why the cost of living has not yet exploded through the roof.

As to whether or not we are 'overextended,' a few facts which most of the financial bigwigs have failed to emphasize help vastly to relieve immediate anxiety. They are facts of the kind which appeal to the layman's common sense. Suppose, first of all, we look our debts squarely in the face. They fall easily into two major forms, money owed the banks and money owed in the form of notes and bonds held by the investing public. These notes and bonds include bonds of cor-

porations (railroads, utilities, and the like) and obligations of municipalities, states, and the Federal Government. We can omit corporation bonds, as the total has not increased greatly in the last few years. We can also omit municipal and state bonds for the double reason that accurate figures are very hard to obtain and that the recent increase, although large in proportion, does not bulk significantly compared to the increases in Federal debt. It is fair to say that we get a good estimate of the *trend* of our total indebtedness if we simply add together the total of our bank loans and our Federal debt.

But is it fair to add together these two very different forms of debt? The fact is that we, the American public, owe both our Federal Government's debt and the total of all bank loans. In the end we pay for both. This point is so important that it is worth lingering over with some care. The man who owes nothing at his bank is apt to balk at the idea that he and his neighbors really owe the debts of other people at their banks. But the fact remains that he helps to pay both the interest and the principal on those loans. The furniture maker who borrows money at his bank includes the interest charge on his loan as part of his manufacturing cost. When we buy a chair from him, we pay a high enough price to cover the cost of his materials and labor, the repayment of a share of his loan, and the cost of the interest on that loan — all this in addition to something for his own profit. As we are also paying the salaries of his employees, we are even providing the funds with which those employees buy radios on the loan or installment plan. Thus, from top to bottom, the buying public ultimately pays both interest and principal on all the bank loans of the country. It is an invisible levy, but just as inexorable as the visible and more pain-

ful taxes. Bank loans are an intimate part of our aggregate national indebtedness.

In 1929, before the 'official' depression started, we owed in the form of bank loans the round sum of 36 billion dollars. But at the close of 1935 this vast sum found itself reduced to 15 billions — a tangible and undeniable reduction of our national indebtedness of no less than 21 billion dollars. Moreover, if we remember that the average bank loan in 1929 drew 6 per cent interest, compared to an average of not over 5 per cent to-day, the reduction in our annual interest bill amounted, over this six-year period, to the tidy sum of \$1,410,000,000. In 1929 we were paying something over two billions annually in interest charges on bank loans — paying it silently, of course, and indirectly, every time we bought bread, or automobiles, or radios, or settled our rent. But paying it we were. To-day the bank-loan interest bill is only about three quarters of one billion.

But what of Federal debt? What of the immense borrowings of the Federal Government which we all owe directly as citizens, and on which we must pay the interest bill in direct and painful and visible taxes? In 1929, we owed in Federal debt something over 16 billion dollars, on which we paid an interest bill of 678 millions a year, or slightly over 4 per cent. At the end of 1935, our Federal debt (including federally guaranteed obligations) had risen to 33 billions, on which we were paying an interest bill, at slightly under 3 per cent, of not more than 990 millions a year.

With these two sets of figures, we can do a quick sum of addition and subtraction. In six years, bank loans had declined 21 billions and Federal debt had risen 17 billions. The total of the two forms of national debt had thus dropped four billion dollars. The annual interest bill had dropped even

more in proportion. Against a total interest bill of \$2,838,000,000 in 1929, we were paying only \$1,740,000,000 — a difference in our favor, as debtors, of over a billion dollars. In percentages, the principal of our combined debt had dropped 7.7 per cent, and the interest payments 38.7 per cent. This is a rather comforting thought for the much abused and barrel-clad layman who must pay the combined bill in various forms. He may still worry about the future and keep an anxious eye on the Federal budget, but at least he owes less to-day than six years ago, and pays far less in interest.

To be sure, the appraised value of our national assets has dropped somewhat more in percentage than the debt total. The National Industrial Conference Board has not, at this moment, completed its appraisal of 1935 national wealth. But if we assume it to be 10 per cent higher than the 1934 estimates, then national wealth at the close of 1935 was 314 billions, or 13 per cent less than the 1929 appraisal. Since debt has dropped only 7.7 per cent, we are, in relative terms, more 'overextended' than in 1929. But so far as current annual obligations, or interest charges, are concerned, we are far less overextended or inflated than in 1929.

In simple figures, the interest position on the two forms of debt included above can be stated this way: our national income in 1929 was appraised as 78 billions, out of which we paid nearly three billions (or 3.6 per cent of our income) in major interest charges; our national income for 1935 is estimated, in preliminary studies, as 54 billions, out of which we paid one and three quarter billions (or only 3.19 per cent) in interest charges. For every hundred dollars of income in 1929, we paid \$3.60 in interest, compared to only \$3.16 of interest for each hundred dollars of 1935 income. This is a saving

of \$4.40 on every thousand dollars of income. Our income is lower, but a larger percentage of it is left over after visible and invisible interest bills are paid.

III

With total money well deflated, with currency wholly deflated, with a moderate inflation in debt structure (compared to decreased national wealth) and an offsetting deflation in current interest charges, the facts appear to lay low many of the most alarming ghosts of the last two or three years. But we do have an inflation of money supply. Of that there can be no question. The figures fairly scream from the weekly reports of the banks.

To give but one example: in June 1929, the weekly reporting banks of the Federal Reserve System owed their depositors 21 billions in deposits — but the depositors owed these same banks in various forms of bank loans no less than 16.4 billions. In other words, if all depositors had paid off their bank loans, they would have had left only 4.6 billions. But in January 1936, with deposits in this same group of banks amounting to 24.7 billions, the depositors owed the banks only eight billions. After paying off all loans, the depositors would have had left 16.7 billions — or more than three and a half times as much as in June 1929.

Just how this dramatic increase came about is a long story, involving the technique borrowed from the British by which government borrowings from the banks have been converted into funds owned outright by the public. But, quite aside from how it all happened, the fact remains. The average bank depositor owns, free and clear, over three and a half times as much money in the bank as he did in 1929. That situation is precisely what is meant by a 'money-supply inflation.'

This greatly increased supply tends to bring down the wages of money and reduce our annual interest bill.

In brief, we do have an inflation, but not of the kind with which so many eminent souls were scaring the unhappy layman a year ago and two years ago. We have simply turned more of our assets into money and thereby cut borrowing costs, whereas the prophets of doom, without defining their terms, and without figuring the offset between rising Federal debt and declining bank loans, were describing the horrific results of exactly the opposite process by which we turn more of our money into assets and thereby withdraw money from lending channels and raise our interest costs.

The doom-dogglers have been describing 1920, for example, when people bought their heads off in commodities and inventories and borrowed to buy. It has merely been tragic for the falsely alarmed layman that, from 1932 to

1936, people have bought as little as possible on directly borrowed money and have curtailed loans instead of borrowing. The only fact in common between the two periods was the increase in Federal debt — for war and reconstruction in 1920 and for relief in 1931-1936.

The point is that it takes two to make an inflation — the government and the public. When they move in opposite directions, the actions of one offset the actions of the other; and if the public deflates more rapidly than the government inflates, then the sum total is still deflation. Perhaps tomorrow the public will begin to follow the government's lead and work toward a new 1920. But, unhappily for the puzzled layman, many of his professors and bankers and customers' men will then call it, not inflation, but 'widespread business recovery.' In the end, the poor layman will still be howling his distress at the moon!

MOOSE RIVER MINE

BY W. E. GALLIE

[On Sunday, April 12, 1936, Dr. D. E. Robertson of Toronto and two fellow Canadians were buried alive one hundred and forty feet underground in an abandoned Canadian mine. The *Atlantic* is privileged to print the story of their rescue written by Dr. W. E. Gallie, Dr. Robertson's best friend, who was, of course, on the spot — above-ground! — THE EDITORS]

I

AT half-past seven o'clock on Easter Monday morning I was electrified by the frightened voice of Mrs. D. E. Robertson on the telephone telling me she had just had a long-distance message from Halifax that her husband had gone down into a mine and the mine had fallen in on top of him. Two other men were with him: Mr. Magill, who owned the mine, and Mr. Scadding, the timekeeper. Mrs. Robertson and Mrs. Magill were planning to catch the train for Halifax which was scheduled to leave Toronto in an hour and a half, and my wife decided to go with them. Mr. Charles Ivey, Mrs. Robertson's brother, started at once from London, Ontario, by motor, in what proved to be a hair-raising but successful attempt to catch the Maritime Express at Montreal, and there joined the ladies.

Then followed days of uncertainty and anxiety, and the gradual working up of one of the most thrilling and

dramatic stories this country has ever known. Here in Toronto we had very little accurate information until Mr. Ivey arrived at Moose River, but there was one piece of news of tremendous importance to us: that, twelve hours after the collapse of the mine, wood smoke was detected rising from the fissured earth, and was interpreted by many of the miners as a smoke signal from living men below. The conviction that this wood smoke could have come from nothing but a signal fire, that it could not possibly have resulted from an explosion or spontaneous combustion, spurred our hopes for the rescue, in the face of what seemed to be an almost hopeless situation.

At eleven o'clock on Easter Sunday night, Dr. Robertson, Magill, and Scadding had gone down into the mine to take a last look at the workings before deciding whether to sell out or not. The mine was a very old one and had not been worked for thirty years, but as several small fortunes had been made out of it, and remarkable specimens of high-grade ore could easily be obtained, Magill had bought it in the hope that the recent great advance in the price of gold might make it profitable once more. My friend Dr. Robertson had been persuaded to lend money for the venture.

The entrance to the mine was by way of an inclined shaft, known in Nova Scotia as a 'slope,' down which went a railway track on which ran the

'skip,' a sort of tramcar which was lowered and raised by a cable. This slope communicated with drifts or levels at eighty feet, one hundred and forty feet, and three hundred feet; through it the miners had been taken to and from their work, and the ore which was removed from the stopes brought to the surface. This was the only entrance to the mine, as all the other shafts, of which there were several, had collapsed or become filled with the débris of many years.

On this eventful Sunday night the three men stepped into the skip at the entrance of the Magill shaft and were lowered at once to the three-hundred-foot level. Here they remained for a few minutes, then signaled to Higgins, the hoist man, to be raised to the one-hundred-and-forty-foot level. Higgins says they stayed at this level for fifteen minutes or so and then signaled to be raised to the surface. Just at this moment he heard the hiss of escaping steam, and, instead of raising the skip, he rushed to the pump and shut off the steam. In the confusion he realized that the usual three bells calling for the raising of the skip had been extended to five or six, suggestive of an attempt to give the nine-bell signal of 'danger.' Before he could do anything, there was a roar as of an earthquake, and when he looked out into the night he saw, in place of the usual gentle hill in front of the shaft house, a horrid, yawning abyss.

Dr. Robertson and Scadding say that when they reached the three-hundred-foot level they were struck by the unusual amount of noise in the mine. There were creakings and groanings and the noise of falling rocks, and after listening for a few moments Scadding, who was the only one of the three who knew anything about mines, persuaded the others that things were not right and that they should get out at once. They accordingly were raised in the

skip, but stopped at the one-hundred-and-forty-foot level to see if they could find out what was causing all the noise. Dr. Robertson and Scadding waited at the station, but Magill went into the crosscut with a Coleman lamp and spent a few minutes exploring the tunnels and stopes. By this time the noises were really alarming, and as soon as Magill returned Scadding gave the signal to lift the skip. Almost as if in response to the pulling of the signal wire a tremendous wind swept down the shaft, and with a roar of falling rocks and timbers the shaft collapsed above them.

The story of the ghastly experiences of the next ten days, with its multiple hairbreadth escapes, its succession of hope and despair, its black tragedy, its thrills of anticipation and disappointment, its comedy and its appalling misery, has been told in the dignified and restrained report made by Dr. Robertson and Scadding to the Canadian Red Cross, and it is there for all to read. My tale is one that I know more about — the tale of a rescue that for its sustained effort, its driving enthusiasm, and its cold-blooded courage is surely an epic of mining.

II

On Wednesday, two and a half days after the collapse of the mine, a diamond drill was sent in by the government. Who first thought of the diamond drill will never be known; I have heard of at least ten people who claim this distinction. It matters little — there were probably hundreds of others who thought of it as well. The important thing, however, was to point the drill in such a way that it would ultimately reach the men and be of use to them if they were still alive. It seemed clear that if they were alive they must be in the drift at the one-hundred-and-forty-foot level. Unfortu-

nately there was no map of the mine, and nobody, not even the manager, could say exactly where the station of this level was in relation to the surface. It was here that Messervey, a young engineer in the employ of the government, covered himself with glory, for there is no doubt that without that drill hole nothing but tragedy could have resulted.

This man, quite unfamiliar with the mine and the district, swiftly collected all the information he could, made his observations and measurements on the surface, and finally chose a spot and an angle and set the drill to work. Slowly the diamonds in the end of the one and one-quarter inch steel cylinder scratched and ground their way through the rock. Hour after hour Billy Bell and his crew from New Glasgow served that drill. To those who stood around, thinking of the men down below, the drill seemed to move with dreadful slowness. And then, what was the good of it anyway? Was there any chance that it could ever reach the right spot? As the hours went by, however, the drill went four feet, then eight feet, then twelve, and by and by sixty feet, sixty-four feet; then came one hundred feet, one hundred and one, — at which level Messervey had estimated he should strike the shaft, — one hundred and two feet, one hundred and three, and bang — the drill dropped seven feet into space. This was Saturday, April 18, at eleven o'clock in the morning — six days after the fall. The diamond drillers had worked fifty-nine hours without a rest. They had drilled a hole one and one-quarter inches in diameter which now reached one hundred and three feet down into the mine.

By this time all the hopes of the rescuers were concentrated on the drill. Efforts to enter the mine by the old Reynolds shaft had been abandoned because of the evident danger, and the

work on the Meagher shaft was going on only slowly. The occasional blasts of dynamite in the new vertical shaft, known as the 'death shaft,' served only to remind one of funerals.

When the drill dropped into that pocket all was excitement and high expectation. Everybody stood intent, listening. Had the drill struck the right spot? Were they alive? Would they — or could they — signal? Five minutes, ten minutes, and then dull disappointment. No answer to the hammering on the pipe. Then somebody connected the air compressor with the drill hole and blew blasts of air down at intervals. No answer. Then an electric light was lowered and left hanging in the space below and after a while drawn up again. Then a railway flare was set off in the mine, but still no response. Slowly the crowds melted away, and gradually the conviction settled itself on the groups who stood about the drill that the men below were dead.

At half-past four in the afternoon Mr. Ivey told Mrs. Robertson, Mrs. Magill, and my wife that the drill had reached into the shaft and that there had been no answering call. He told them he had at last given up hope, and he thought they should go into Halifax and wait there for what might be found with the slow deepening of the new shaft. At six o'clock he called his brother and me in Toronto and said that all hope had been abandoned and that he was taking the ladies into Halifax in the morning. This was the zero hour.

Then, of a sudden, all was changed. At twelve-thirty, midnight, the Robertson boys were aroused by the telephone, and from the Moose River end came their mother's joyful voice, saying that signals were coming up the drill hole, that she had been talking to their father, and that all three men were alive.

It seems that all hope had not quite been abandoned. It had been thought by some that the men might have wandered away from the shaft and so failed to hear or see the signals sent down the drill hole. To test this theory, a whistle was brought from the Cariboo Mines, some miles away, and sent down with the drill into the mine. There it was set a-shrieking, and almost immediately Bell heard a faint tapping on the end of the diamond drill and a distant halloa. In a moment or two they were talking to Scadding, and a little later Dr. Robertson talked to Mr. Ivey and then to his wife.

The explanation of the fourteen-hour interval between the time the drill entered the mine and the time of the first signal is surprising. The first intimation that the men in the mine had that there was any communication between their cell and the surface was when a blaze of light shot up out of the shaft below them and they thought they were about to be blown up with a dynamite explosion. They at once rushed to the shaft and knocked out the flare. They never suspected that this was a signal. Then hours of silence and darkness went by, when suddenly they were electrified again by the screaming of a whistle which they placed in the same spot as the flare. The regular blowing of the whistle demonstrated beyond doubt that this was a signal. They groped their way to the slope and found the whistle at the end of the diamond drill about ten or twelve feet below them in the shaft. To get to it Scadding went down a ladder, and then tapped on the pipe and shouted 'Hallos.' That shout was heard around the world.

III

With the discovery that the men were alive below, the atmosphere changed at Moose River. Work ceased

at the 'death shaft' and a crowd of volunteers offered themselves at the old Reynolds shaft, where work had been abandoned several days before because of the danger of falling rock. Soon the shifts were organized, and the one hundred and seventy-five miners who came from Cariboo, Stellarton, Goldenville, New Glasgow, and Timmins were hard at work burrowing a tunnel through crushed and fallen rock toward the eighty-foot level of the Magill slope, where it was hoped that a clear shaft might be found.

At the diamond-drill hole all sorts of ingenious schemes were being worked out to get food and supplies to the men below. The difficulties, of course, were great, as nothing could be sent down but what could be introduced into the diamond drill. A diamond drill is a steel cylinder, in this case cutting an inch and a quarter hole in the rock by means of its diamonds, and having itself a three-quarter-inch bore. When the drill had nearly disappeared in the rock another length of cylinder was screwed into the end of the diamond-tipped segment and the boring was continued. Every hour or so another length of steel tubing was added until at one hundred and three feet there were, in this case, twenty or more segments of steel pipe with a continuous three-quarter-inch bore. In order to introduce food or supplies into the mine it was necessary to withdraw the whole length of the segmented steel cylinder, introduce the food into the first segment, and then re-insert the whole drill.

To carry out the operation successfully, containers for the food had to be improvised. The little general store in the village was ransacked for bottles, and several were found which would fit into the drill. Then some tooth-brush cases were found and later some tin vials. Into the drill went little bottles of dilute brandy, golden syrup,

chocolate, grapes, sodium bicarbonate (in response to Dr. Robertson's demand for something to control his heartburn), matches, candles, and cigarettes — and down it went into the mine. Half the troubles seemed to have been solved.

Then came a difficulty which threw everyone back into anxiety. When the third load of food went down and the drill was withdrawn, it was found that nothing had been taken out of the tube. Why had they not come to the drill and why would they not answer the signal calls? For a long time these questions were unanswered, but by and by Dr. Robertson came to the drill hole and shouted that they were not hungry, that they found it very difficult and dangerous to get to the mouth of the tube, and that in order to talk at the tube they had to stand under a deluge of ice-cold water, which was pouring in around the drill hole. He said they found it very dangerous to go down the ladder to the tube, as their feet were becoming so insensitive that they could not feel the rungs and they were afraid of falling down the shaft. He agreed to return in two hours.

This conversation set everyone thinking of means to spare the men the necessity of coming to the tube, and a telephone message was sent to Halifax requesting that one hundred and fifty feet of rubber tubing be sent out by aeroplane. It also raised the spectre of the possibility that the rushing water might flood the mine and drown the men before they could be released. This horrid thought never left our minds till the rescue had been accomplished.

When Scadding came to the drill hole again the rubber tube was passed down and he dragged it away to their resting place at the station above. They at once took a dislike to it, however, as it blocked the drill hole so that conversation was impossible and the

food which was sent down in the form of soup was cold and unpalatable. Scadding was annoyed with it because, when he picked up the tube to try to get some soup out of it, somebody on top put an air blast on and he got a deluge of soup in his face.

In the meantime telegrams were arriving from all over Canada with suggestions as to what might be done. Some were good and some were simply funny. One of the latter was to the effect that fifty cauldrons of soup should be poured down the drill hole through a funnel. All that would be necessary then would be for the men to lap up the soup and live merrily ever after.

At this point the Nova Scotia Telephone Company sent out one of its men with a little transmitter which could be passed down the drill hole. This was one of the bright ideas which did much to change defeat to victory. Like so many important inventions, it was not complete at the first thought, for, while it provided a perfect method for those in the mine to talk to those above, it did not enable those above to speak to the men below. Within a few hours a dozen people had suggested a combination receiver and transmitter and the company had made up sets which could pass down the drill hole, but as the imprisoned men never came back to the hole again they never knew that this beautiful little instrument was hanging there at the opening waiting for them.

During these exciting hours at the entrance to the drill hole, one sombre thought troubled all. Herman Magill had never spoken, had not asked for his wife. Was all well with him? Dr. Robertson in his first message had said that all three were alive, but had not further mentioned Magill. Then, at three o'clock Monday morning, — one week after the fall, — Dr. Robertson signaled for Charlie Ivey and told

him that Magill had died. He died with symptoms which sounded to me like perforated gastric or duodenal ulcer, with a terminal pneumonia, but at the subsequent inquest it was stated that he died of pneumonia.

Magill was a young lawyer thirty-one years of age, of delicate physique and pretty high-strung nervous system — a clever, ambitious, energetic young man. He lacked the toughness of fibre that would enable a man to stand the physical and mental torture of those long days in the mine. From the first he was pessimistic in regard to their situation and much depressed by an obsession that he was responsible for the predicament of the others. Within twenty-four hours he was seriously ill, and from then on he gradually sank under the strain. His death cast a gloom over the camp and brought home to all the conviction that, while the drill hole had saved their lives for the time being, not a moment was to be lost if the other two were to be brought out alive.

IV

Up to this point my story has been based on what I have been told by my wife and Mrs. Robertson, Mr. Ivey, the government men, and the miners, and by my friend Dr. Robertson and Scadding. At ten o'clock on Monday night the long rail journey from Toronto to Shubenacadie, and thence by dreadful mud roads through Centre and Middle Musquodoboit to Moose River, came to an end, and I stood at the door of the cottage which served as the office of the Moose River Mines. Eight or ten other whitewashed cottages, a schoolhouse, a church, and a general store constituted the village. The cottage had been turned into a makeshift hospital and equipped as well as possible by Drs. H. K. Macdonald and Rankin of Halifax.

A quarter of a mile away to the northwest the sky was aglare with the lights and fires at the mine, and the sound of gas engines and rock drills broke the stillness of the night. Armed with an electric torch, I picked my way across muddy fields and through piles of crushed rock to the collection of rough wooden buildings that are characteristic of a small mine. The whole area was lit up by a hastily installed electric light plant and by flares and a bonfire.

Right in front of me was a great depression in the earth, a hundred yards by a hundred feet, with a depth varying from fifteen to thirty feet. This was the abyss that Higgins had beheld when he looked out of his shaft house that Easter Sunday night.

At one end there was a sheer drop of thirty feet with the timbered supports of an underground working in full sight. In several places there were great cracks in the earth, sometimes a few inches and sometimes a foot wide, down which one could peer many feet below. Where rock was exposed it was crushed and fragmented into pieces the size of an ordinary book. But in several places medium-sized spruce trees were standing in the midst of that chasm apparently quite undisturbed by their fall.

The impression I received from the first view of that awful smash — and this was not changed by familiarity with the scene — was that nothing but a miracle could have protected the men from immediate death. I have no quarrel whatever with those who thought that an attempt at rescue was not worth while.

On my left, a little to the east of the depression, men were working at the mouth of a pit which had once been the Reynolds shaft. Its mouth was almost overgrown with underbrush, but into it had just been built a wooden box

about three by three and one-half feet which went almost vertically downward for twelve feet to the foot wall of the old shaft. Through this shaft men dressed in rubber miners' clothes and wearing hard hats and carbide lamps were passing up pails of crushed rock and passing down short sticks of timber about six inches by four inches by four feet long. These timbers were ordered from below by telephone from a man equipped with earphones, who sat at the mouth of the pit. Just at this moment the shift changed and I saw for the first time Morell, Hirshfield, and Simpson, young draegermen from the Stellarton Coal Mines, come out of the mine for their hours of rest. Morell told me that they were getting on slowly and that they would certainly get through with any luck at all. These lads filled me with confidence, and while there were times when the hearts of all sank, I knew that real men were at work below.

To those who are unfamiliar with coal mining, it should be explained that a draegerman is a particularly skillful and robust young miner who has been specially trained in rescue work. In coal mines this has to do particularly with gas explosions and gas poisoning, but it also covers the rock falls and various other accidents that may occur in any mine. This job of tunneling through broken rock was one to which these draegermen were not unaccustomed, and when to their experience were added the enthusiasm of youth and the most cold-blooded courage, the stage was well set for a rescue.

Soon afterward I found that these hundred and seventy-five miners were working under skillful direction, and I met three young engineers — Gordon, Lawrence, and Phillips — who went below with their shifts and directed operations there. These were the leaders of the draegermen.

About midnight a thickset shortish

miner who was certainly beyond middle life heaved himself out of the shaft, and I found myself face to face with the Honorable Michael Dwyer, Minister of Mines in the government of Nova Scotia. Here he was, at nearly sixty years of age, reverting to the days of his youth as a miner and joining in the adventure with the greatest gusto. When the diamond drill demonstrated that men were alive below, this one-time miner sprang to action and took the leadership in what he believed concerned the honor of the province. No one knew better than he the risks that attended the advancing of a tunnel through that crushed and moving rock, and no one saw more clearly the blemish that would appear on his good name if he sent young miners to their death. But Mike Dwyer never hesitated. Into a new suit of miner's clothes he got himself, and down he went with the boys, happy in the thought that if the old shaft caved in — well, he at least had gone with them. 'Politics!' some have said. Yes, but what politics!

Moving to the right along the edge of the depression, I came to the ruins of the old shaft house which had been torn down that day to provide timbers for the mine. Among the débris I could see the entrance to the Magill shaft completely sealed off by the crushed and fallen rock. Behind the mouth of the shaft was a bunkhouse in which fifty or sixty miners were lying on camp beds. Some were asleep, but others were talking in whispers. These young men were all volunteers from the coal and gold mines or men sent in by the government.

A little farther to the right along the edge of the depression was the pump house containing the boiler which supplied the power. Stepping into this house, I found myself in a room about thirty feet by thirty, crowded with workmen and reporters. The men were lying about the boiler on the mud

floor, and one had to step carefully to avoid treading on them as they lay. On the opposite wall were two telephones, and each had a guardian in charge of it who made the calls and settled the charges. The Moose River telephone system is a party line with eighteen telephones attached to it, so that one can imagine the uproar caused by twenty reporters fighting to get through to their papers. Several times in this pump house I heard calls from Chicago, Boston, and London, England, and a great deal of the false information that was published in the daily papers must have resulted from the imperfections of the telephone.

A conversation between Mrs. Robertson and the *London Daily News* will illustrate the trouble.

'Hello, is that Mrs. Robertson?'

'Yes.'

'Hello. This is London calling, the *London Daily News*. Is that Mrs. Robertson at Moose River?'

'Yes.'

Click, click, click, as the eighteen receivers came down.

Very faintly: 'Mrs. Robertson, have you talked to your husband in the mine?'

'Will you please put up your receivers? This is Mrs. Robertson talking to London and I can't hear.' Click, click, as the receivers went up.

'Hello.'

'Yes, I talked to my husband.' (Bang! 'Shut that door! The lady is talking to London.')'

'What did he say?'

'He said, "Hello, Pauline, how are you?"'

'And what —' (Explosive outburst from near the boiler: 'Get off my feet! You are standing on my foot!')

'And what did he say?'

'Oh, I can't remember.'

'Did he say anything?' (Zzz-zzzzz!)

'I can't hear. Please put up your receivers.' Click, click, click.

'Did he say anything of human interest?'

'No; he just said, "How are the boys?"'

And so on and so on for twenty minutes or more. Next morning the *London Daily News* prints in large type its conversation with Mrs. D. E. Robertson at Moose River in Nova Scotia.

Behind the pump house was a car in which were four young men intent on sheaves of notes arranged on their knees. As I watched, one of them picked up a broadcasting transmitter and began to broadcast directly from the mouth of the mine. I could not hear what he said, but I heard afterwards that he had said plenty. The broadcast of that Monday night so stirred up the people of this country that business literally ceased in the shops in Toronto, women were fainting beside their radio sets, and the wives of the miners threatened to mob the government in Halifax unless their husbands were taken out of that mine.

Next morning the Honorable Michael Dwyer called a meeting of the radio men and reporters, and from the tail end of the army ambulance made a memorable speech.

'Boys,' he said, 'I have a message from the Prime Minister that things are not right here in the matter of the news and the broadcasts. Now, as you can see, I have n't time to censor what you write or say and I do not intend to try to do so. I simply wish to state that the next time an inaccurate or inflammatory statement goes out from this camp, every damned one of you will be out of this county in ten minutes. Sergeant [speaking to the non-com. of the Mounted Police], that is an order. Gentlemen, good day!'

From Monday on, there was a marked improvement in the quality of the news from Moose River.

V

A little farther on, at a point about opposite to the Reynolds shaft, was the diamond-drill hole. This was indicated by a two-inch pipe running obliquely into the earth at an angle of about sixty degrees and in an easterly direction. Down this passed the wire of the one-way telephone. Attached to it were three sets of headphones, and round about lay the batteries and other equipment, in charge of two representatives of the Nova Scotia Telephone Company.

Fitting a pair of earphones on my head, I could at once hear the murmur of voices down below, at first very muffled; but as things quieted down I could distinctly hear somebody hiccupping and coughing and I at once recognized Robertson's cough. Almost immediately there came a scuffling noise as of a wire or the microphone being dragged along the rocks, and then Scadding clearly called, 'Hello! Is Phil Henderson there?' The answer, 'No,' was bawled down the pipe by a leather-lunged moose caller, and then Scadding asked us to send for him. The answer was, 'Yes, yes.' The reason for this queer performance was that Robertson and Scadding would not come to the deep end of the drill hole any more and so could not hear anything shouted above. They could, however, distinguish between 'Yes, yes' and 'No,' and this had accordingly been agreed upon as the method of communication from above. To my dying day I shall be able to hear that intoned moose call at the mouth of the diamond drill.

Talking to Henderson, the mine manager, Scadding gave explicit information as to where they were and how he thought they could be reached. He complained that the rock drills which had seemed to be directly above them had not been heard for some

hours and that they were getting discouraged. He said they were very cold and wet, that the feet of both were very painful, and that they were altogether miserable. He felt that unless they could be taken out in a few hours they were done for. This, I must say at once, was the only querulous note that came from those two men during the seventy-two hours during which at intervals I wore the headphones.

As the night wore on I heard frequent coughing and hiccupping and from time to time the unmistakable sound of vomiting. Then suddenly came the voice of Eddie Robertson calling for his brother-in-law, Charlie Ivey. 'Hello, Charlie! What time is it? Is it night?' 'Yes, yes.' 'Is it one o'clock?' 'No.' 'Is it two o'clock?' 'No.' 'Is it three o'clock?' 'No.' 'Four o'clock?' 'Yes, yes.' 'So it is four o'clock on Wednesday morning?' 'Yes, yes.'

This answer was incorrect, as he had skipped a day, but it was too difficult to correct him. He then explained that they were in a crosscut close to the station on the one-hundred-and-forty-foot level, that the Magill shaft had collapsed to a point twenty-five or thirty feet above them, and that the rock was held back by several huge fallen timbers. He could climb up the shaft to that point. This information was at once communicated to the engineers in the Reynolds shaft and encouraged them in their efforts to tunnel through to the eighty-foot level.

About every two hours one of them called. Usually it was to inquire in regard to progress. 'How long do you think it will be before you reach us? Six hours?' 'No.' 'Seven hours?' 'No.' 'Eight hours?' 'Yes, yes.' When forty-eight hours more had gone by and we still had not reached them, their confidence in us must have been sadly shaken.

By Tuesday night there was added to

the coughing and vomiting the sound of deep and frequent groans. Robertson explained that Scadding was suffering intense pain in his feet, due to trench feet, and he suggested that when the miners arrived they should bring a hypodermic so that he could give him some morphia. As for himself, he said he never felt better and that he expected a first-class dinner when he came up.

All Tuesday night and Wednesday morning the groaning continued, and during that time Scadding did not talk. Then he suddenly returned to the phone and his voice sounded quite cheery and strong. He explained that the pain had gone out of his feet and he was feeling better, but that he thought the Doctor was getting very drowsy and he advised us to hurry.

The sad explanation of Scadding's recovery was that his feet, in their anterior portions, had finally become gangrenous, so that he no longer felt pain or anything else.

Dr. Robertson told me afterward that he had been dozing while Scadding was talking, but that he had wakened in time to hear what was said about his becoming drowsy. This thought preyed somewhat on his mind and he began to wonder whether it was possible that he might be going off his head. He accordingly called for his wife in order that he might speak to her while his mind was still reasonably clear. Then followed one of the strangest and most pathetic conversations that ever came over a telephone wire. What he said is a sacred memory to her to whom the words were spoken and must not be written here, but the courtly manner in which he thanked his wife for the twenty years of happiness she had given him and the explicit directions he gave for the arrangements for the payment of the succession duties on his estate — and this all telephoned from a black hole in the bowels of the earth

— affected me in a way I could never have thought possible.

About noon on Wednesday, things began to happen. Good progress had been made in the Reynolds shaft and the miners had found a place where they were able to advance twenty feet in a few minutes. This led to the premature report that the mine would be entered in half an hour and that the rescue would soon be accomplished. At least three hundred people were gathered about the mouth of the pit and all was astir with excitement. Then the report came up that a blank wall had been reached and that once more recourse must be had to the pick and shovel. Slowly the crowds went back to Halifax and the mine settled down to its routine.

Then about five or six o'clock Robertson suddenly shouted, 'Hello, hello, hello,' and then immediately called us on the surface to know if we had shouted 'Hello.' We answered, 'No.' 'Then it must have been somebody else calling to us.' This was their first clear evidence that the rescue crew were on their way.

From that time forward all was excitement. Reports came from the Reynolds shaft that the tracks in the Magill slope had been picked up and that the miners were burrowing over and under the ties and timbering as they went. At the telephone we could hear the hammering as the timbers were rammed home and we knew that the miners could not be far from the microphone. Dr. Robertson and Scadding reported that they could last forever and that when they came up they would bring us a fine sample of water and some nuggets.

At midnight the Honorable Michael Dwyer came out of the mine with the retiring shift and his face was puzzled and anxious. Something had gone wrong with their calculations and they had gone farther than seemed reason-

able. Also, the last few feet of advance had been through rails and timbers that had to be sawn through and that were perhaps the only security against another collapse of the mine. He had begun to fear that their hopes of an early break-through were again to be disappointed and that the slow process of tunneling and timbering would have to be resumed.

The new shift headed by Gordon, with the draegermen Hirshfield, Simpson, and Morell in the van, had just gone down and had been at work not more than five minutes when Charlie Ivey came running over from the diamond-drill hole with the news that Eddie Robertson had just called at the phone that the miners had cut through the wall of rock and that he would be up in a few minutes.

Mr. Dwyer could not believe the news and at once sent a messenger down the shaft for a report. The messenger returned almost at once with the joyful news that the men were through and that the draegermen had crawled through a small hole in the wall and were with Robertson and Scadding in their crosscut. Then all was hurry and excitement as brandy and morphia and blankets and ropes were rushed to the shaft head and the Minister of Mines, Mr. Dwyer, and the Minister of Health, Doctor Davis, descended to the one-hundred-and-forty-foot level and welcomed the visitors from Ontario.

The scene when the men came to the surface beggars description. The flares, the flashes of the photographers, the movie camera men, the Mounties in their fine uniforms, the Army Medical Corps with their ambulance and stretchers, the Salvation Army, all made a picture I shall see forever. Then, to my amazement, I saw Eddie

Robertson coming up the shaft under his own steam. His first words were 'Thank you' to somebody who gave him a helping hand out of the shaft and he never said anything that resembled what was reported in *Time*. As he stepped out bravely into the glare of the flashes he was leaped upon by the Army Medical Corps, who forced him down on to a stretcher and then proceeded to dump him off again when the right rear bearer let go his handle. No harm done, and with much merriment he was loaded into the ambulance, jolted over the fields to the temporary hospital at the mining office, and, as he says in his story to the Red Cross, 'I was taken out of the ambulance, carried into the office, and — there was my wife.'

A few minutes later Alf Scadding was carried out amid cheers and rejoicing and followed the doctor to the hospital. The poor fellow could not walk, as his feet were bad, but his spirit was unbroken and he will live to walk again. As I rode with him in the ambulance to the aeroplane which was to take him to the hospital in Halifax, he said, 'Doctor, you should have seen the beautiful stringers of gold and quartz down in that mine after the stopes fell in!'

Down at the mine all was rejoicing. Led by two officers of the Salvation Army and standing around the mouth of the Reynolds shaft in the glare of the flares and bonfires, two hundred men in hard hats and carbide lamps sang 'Praise God from Whom All Blessings Flow.' And then the Mounted Police, those wise guardians of frontier law and order, looked far away at the crescent moon as a keg of Jamaica rum was rolled in — and, boy! did the lid come off!

LIEUTENANT PEARSON

BY BENEDICT THIELEN

I

As soon as he woke up, even through his eyes half closed with sleep, he could see that it was going to be a fine day. The sun fell on the floor just beyond the bed and, although it did not touch him, he could feel its early warmth. He reached up and pushed the blankets toward the foot of the bed and then glanced at the watch on the table at his side. It was only quarter to seven, and since it was a holiday no one was up yet. In the bed next to him Helen was still sleeping soundly.

He yawned and put his hands behind his head and looked along the covers at the open window and the tree and the warm sun-filled sky beyond. He felt fully awake now and not like staying in bed any longer. He held his breath for a moment and listened to the silence of the house around him. He looked at the watch again and cleared his throat. Helen stirred in her sleep, but did not wake.

He partly sat up, leaning on one elbow, and scratched his head with his other hand. He yawned again, this time more loudly. Helen slowly opened her eyes.

'Oh,' he said, 'did I wake you?'

She shook her head and yawned.

'I've been awake some time,' he said. 'I don't seem to need as much sleep as I used to.'

The idea made him feel virtuous. Napoleon never slept more than three hours a night.

'No?' she said, and yawned again.

'We waste a lot of time sleeping. Just think of all the things you might be doing instead of sleeping eight-nine hours a night. You know: reading and . . . I never seem to get time to read.'

'No. That's true.'

'Well, anyway,' he said, 'it's a great day.'

She looked toward the window, blinking a little in the strong light.

'For the parade, I mean,' he said.

She seemed surprised for a moment. Then she said: 'Oh, yes, that's so. Goodness . . .'

He looked at her and gave a short laugh.

'I guess maybe you'd forgotten all about it.'

'Why, yes, I really had,' she said. 'Oh, I'm so sleepy.'

She yawned again. He pushed the covers aside and slid his feet into his slippers and got up.

He frowned as he walked across the room. Then he saw his uniform hanging over the back of a chair and his expression changed. He paused and bent down to look at it. He touched the sleeve with his hand.

'You have it pressed?' he called over his shoulder.

'Yes.'

'No moths in it, were there?'

'No.'

He looked up.

'You keep it in one of those bags, do you?'

She nodded her head.

He stood looking down at the khaki cloth with a slight smile on his face, then turned and went on into the bathroom. As he stropped his razor blade he softly whistled to himself 'Over There.'

He shaved, and while he was taking his shower Helen came in and washed and brushed her teeth. He talked to her from behind the shower curtain, raising his voice to be heard above the down-swishing of the water.

'Remember when we left? The send-off we got?'

'Left? Left where?'

'For the other side. For France.'

'Oh . . . oh, yes. Goodness, does n't it seem long ago?'

'Oh, I don't know. It does n't seem so long ago.'

'How long is it, anyway?' she said, and he could tell from her voice that she was talking with hairpins between her teeth. 'Fifteen years?'

'Seventeen,' he said.

'Seventeen!'

'Seventeen years,' he said, slowly.

He turned on the cold water.

'It's awful,' she said. 'So long ago . . .'

He started to speak, but the cold water took his breath away.

'That's right, though,' she said. 'Shirley was only one then and she'll be eighteen next month.'

He shut off the water and swept the curtain aside and reached over for a towel. He rubbed himself vigorously, breathing deeply and feeling hard and strong at having taken a cold shower and having waked up early on this clear fine morning.

'They don't remember a thing about it,' he said.

'No.'

'That's why it's a good thing to have a parade like this. To remind

them . . . uh . . . I mean to show them, you know, give them something to think about . . . the sacrifices we had to make . . . I mean so Democracy and . . .'

'Yes,' she said. 'Yes, that's true.'

He leaned forward to look in the mirror, carefully parting his wet hair.

'Otherwise people forget . . . I mean the sacrifices . . .'

'Excuse me just a second, dear . . .' She reached in front of him and opened the mirror door of the bathroom cabinet. 'I just wanted to get that Kleenex . . . there.'

She smiled up at him and went out.

When he went back into the bedroom she had already gone downstairs. He heard her talking to the cook in the dining room. He glanced at the watch and saw that it was half past seven. It was still early, but he felt the long beautiful morning slipping away from him and he hurried to get dressed.

He put on the shirt and trousers of the uniform. The khaki cloth felt rough and hard after the clothes that you were used to wearing every day. He opened the door of the closet and put on the coat, looking into the full-length mirror on the inside of the door. He buttoned the coat and stood looking at himself in the mirror. The coat seemed tight. It was all right across the chest, but it seemed tight farther down. Creases ran out from each of the lower buttons. He stood up straighter and held in his stomach. He went across the room and got his Sam Browne belt and came back and put it on in front of the mirror. He tried to buckle it at the place where the darker mark in the leather showed that he had always worn it, but it felt too tight and he let it out to the next hole. He stood very straight in front of the mirror, holding in his stomach and frowning, his chin thrust out and his shoulders squared. The electric light above his head shone brightly on the

gold of the second lieutenant's bars on his shoulders. Lieutenant Pearson, he thought — Lieutenant Frank Pearson — Lieutenant Frank Richmond Pearson of the Infantry.

II

When he got to the door of the dining room he paused. Somehow he had expected that Helen and Shirley would both be there, but the room was empty. He could hear Helen still talking to the cook out in the kitchen. He stood looking toward the kitchen door. After what seemed a long time it opened and Helen came in, looking flushed and annoyed. She drew out her chair and sat down and dropped two pieces of bread into the toaster.

'I'm terribly sorry, Frank,' she said, 'but of course the girl had to go and run out of coffee without saying a word about it to me till just now. We'll have to have tea.'

'Oh,' he said.

She looked up.

'Do you mind awfully? Of course I know how you hate tea for breakfast, but . . .'

'No,' he said. 'No, that's all right.'

'Of all the stupid things!'

He stood by the door looking down at her as she straightened the things on the table in front of her.

'Where's Shirley?' he asked.

A piece of toast popped up out of the toaster and Helen took it and began to butter it.

'Shirley? Oh, she's sleeping. She went to a dance last night.'

'Oh, I see.'

She looked up at him.

'Goodness, don't you look nice!'

He smiled and said, 'It feels like old times.'

He came over to the table.

'Is it much too tight for you?' she asked, as she cut the piece of toast in two.

'Tight?' he said quickly. 'No, why should it be tight?'

He stood up straighter.

'Oh, I did n't know. I thought it might be a little, that's all.'

He sat down and looked down at his coat before he pulled the chair in to the table.

'I guess it's shrunk a little, at that,' he said. 'Wool shrinks, sort of, does n't it?'

'Oh, yes, wool always shrinks a lot if you are n't careful.' She handed him a cup of tea. 'I'm awfully sorry about the coffee.'

'That's all right.' He took a sip of the tea. 'This is n't bad. By the way, where are you going to be for the parade? You know Doc McKim said you could watch it from his office if you wanted to.'

'Oh,' she said. 'Oh, yes, that might be a good idea.'

She looked around the table.

'What are you looking for?' he asked.

'I just . . . oh, here it is.'

She took the cover off the pot of jam and took out a spoonful.

'You better get down in plenty of time, though,' he said, 'or else you'll have a hard time finding a place to park. And you better get Shirley up soon, too, because you know how long she takes to get all fixed up.'

'I hate for her not to get enough sleep,' she said.

'Well, of course . . .'

'Oh, I'll get her up in plenty of time.'

He shook his head.

'She stays out too darn late, anyway. How do we know . . .'

'Shirley's eighteen, Frank. After all . . .'

'I know, but how do we know . . .'

She smiled at him and said: 'Goodness, that uniform's becoming. It makes you look ten years younger.'

He looked down at his chest and then up at her and smiled.

'Really,' she said.

He laughed and said: 'Say, you ought to see the surprise we're going to have for you to-day. Something really new.'

'What is it?'

He shook his head.

'I can't tell you. But wait till you see. This is really something.'

'I can't imagine . . .' she began.

'Oh, you'd never guess.' He laughed again. 'And listen, after the parade you come right over to the Post Headquarters, will you?'

'The Post Headquarters?'

'Yes, there's going to be something going on there. I can't tell you what it is, but you and Shirley come right over.'

'Well, you've certainly roused my curiosity.'

'You'll see,' he said.

III

As he drove away from home with the windows of the sedan down, he felt the early morning air warm against his face and was conscious of the good aroma of his first cigar of the day. The streets seemed clean and freshly washed and the houses looked modern and comfortable. In front of many of them flags were flying, and when people that he passed looked at him in his uniform, with the forage cap set rakishly over one eye, he felt a proud connection between himself and the flags that flew above the green of the well-kept lawns.

These were the lawns and the houses that they had fought to protect; these were the houses that, but for them, might now be lying in ashes; these were the lawns whose soft green might, but for them, have been forever blighted by the iron heel of war. Sometimes you wondered what it was all about, and there were days when it all seemed pretty pointless, but that was only because in time of peace you got soft and

forgot the stern necessities of war and the times that tried men's souls. A lot of people were clever talkers and knew how to shoot off their mouths when there was no danger, but it was the silent men who perhaps did n't make much of a hit at a pink tea or a poetry reading who had made the country what it was and who, when the time had come, had offered up their lives in its defense. Lieutenant Pearson, he thought — Lieutenant Frank Pearson — Lieutenant Frank Richmond Pearson, of the Infantry. And what if he had never seen any actual fighting? That was n't his fault. He had been ready to fight whenever they said the word. And if it had n't just happened that the Armistice was signed the week after they landed he would have been in some pretty ugly fighting. And in the infantry, too, by God, where you meet your man face to face.

He began to hum to himself: 'The infantry, the infantry, with dirt behind their ears . . .'

He drove past the station and up to the freight yard. Some of the boys were already there and they waved to him as he got out of the car and hurried across to the freight shed.

As he came up to the platform several of them snapped to attention and saluted. Although he knew it was only done as a joke, it made him feel good to touch his cap negligently and say, 'At ease,' especially when he looked around at them and saw that he was the only commissioned officer there and that even Charlie Potter, who was one of the biggest real-estate men in the whole state, only had a corporal's chevrons.

Charlie came up to him and held out his hand and said: 'I want to congratulate you, Pearson, for having worked this. I understand it was your idea, too.'

'Well, yes,' said Frank. 'I guess it was.'

'Well, I think you've been mighty smart, and I'll tell you there are n't many towns in this country that have a souvenir of the war that's as valuable and . . . and unique as this is.'

'Well, I knew this fellow that works in a bank in Paris,' said Frank, 'and he fixed it up — although it was some time before he could get ahold of one.'

They went into the shed and there it was: the real Marne taxicab that had helped save France and that they had just been able to get over in time for the Memorial Day parade.

They all stood there for a few moments without saying anything, looking at the car. Frank felt proud and embarrassed at the same time.

'Gosh,' he said finally, 'they certainly are small.'

'That'll be something to show our children and our grandchildren,' said Charlie Potter. 'A real Marne taxi that saved France when the Germans were at the gates of Paris, threatening . . .'

'Gallieni was the boy,' said Marty Hughes.

They all nodded their heads.

'Yes,' said Charlie Potter, 'but if von Kluck had n't gone and . . .'

They started arguing about the strategy of the Marne. Frank stood in front of the car, looking at it, and hearing the fine forgotten names, sonorous and glorious with past history, names that meant something, that were connected with world-shaking events in which he had played a part: Gallieni, Joffre, St. Denis, von Bülow, von Kluck, Vitry-le-François — and on from there to Mons, Soissons, St. Mihiel, the Argonne and Belleau Wood. Those were the days!

'Say,' said Art Stallknecht, 'who's going to drive this bus, anyhow?'

'Why, Frank Pearson, of course,' said Charlie Potter. 'It was his idea and he got it for us, so . . .'

Frank flushed and said: 'Oh, hell, why pick on me?'

'No, you're the boy,' said Charlie. 'You're elected.'

Marty Hughes looked at the car and then at Frank and said: 'I don't know if he can get behind the wheel, though. There's not much room.'

They all laughed and Art Stallknecht said: 'Pull in that bay window, shave-tail.'

'That's all right,' said Frank. 'I'll show you.'

He got into the car and squeezed behind the high steering post.

'O you Barney Oldfield!' Marty called to him.

Somebody got in front of the car and cranked it. Frank turned on the ignition and the engine started, sputtering and choking. He raced it, then stalled several times until he found the correct gearshift, and finally drove it slowly down the incline from the freight shed to the yard.

A lot more men had come up and now they all gathered around the car, looking at it and joking and talking to Frank. He felt proud and happy.

'Hey,' someone called, 'we're due to form in ten minutes.'

'Have a drink and forget about it,' said Marty Hughes.

He passed the bottle up to Frank.

'Say, gee, I don't know . . . ' Frank began.

'Come on, shavetail,' said Art Stallknecht.

Frank took a drink out of the bottle and handed it back.

The whiskey fell with a thump, hot and golden in his empty stomach, making him expand his chest, gilding the clear warm morning.

A group of men with their arms around each other's shoulders began singing 'Mademoiselle from Armentières.'

Charlie Potter looked at his wrist

watch and said: 'Come on, men — zero hour.'

Half a dozen men climbed into the car and a bottle was pushed across to Frank. He hesitated, then took another drink. It tasted even better than the last one.

The men in the back seat went on singing 'Mademoiselle from Armentières,' and as he tugged at the stiff left-handed notch gearshift and slowly let in the clutch, Frank came in on the chorus, 'Rinky-dinky-parley-voo.'

People in the street stared at them and then cheered as they moved slowly, jerkily along. When they got to the place where the parade was forming, a crowd quickly gathered around the machine, and all the faces, good-natured and smiling, looked up admiringly at Frank as he sat behind the wheel, the bright sun shining on the gold lieutenant's bars, the whiskey golden and warm in his stomach, gilding the warm clear day and the high white rainless clouds that floated slowly past overhead. The grinning good-natured faces yelled things up at him and people called him Lieutenant and his friends yelled 'Hey, shavetail,' out of the corners of their mouths, — respectable decent friendly people making believe to act tough, — and somebody passed him another drink, and golden rye whiskey gilded the warm morning. Bugles called and drums began to beat, making the blood run faster through your veins, and once again you were alive and not just existing, going on from day to day, to the office and back home, home and back to the office — the maid forgot to order coffee — Shirley stays out too late. The hell with it, and he came in strong on 'Rinky-dinky-parley-voo!'

IV

The parade began to move slowly down the street, the bugles calling and

the drums beating, and it no longer looked like Main Street, but the outskirts of Paris, with Lieutenant Frank Pearson, trusted adviser to Gallieni, — Captain Frank Pearson, savior of France, — driving the first taxicab out of Paris, through St. Denis, across the war-menaced fields to the Marne — Major Frank Pearson, 'Rinky-dinky-parley-voo.'

There were two blocks more before the Chambers Building where Doc McKim had his office and where Helen and Shirley would be sitting in the window watching him, surprised and proud, waving at him as he passed, driving the Marne taxi, with Gallieni himself in the seat next to him, Colonel Frank Pearson.

There was one block more before the sensation of the parade would come into view, the Marne taxicab, driven by General Frank Pearson, with a blood-soaked bandage around his head, telling Gallieni not to worry, everything would be all right, for 'the Yanks are coming, the Yanks are coming.'

There were a lot of faces at the window of Doc McKim's office and he could only glance up a few times as they approached and then passed the building. He did n't see Helen or Shirley up there, but he might easily have missed them, there were so many faces jammed in there together.

He turned to Art Stallknecht, sitting in the seat beside him, and said: —

'Did you see Helen or Shirley up there? I could n't get a really good look when we went past.'

Art looked back over his shoulder.

'No, I did n't notice them.'

'I guess maybe they got there late and had to stand in the back,' Frank said.

'Boy,' said Art, 'I bet they got a kick out of Poppa driving a real Marne taxi.'

Frank laughed and shook his head.

'Maybe they did n't get up there,

at that. Yes, I should n't wonder if maybe they had to watch it from the sidewalk, account of the crowds.'

'There's certainly a jam,' said Art, looking around.

'I told them they better be on time,' said Frank. 'But you know how women are, especially the kids. They take all night to get ready.'

'Is n't that a fact, though! Why, I remember . . .'

'I don't see what they can do that takes that long,' said Frank.

'I remember the last time we took a trip in the car it was always the same old story: everybody ready to start, the baggage all strapped on, and then half an hour cooling our heels waiting for Joanie to powder her face or God knows what.'

They came up to the red-white-and-blue-draped reviewing stand and a cheer went up and the bass drummer in the band beat his drum.

'Some turnout,' said Art.

Frank looked toward the stand.

'I guess maybe they had to get a seat there,' he said. 'I don't see them, though.'

The cheers kept up. He smiled at the people in the reviewing stand and bent down low over the wheel, like a racing driver.

'Old Barney Oldfield,' said Art.

The boys in the back seat came in strong on the chorus, 'Rinky-dinky-parley-voo.'

After the reviewing stand there were only a few more blocks before they got to their Post Headquarters, where they were to disband and where the car was to be officially presented to the city. Back to Paris, slowly, after the victory of the Marne, Colonel Frank Pearson drove his taxi, with his old friend Art Stallknecht Gallieni in the seat next to him, tired and battle-stained, but with a sense of duty well done — Major Frank Pearson.

'By the way,' said Frank, 'how is

Joanie? Shirley said she had the flu last winter or something.'

'Yes, she had a pretty tough time for a while, but she's all right now.'

'Bad thing, flu,' said Frank. 'Helen had it winter before last, too.'

'It leaves you all washed out,' said Art.

Frank drove the car into the yard of their headquarters.

'O Captain! my Captain! our fearful trip is done,' Marty Hughes called from the back seat when the car had stopped and Frank had shut off the engine.

They all climbed out of the car and somebody started to wave a bottle and sing, 'You're in the army now.'

Charlie Potter came up, looking worried.

'Go easy, fellows. Remember there are going to be ladies present.'

'That was no lady — that was my wife,' somebody called from the back of the crowd, and everybody laughed.

V

As the people began to arrive, Frank watched them carefully, waiting for Helen and Shirley, but he did n't see them, and presently the official ceremony of presentation began.

Charlie Potter made the speech for the Post, and the mayor made a speech of acceptance in which he thanked all the members who had contributed to the purchase of this battle-scarred relic of glory which would live forever as a reminder of the glorious war record of their town and serve as a reminder — nay, an inspiration — to future generations, to their children and their children's children, of the times that tried men's souls, and cause all who saw it to pause for a moment in their daily round of duties and activities to give a thought to the men who had given their All and made the Supreme Sacrifice that Justice, Civilization, and Democracy might live, and that, in the words of another

Great Martyr, Freedom might not perish from the earth.

'Good speech,' said Art Stallknecht, and Frank nodded, looking around at the crowd to see who was there.

'Good night!' said Art. 'Charlie's going to start in all over again. Look!'

Charlie had jumped up and was waving his arms for attention.

'And now, before we leave,' he said, 'there is just one more thing that I would like to say. In all this we have neglected to mention one thing, and that is the name of the man to whose interest and — uh — initiative we owe the presence to-day in our midst of this priceless relic of the glorious days when Civilization stood with its back to the wall and gave its All that . . .' He suddenly stopped and looked around at his audience with a grin. 'Don't worry, folks, I'm not going to try and compete with Hizzoner, here. I just want to draw your attention to the fact that the man who is responsible for all this, whose idea it was in the first place to get ahold of this — this relic, is none other than our esteemed fellow citizen and shave-tail, Frank Pearson. Frank, step up here and say a few well-chosen words to the assembled company.'

There were loud cheers and whistles, and Frank was pushed toward the platform, blushing and trying to resist, and conscious all the time that Charlie Potter, who was one of the biggest real-estate men in the state, had just called him by his first name.

'Come on now, Frank,' said Charlie Potter as Frank stood on the platform and the crowd became quiet. 'Just a well-chosen word or two, that's all. Just a well-chosen word.'

Frank took off his forage cap and held it tightly in his hands, and looked around at the people below. There seemed to be a great many of them. Perhaps, he thought, Helen and Shirley were somewhere in the back. You could n't really tell.

'Well,' he said, 'I suppose I ought to start out by telling a story about a couple of Irishmen, but I don't seem to be able to remember any, so . . . well, all I can say is, I'm glad you're all so pleased with the idea of having this . . . this relic. I sort of thought it would be a good idea and act as an inspiration and . . . an inspiration to those who are too young to remember what it was all about during . . . in those days . . . and well, I guess that's all. I thank you.'

He turned and ran off the platform to the sound of laughter and cheers.

'Yea, Demosthenes,' Marty Hughes called as he went past, and slapped him on the back.

'Some speech, Frank,' said Art.

'Come on,' said Frank, wiping his forehead with the back of his hand and putting on his forage cap. 'Let's get out of here.'

They got into Art's car and began driving back down Main Street toward the station, so that Frank could get his car, which he had left down in the freight yard.

'Yes, sir,' said Art with a grin, 'quite a speech.'

'I never was much good at giving a spiel,' said Frank. 'I don't know.'

'Me either. It's too bad, though, that Helen and Shirley were n't there to hear you. They would of got a kick out of it.'

'It's a good thing they were n't,' said Frank.

'What do you suppose happened to them? Did n't they know we were going to have the presentation?'

'I just told them to come around,' said Frank. 'I did n't say what for. I thought it would be more fun if they got a surprise.'

'It's too bad they did n't make it.'

'Oh, Shirley probably stalled around until it was too late. Anyway, she was out late to a dance last night.'

'Is n't it the damndest thing the

way kids stay up all night nowadays? Why, in our day . . .'

'That's what I think. But it does n't do any good to kick about it. They just don't pay any attention.'

They were silent for a time, then Frank said:—

'You ever have any trouble with your oil burner, Art? Ours went out of commission twice last winter.'

Art shook his head. 'No, I never had any trouble with mine. What kind have you got?'

'I've got a Silent Sentinel.'

'Why, I've got a Sentinel, too,' said Art. 'I don't see why you should have any trouble with yours. I never had any with mine.'

'That's funny, is n't it?' said Frank.

'I'll tell you what I'll do, Frank,' said Art. 'I'll come over one of these days and take a look at it. I've fooled around a good deal with those things in my spare time and maybe I can see what's wrong with it.'

'Thanks, Art, that would be fine if you'd do that. Anyway, we ought to try and see more of each other, Art. We ought to have some of those poker games we used to have.'

'That's a fact, Frank. We'll have to try and do that.'

'They used to be a lot of fun,' said Frank. 'We ought to try and do that, Art.'

Art drew up at the freight shed and Frank got out. They shook hands and Art said: 'Well, I certainly enjoyed that speech, Frank.'

They both laughed and Frank said: 'Well, I'll be seeing you. Thanks for the lift.'

He stood for a few moments watching Art as he backed his car around and drove away. Then he unlocked his own car and got in and drove off.

He went down Main Street in the direction in which the parade had gone. The street was almost empty now. After the crowds which had been in it only a little while ago it seemed quite deserted. He drove slowly. The day was still clear and warm, but the sun was higher and the air did not feel as fresh as it had earlier in the morning. His mouth felt dry from the whiskey and the four cigars that he had smoked. Usually he allowed himself only two cigars before lunch.

As he passed the reviewing stand men were already beginning to take it apart, piling up the timbers in trucks that were standing by the curb. Red-white-and-blue streamers and shreds of crêpe paper were scattered over the sidewalks and clinging to the rough surface of the wood of which the stand was constructed.

Then he left the centre of town behind him and drove along the smooth clean streets of the residential sections. Flags were flying in front of many of the houses, above the smooth, well-kept lawns.

Lieutenant Frank Pearson, he thought — Second Lieutenant Pearson — Frank Pearson.

THE NEXT FEAR

THIS is the noonday fear and the night fear,
Best in the conscious mind but not there only,
Blacker than black of print across our books,
And brooding over every word we say,

Incumbent echoing the voices of playmates,
Now keen misgiving, and now dull misgiving,
For better for worse old faithful, hidden silent
Secret in heart, or breaking silence fearful.

One fear it is, and many are its forms,
Not in itself appalling, but as black clouds
Moving and rising where the lightning will come
As often as it ever came before,

What once we thought was over, buried away
Like so much rubble under a building hope;
Many men died for that, we then began,
But lightning bodes a brittle repetition.

This is no building lasting against lightning,
Nothing of our design can meet this fear;
The builders mixing concrete under the clouds
Look and are stricken and chilled, the sky is night;

This is more than quick recoverable terror,
And we, watching the hanging waiting darkness,
Counting the moments of the coming storm,
Find it not easy now to stand erect.

Why should we ever plan another inch
Or swing another girder, if all girders
Get blasted in the ruinous unkind shock?
Though still the builders are in love with building.

Let us be dulled and blunted, once acuter;
Let us be dead as doornails, if need be;
But here is a wanton terror overhead
That overshadows all our work in hand.

GEORGE ALLEN

PLAIN OR FANCY GARDENER

BY A. W. SMITH

I

WHERE there is one Englishman there is a garden. Where there are two Englishmen there will be a club. But this does not mean any falling off in the number of gardens. There will be three. The club will have one, too.

This gardening habit, which may easily become a passion, is the fruit of early training. When we were children we did what might very properly be called nursery gardening. We always wore very correct sailor suits — Father had been in the Navy — and when we went to church it was in spotless Number One rig.

When the white flannel singlets were worn out they were cut into squares and turned back to us. We put them in soup plates, damped them with water, and grew mustard and cress on them. Cress was not as satisfactory as mustard. It took four days longer to germinate — a long time when every motion of the seed from jellification to the final bursting is exposed to eager eyes. Afterwards we ate the mustard and cress in sandwiches for tea.

At school when I got my first smattering of chemistry I learned that plants like carbon dioxide. It is what makes chlorophyll, or greenness. It is also at the bottom of the diurnal flower migrations in hospitals. By day, plants give off oxygen and absorb carbon dioxide. By night they do the reverse. Hence it would be positively dangerous to sleep in the same room as a sedum,

and probationers must scurry round every evening to remove the flowers to the heat of the corridor, although a single night nurse gives off more CO₂ than her own weight in flowers.

The idea of carbon dioxide inspired me. I thought that if only I could supply it in unlimited quantity I could beat the family gardener to a prize tomato crop. I devised a plan for its manufacture from sulphuric acid and marble chips. It was to be led to the plants under a bell glass through a glass tube. The installation looked promising. Unfortunately I forgot about it, and when I came back two weeks later the plants were dead.

But the habitual gardener is not restrained by failure. Once I bought a packet of nasturtium seed — *capucine*, the French call them, from the fancied likeness of the bloom to the capuche, the hood worn by Capuchin nuns — to plant outside a dugout in front of the Railway Triangle at Arras. Everyone said that it was tempting the fates. It was. We moved to the Ypres salient about a week later.

That was only one crop I did not stay long enough to reap. I have sowed gardens in Upper Burma jungles only to be sent to Mandalay to take over someone else's garden. There the rosy pink walls of the old Burmese fort were reflected in the still green waters of the moat, covered in lotus and water hyacinth.

The hyacinth was a pest. It had been imported into India, so the story went, by some governor's wife who admired its purple bloom and the queer green bladders with which it keeps itself afloat. Like many weeds it propagates itself from the most insignificant scraps. To-day it is an ineradicable nuisance blocking waterways and irrigation ditches.

In temperate climates the hyacinth is a water-garden gem.

Not long ago I was talking to one of the biggest aspidistra men in England. By choice he was a botanist and a famous collector. By profession he was known primarily as one of the best growers of rare plants. After that came his aspidistras and his system of always being ready with a large stock of next year's fashion in window-box and house plants. In fact, he largely set the fashion.

One of his best coups in this direction was starting the craze for water hyacinth on London balconies. That particular plan involved preparation fully two years ahead, and, in addition to the plants, he had to have on hand some thousands of assorted galvanized tanks. By the time his competitors realized the situation and began the struggle to make up a stock of hyacinth he was preparing a rage for desert gardens, with cactuses, each in a little glass box.

His aspidistra trade practically ran itself. He used to buy the plants in Holland at about fourpence a leaf. He shipped them to England for sale to movie houses and restaurants.

Aspidistras are what nursery men call resistant, which means that they will stand almost anything. Their other name is the 'lager-beer plant,' because, as a favorite in barrooms, they can subsist on the stale lees of beer. But, like old soldiers, they fade in the end.

'Talking of foliage plants,' he said in reference to aspidistras, 'I remember

as a lad we used to set millions — anyhow, tens of thousands — of coleus and telantheras and such stuff for ribbon and carpet beds. There was good money in them. You could n't kill them and you did n't have to worry about bloom. But that's all done now,' he sighed. 'Mr. Robinson killed the trade with his book.'

Forty years ago William Robinson's *English Flower Garden* appeared, with its slashing attack on the cast-iron fashions of the day. The atrocities of ribbon and carpet bedding, the horrors of topiary and the harsh lines of geometrical design, were then the signs of horticultural elegance.

Not very long before that, it had been laid down in books that the gardener should, as a first requisite, be skilled in geometry, for the most fashionable effects were obtained in intricate patterns picked out with colored sands.

In private gardens now one occasionally comes across some good old man who deplores to-day's informality and sighs for the days of stars, crescents, and pie-crimped circles. The art is not completely dead. One may see the miracle take place annually in the Public Garden in Boston, or in Coppley Square, where, in an oblong bed slanted to the oncoming traffic, when tulips are done and the bulbs lifted, the great masterpiece of summer bedding is prepared. A Stars and Stripes is laid out in foliage plants, as nearly correct to color as possible. That the red is bronze, the white variegated cream, and the blue chocolate is immaterial. The intention is all too obvious, for it is complete to the last star and stripe. Coleus and telanthera, even the croton-leaved beet, are conscripted to the service of the flag.

II

As one horror is laid, inventive genius can always be depended on to find another. If the old atrocities were

the result of an attempt to overcome the limitations imposed by the growth of plants themselves, the new try to overcome the limitations imposed by materials.

What can one say, for instance, of the recommendation to be found in an article in one of the recent gardening dictionaries? The problem is to build a terraced wall overgrown with flowers and ferns. The author suggests one of glass brick, wired for lighting at the bottom to give a soft glow. As he says, the effect would be stunning.

Glass brick, incidentally, is the material which has been chosen for lining the new Hudson tunnel. Apart from æsthetic values, it would be something of a feat to establish plants on a wall of glass brick. A less suitable substance could hardly be found.

The glass-brick school is the legitimate offspring of the iron-dog-and-deer school. Dogs and deer have gone, but other things have taken their places. In every case the basic idea is to have a garden without the trouble of gardening.

Nowadays when Aunt Jane goes off for a somnolent postprandial Sunday afternoon cruise down the turnpike, as likely as not she will come home with a choice something under her arm: a little painted dog or duck, which, securely pinned to the lawn, will never scratch among the globe arborvitæ of the foundation planting; even a little painted wooden flower, which will bloom until the paint peels off; or, if she is ambitious, a gazing globe, or a fancy bit of lavender-tinted art concrete — an amphora, a sarcophagus, or wordy sundial; or it may be a glass demijohn fondly regarded as an antique, but in reality a sulphuric-acid carboy from the nearest chemical works.

Then arises the problem of where to put it. It is something to fill that empty space, where it will give 'ac-

cent' or 'focus' — all in the best jargon of the garden club. Or else it is no problem at all — the whatnot is just put.

Such crimes are the unpremeditated backslidings of a moment. Glass brick is deliberate. Luckily the plumbers' yards are closed on Sundays.

The Flower Shows held each spring in the East help to foster this vogue of architectural gardening. Since the exhibits are displayed in halls, space is necessarily limited. The results are little bits of this and little bits of that, and planting up to the hilt. Imitatively, the exhibits are translated to the open, to the detriment of the open. Little bits of hedges enclose airless little corners. Little bits of woodsy planting have little dishpan pools, and little white picket fences enclose other miniature Cape Codderies.

This garden littleness is admittedly appealing. The baby mugho pine, the nurseryman's delight (since it is next to impossible to keep a stock of it), has something about it as helpless and irresistible as a puppy. People want to pick it up and take it home. My children, taken to a well-stocked nursery, were told that they might each take home anything they wished. It was a safe bet. Past the specimen *Picea pungens Kosteriana*, listed at \$250 each, they made a beeline for the tiny fluffy babies of *Pinus montana Mugo*.

As spectacles, the Spring Flower Shows, coming in a bad season of the year, are very impressive. But to call them 'flower shows' is something of a misnomer. 'Florists' shows' would be more correct, for any florist, given the incentive, can — and sometimes does — do as well.

Logically one goes to a flower show to see what is new and good. Actually one is offered a view of summer perennials necessarily forced under glass and ill-grown compared with what can be done at the right time of year. The

specialist societies, more serious in intent, do not make the mistake of having their shows out of season.

But then, no one ever goes to the specialist shows, except for a few — a very few — enthusiasts who go to see the flowers. These few seem not to miss the other attractions. Gone are the aquariums and the scenes of wild life (with real sand imported all the way from Plum Island), the quaint straw skeps which lack only bees, and the Hammond organ playing Bach and 'The Isle of Capri.'

But the enthusiasts do not seem to mind. They gather in knots talking the macaronic Latin which is the mysterious jargon of the trade. In general there is a sonorous formality about Latin names which is not always the case with the English — at least not the modern ones. The old English names have a flavor of their own. Some are utilitarian, like madwort and feverfew and shadblow, which comes into bloom when the shad are running in New England rivers. Others are descriptive, like Wandering Jew. Some are merely mysterious, like Good King Henry, which is a vegetable, one of the many inferior substitutes for asparagus.

But times change. When a famous American rose grower imported a tiny rose, son of Rosa Rouletti, from Holland, he found that it already bore the name of 'Peon.' That, he thought, had an unpleasant significance, connected with slavery and lashings. Instead of calling it 'Pawn,' he set to work to find a substitute. The choice was 'Mickey Mouse.' Walter Disney, appealed to, granted the use of the name, but he wanted \$2500 down and 5 per cent of sales. That, of course, was that. 'Tom Thumb' was the eventual choice. By much the same process a rose named after a Dutch lady with a long and rather complicated name was thought to represent a sales problem. It was rechristened 'Permanent Wave.'

Hume once surmounted the ornithologist's rule that birds may not be called after oneself by calling a new discovery Mrs. Humensis. Although botanists are not bound by any such foolishness, they usually prefer to pay a graceful compliment to a friend in the same line of business.

III

Luckily one does not have to know a lot of names to be a gardener. One needs only to be an incurable optimist. Otherwise, who would attempt even such a simple-seeming operation as growing a lawn?

It is not certain that there were grass lawns in King Henry VIII's day. There were open spaces, — pleasaunces and such, — but whether they were of closely mown turf is another matter. The best surfaces probably were not grass. The green on which Drake bowled is supposed to have been camomile, which makes a good 'lawn' under bad conditions. Gerard recommends this in his *Herbal*, and there is one at Buckingham Palace on which outdoor investitures are held. It stays green in the hottest weather and its scent is very pleasant.

A lawn needs care and cultivation like any other crop. It seldom gets them unless the turf is there for some ulterior purpose, like golf.

Grass is gross, and wants good feeding. Fertilize it — or why not just say 'manure' it? Manure it well and wisely — which means, use as much as you can get.

It was Mill who said that money was like manure — most useful when spread. There are communities which were built up on it, like the Kentish cherry orchards. When London was fast abuilding, Thames barges went laden from Rochester and Chatham with the dreadful yellow brick made along the Medway. They came back

with manure from London stables which they got for nothing but the carrying, to lay the foundation of a great orchard industry.

Wise men will go to almost any length to build up the soil. Old Scottish custom used to demand that a braxy sheep off the hill be buried under every fruit tree set. Rags and shoddy from mills were excellent soil conditioners before women's fashions spoiled things with steel and then rubber. During the war there was a Devonshire farmer who was hard put to it to find manure. When he read that the Ministry of Food had for sale fifty tons of fish unfit for human consumption, he could hardly wait to get it on his land. When it came it was in cans. He put it on the land — still in cans; there was little else he could do. Until a very few years ago ploughing on that farm was done to the accompaniment of all too familiar 'piffs' as the share ripped open the bloated cans.

The habitual gardener is also an inveterate collector. I was once considering the lilies of the field. The Black Sea lay very still and purple in the sun. There was a strip of white sand which ran up to the meadow where the lilies grew. They were reputed to be the genuine Biblical article — the tiny gorgeous *Iris Pontos*. I tried digging some with my knife, then gave up, for it is not the part of an officer on active service to carry bundles of rhizomes in his kit.

Later I had more luck when I collected the seeds of rhododendrons growing on the upper slopes of the Chin Hills in the corner between Manipur and Burma. The trees grew in every hollow, their tops cut off sharply flat by the raging mountain winds. On the higher slopes they were gnarled shrubs only a foot or two high. Lower they grew into forest trees of seventy feet and more. From above they seemed a

dense thicket of bloom. The seeds were ripe, black, and shiny, in their brown banana-shaped pods. I took some in a tobacco tin to Kew, where nobody was greatly impressed. Only a new discovery could have shaken that professional calm. Moreover, Kingdon Ward was just home — bringing seeds of rhododendrons with blooms as big as footballs and pearl-pink in color, and of a new gooseberry, huge, golden, globular.

My seeds, said Kew, might bloom. But it would take time — fifty years, perhaps. All the same, I planted them. Perhaps I may see them flower. It will be a rather poor magenta — and only I will know where their beauty really lies.

Later still I collected bulbs of the lovely Nilgiri lily — very showy, with immense scented trumpets of startling whiteness. They bloom annually now in a West of Scotland garden — not in the open, perhaps, but in a country not too unlike their own home.

But there is no need to be exotic to satisfy a leaning to collect. One could do less well than to go out with a spade to dig blueberries from the nearest hillside. There are few shrubs which give better massed effects or which have greater all-year-round beauty. Some day they will lead a triumphant return of the native, but for the moment we waste our time trying to do a little more than either soil or climate will permit. We want cypripediums on dry uplands and alpine on flat lush lowlands, palm trees in New England and Christmas roses on the equator.

With garden club synonymous with women's club, the gender of gardening has become feminine. Some day, perhaps, the art will be brought from the celestial heights back to the level of the soil, where, after all, is the starting point of every garden.

THE ANCIENT WELL

BY LEONARD BACON

'Heed your dreams and find your soul!' — AUSTIN TAPPAN WRIGHT

THERE is a well on the slope of a mountain in Greece, at which it was once the local custom to fill the water jars. The well had a curious name, Hippocrène, which, being interpreted, is 'the fountain of the horse.' The horse in question had wings, and although he has been the cause of much perplexity, not to say humiliation, to successive schools of equestrians, his very existence has been doubted by skeptics of these and of better times. After which allusion to the fantasy of the past, which may not be altogether fantasy, I shall approach the fantasy of the present, which may not be altogether fantasy either.

The systems of psychology which are connected with the names of Freud, Adler, and Jung have been subjects of debate for many years, but are still involved in mists of ignorance and controversy. Very few people really know anything about the ideas, and what they do know has usually been acquired at the dinner tables of persons who know even less. With distinguished exceptions the disciples of the three principal thinkers have been badly equipped and much too apt to take up furiously defensive attitudes with respect to matters they do not wholly comprehend. And the common-sense conclusion of the outsider has not unnaturally been that here was another pseudoscientific word war and a field of battle where guerilla-charlatans were

enriching themselves at the expense of noncombatants and the wounded.

The conclusion is not unnatural, but, like so many not unnatural conclusions, it is unfair. The three protagonists differ much less on points of main importance than would appear from the invectives of their disciples, whose myth-making propensities have created the sinister old man of Vienna and the dangerous mystic of Zurich. Naturally their philosophical attitudes are not identical, but Jung, for instance, is quite prepared to admit the validity of the methods of his rivals with respect to numerous persons who have benefited by those methods. And I am not sure that the differences of interpretation observable are so wide as the different terminologies incident to pioneer work would indicate. For example, the 'id,' a concept due to Freud, meaning the instincts as a totality, seems to me not forty rows of apple trees away from 'the collective unconscious,' a concept due to Jung, which Freudians are apt in bad moments to belabor.

There has, of course, been much battle at this point. The idea for some reason had the power of engendering heat. Many people flew into fine scholastic rages about it. The kind of thinker who is annoyed when a fact betrays a tendency to escape from a symmetrical system raised his howl

and withdrew, swearing that, whatever might be empirically discovered, he would abide forever faithful to the one true faith he was bred in. This, of course, is not the way to advance thought or even to refute it.

Roughly, and in the proverbial but not always clarifying nutshell, Jung's notion was this. Across the totality of our psychic life at any moment a boundary is drawn. On one side is what we call the conscious, that part of life of which we are aware. On the other side is literally everything else that could conceivably pass the boundary sometime. So far in accord with everyone. But here things begin to get a little different, for Jung, on the basis of many observed facts, came to the conclusion that the unconscious was itself divisible. He was sure that there were elements in it that were due to the fact that Smith was Smith, but he was equally sure that there were other elements which were due to the fact that Smith was an historic animal. These latter he proposed to call collective — that is to say, elements generally apparent in the beast. Smith obviously has individual traits, but he has collective ones as well. And just as his physical embryology repeats the history of his evolution, so does his psychological embryology. In this I see nothing to cause anxiety. But you never can tell when, where, or for what reason you may arouse the intellectual adversary.

I ought perhaps to go into the implications of what Jung believes he has discovered. From the personal unconscious with its elements peculiar to the individual, he has discriminated the collective, in which he finds entities, knots of energy, group associations, which, with some variation, are common to race or sex, and in some instances to all mankind. In dream and in daydream these entities appear. And in spite of the fury of the behaviorist, who (Pro-

fessor Joad acutely remarks) has taken up materialism just as the other scientists dropped it, I am quite as much persuaded of the reality of these entities as I am of any reflex that ever was conditioned. For these newly discriminated factors in the unconscious Jung proposed the name 'archetypal image' or 'archetype' — meaning a symbol with which the unconscious mind has been familiar for a very long time, perhaps from the beginning.

To avert a misunderstanding at this point, it should be said that this statement does not involve anything like innate ideas. The archetypes are not conceived of as inherited. They are thought of as images toward which a predisposition is inherited, as a preference for animal food is inherited by a tiger. And the kinds of images toward which we are unconsciously predisposed are as various as our dreams and our myths, which have been rightly called the dreams of the race. Ships, horses, the conventional emblems of the great religions, wings, the symbolic descent under the earth, the *puer æternus*, the wise woman (these two, perhaps, contradictions in terms), the snake, the hero — all these and many more are elements of the archetypal geometry which organizes life in the Bermuda Deep of the psyche. And what comes up from that profound unknown into the narrow day of the conscious has an awe-inspiring phosphorescence of its own. And it carries for every man a force and interest not possessed by the casual phenomena which can be traced to his personal experience, his everyday associations.

At this point the reader would perform his rôle in a classic and satisfactory manner if he would be so good as to ask: 'What has all this got to do with literature?' To which the writer, who has been artfully pipe-laying for the question, may then reply with an air of overwhelming finality: 'Almost

everything.' And he might well add: 'Particularly so with respect to poetry.' Whether or no the reader is in agreement with the views expressed in the preceding paragraphs, he will see that an acceptance of those views at least permits one to form a definition of poetry that has some satisfactory aspects, though ultimate validity is not claimed for it. To the writer, poetry appears to be that form of communication whose important function is to touch and arouse the ancient and permanent elements in the spiritual structure of Man by symbol and measured, rhythmical intelligible sound.

'By symbol' seems to me clear and, I should think, to most people acceptable, but the final defining phrase perhaps should be dwelt on a little. The measured rhythm (and measure distinguishes verse from prose, without prejudice) which is the body of poetry as the symbol is the soul (and eloquent prose may have the same soul) has itself the quality of an archetype. And those moderns who, on what they style logical grounds, have rejected metre, or even rhyme, are not to be congratulated on choosing such a handicap. They have elected to dispense with whole categories of unconscious sympathies between their readers and themselves, and in the pursuit of personal originality have ignored deep-seated collective instincts common to genius and ordinary mankind. This does not mean, of course, that something new and strange is never to take place, any more than it means that a tree should never put forth new leaves and new branches, though it does imply that a tree ought not to put forth lobster claws. But the new must have a tincture of the primordial, and the strange will derive its strength from ancient and shadowy relations with the familiar. This last statement has the force of a law. And it perfectly explains why the extreme positions of what are called schools

vanish automatically because of their failure to connect themselves with the living, growing, immortal unconscious that remains the same the more it changes.

The common term in poetry is hard to find, and when found may appear vague enough. A category that includes the wrath of Achilles, the lament for Lesbia's sparrow, the blasting of the character of Shaftesbury, and the *Rime of the Ancient Mariner*, is varied enough in all conscience. But it does not take much penetration to see how Homer and Dryden, by image and sound, have evoked from our depths as from their own the original 'unconscious pattern' of anger, though one chants in oceanic hexameters and one in the stately, confined, and pointed couplet of the English Augustans. Behind both, if you go far enough, is a war dance. Behind every poem, properly so called, is an archetype.

The greatest of American Orientalists has pointed out in the introduction to his version of Kalidasa that every one of the great epics contains among other things a great voyage. The trail of the wanderer is over them all, the archetypal trail. No voyage, no epic. Baldur and Loki are in all great song. Achilles did not die by the well-benched ships. Heavily disguised, he dashed in vain against the Spanish windmills. Nor do I think it sheer accident that the last adventure of Odysseus should be to behold the Mount of Purgatory on the horizon of the remotest sea. That mountain itself did not appear for the first time in the *Divine Comedy*. The hero that stole the fire had been riveted to its crest before Christian mythology was breeched. And Dante descending into the horror of Hell was himself following the track of the hero Gilgamesh, whose name he never had heard.

If you've run into this sort of interpretation before, attribute it to the proper authors and carry on. It serves

to exemplify the fact that the great poets are in league with archetypes. The little ones, I fear, are principally in league with stereotypes.

This last observation at once leads to some remarks on the contemporary attitude toward contemporary poetry. Many commonplaces are to be heard on this subject. One of the prize ones is 'I should have liked it better in prose.' Unhappily the complete and intelligent man who utters that sort of utterance has generally some right to utter it. The poem to which he alludes, on examination, proves to be in some sense only half a poem. It has the form, but lacks the vital informing element. And, this being the Age of Reason (though I am not alone in seeing no real grounds for so defining it), the critic protests against clothing current ideas in an archaic costume. No man in his senses ever wanted 'The Eve of St. Agnes' in prose. But now every mistrustful publisher in America and England is, by fair means or foul, trying to get his dependent 'poets' to write novels instead of epics, or, for the matter of that, instead of lyrics.

The explanation is obvious. For the moment the poets, upset by thoroughly unimportant conscious problems of public policy and artistic technique, have cut loose from the great symbolic archetypes. Robert Bridges did not, Æ did not, A. E. Housman did not, and Robert Frost did not. Let us keep silent concerning those who did. You might just as well, or even better, try to put Euclid or thermodynamics into Papal pentameters as to put into verse what most of the moderns are trying to put into it. I don't care whether it is personal idiosyncrasy or Marxian economics, private pettishness or Anglo-Catholicism. Poetry won't march on those terms. Nevertheless, anything whatever is a fit subject for poetry, if the archetypes are there to carry it. And nothing whatever is, if they are

not. There is an apposite story about Rupert Brooke and Lytton Strachey. Strachey, with his scorpion wit, had taken the skin off the back of the young Georgians till Brooke could stand no more. 'Lytton,' he said reproachfully, 'what do you expect of the modern poets?' In his effeminate and infuriating falsetto Strachey replied, 'Passion!' What he really meant was archetypes. The modern poets have personal passion to burn, but it is not rich in collective British thermal units.

You can extend this notion all over the arts. What have Van Gogh and Gauguin that Picabia has not? If anything, he is their intellectual superior, which is no compliment. But the archetypes shout from their canvases — the old things that were once called universals and have since become something with a specific meaning. The intellectual painter, for his part, has gone a-whoring after the Baal of abstraction, whose final absurdity is the ultimate zero. As for music, Stravinsky's cry is, 'Back to Bach!' He has no intention of weakly imitating the Master, but he knows where the archetypes are.

There is fun and there is hope in the new psychology. It tells us all kinds of entertaining things. It suggests the possibility of a better method with respect to what someone has called 'the prenatal care of ideas.' It hints that some day we may know more of the strange process of the gestation of a poem, which would be interesting whether useful or no. From the palpitating second when the symbol appears in the mind with the startling suddenness of a great fish breaking water, a suddenness which carries the implication that the symbol had its own existence before it was consciously realized, through the ancillary flashes and the painful struggle with the intellectual difficulties implicit in the image, whether it be a clear-cut picture, a consonance of cadences, or a shadowy mood, what

subject is there in the world within or the world without more intrinsically exciting? Nor will the investigation of the elements of this process detract from the interest. Biologists do not love their children less because they know more about chromosomes than other people.

If nothing else had come out of these new, enigmatic, and, to many of us, unconvincing ideas, for the poet anyhow something has happened. For him a continent, dimly guessed and timidly visited in the past, has been unveiled, and lands long since wasted and deserted have taken on their original beauty and interest. The inner world is once again full of huge cloudy symbols of a high romance. Dead allegory has become live value. In a time enslaved by the fiction of objective reality, mythology is reborn, which does not mean fauns stealing groceries out of your icebox. The god is in the grove and the nymph at the fountain. 'It is good. They belong there.' The dream side of things is restored to dignity, not

as a method of predicting the fall of kingdoms or the trend of the market, but as something lovely, unhackneyed, and needful to be known. And the whole spectacle of mental life has grown larger, as it should, for we have drawn nearer to it. Nor is there one facet of its strange crystalline structure which does not gleam with vividder fluorescence as it is struck by the cosmic radiation from the invisible deep.

It is the glory of the new psychology to have pointed out to us that the water system installed by those sanitary engineers, the philosophical materialists, has distinct limitations. That system has distributed a dubious liquid all over city. The new thinkers — and Jung in particular — suggest that it will be wise on our part to carry our jars to the ancient well on the slope of the mountain. While we are drawing water from the clear fountain, there is just a chance that we might see the biologically improbable horse with wings, which would be pleasant, no matter how many roughriders he has thrown.

A MORE MODEST PROPOSAL

BY LAWRENCE GARRETT

ONE notes with great satisfaction the discovery by California scientists of a method for preserving life in a state of suspended animation through a process of freezing.

For some years we have been concerned with the problem of unemployment. All appreciate the thoroughly practical and eminently successful efforts of the present Administration to

deal with this situation. Results have been so far beyond expectations that probably any further plan or suggestion would seem superfluous. However, incredible as it may seem, the ugly head of criticism still raises itself, and it is only to satisfy the most unreasonable that a modest proposal is here set forth.

In brief, let us freeze up those few

millions of the unemployed who yet remain.

You start, but pause and consider until no doubt is left in you of the humanitarian and economic advantages of this plan. Of course, this idea is new, but in its very novelty lies promise of success. By this time our leaders have practically eliminated the error in the trial-and-error process. They must be commended for their thoroughness. And, too, we must realize that this project need be no more permanent than that of the digging of canals or the harnessing of tides. It is conceived in a time of national emergency, but dedicated to the time when the farsighted efforts of the Administration have made further thought forever unnecessary — or at least unavailing.

Objections will be raised to the freezing of our fathers and sons. The sombre fact must be faced. How much could be accomplished were it not for the terrible weight of public inertia!

Some will hasten to point out that the removing from active life of the unemployed would so reduce the consumption of goods that an economic depression (the nature of which the older among us will recall) would immediately threaten the country. Our modest proposal is entirely equal to this threat. We have only to freeze up producers, the farmers and manufacturers, until the proper balance has been attained. Of course, a little judicious freezing and thawing would be necessary, just as the scientist must delicately add and remove weights to determine the true mass of a chemical. It is obviously simple to correct any preliminary errors in judgment which may occur.

The sentimental will view with alarm the plight of the wives and children of those who have submitted to this noble experiment. Sentiment is not intellectual. However, should this

answer not satisfy, it need only be pointed out that all dependents of those receiving government aid might well be frozen up with those upon whom they depend. Since charity begins at home, we should provide for all those in the home.

The most perverse critics might venture to question the constitutionality of this procedure. It is obvious, however, that no complaint would be registered by any having cause to complain, and as a last resort a decision by the Supreme Court could be suspended indefinitely.

Any further objections to this plan, either by disinterested observers or by the unemployed themselves, might simply be given a cold reception.

The immense economic benefits of this procedure should be unquestioned. Not only will permanent relief be obtained from the necessity for providing relief, but the tremendous gains in the chemical and building industries would give work to millions. Refrigerating facilities would have to be enormously expanded. Thousands of suitable retaining plants would have to be built throughout the country. The most competent of refrigeration engineers would be employed to prevent a deluge of the unemployed upon the country on warm summer days. Since the government would have charge of this work, we could be assured of a maximum number of men obtaining employment.

Where should we get these workers? It seems inadvisable to draw them from any of the present government projects, so vital to the welfare of the country at large. Surely we cannot take men who are now preparing irrigation for new farm lands. Neither can we call away men who are ploughing under the crops of our present farms. It seems only just to allow those who will profit by the new system, the unemployed, to have the benefit of this work —

provided, of course, that a sufficient number can be found.

It is quite possible that the immense stimulus to industry of this necessary preparation might at once bring the return of complete prosperity, making the consummation of the plan unnecessary. This would be most gratifying, but we should not depend upon so immediate a success.

The thought of the billions of dollars necessary for nation-wide preparations might give pause to the more timid souls, but should we let such a consideration stand in the way of an idea? The entire amount might easily be raised by offering to the public an issue of bonds backed by gold, silver, or something. These bonds might readily be retired by placing a processing tax on each individual as he was frozen up. The individual himself would meet this tax (a sort of *pay as you go* proposition) by turning over to the government one of these bonds which he would have been allowed to purchase on credit.

This plan would be amply justified if it benefited only the unemployed; however, it would be of equal value in many other circumstances. It would no longer be necessary to set aside huge sums for maintaining a standing army large enough to prevent the possibility of aggressive wars. Several hundred thousand men might be trained to the pink of condition and then frozen into a permanent reserve force. If other nations increased their armaments, recruits might easily be added to our own force by some such slogan as 'Join the Army and See the World.' To keep our men well informed as to the improved methods of warfare, it would probably prove advisable to thaw them out every year for a two weeks' period of relaxation and intensive training.

As other nations began to appreciate the economy of our procedure and to

apply it themselves, it is quite possible that present military appropriations, instead of being diverted into other channels, might be maintained to provide larger defense forces. In this case the unemployment problem would be completely and permanently solved. Surplus population would be a thing of the past, and all countries would accord Roman honors to their mothers.

In the more ordinary affairs of life many possible benefits of this plan come to mind. The criminal might be frozen up until all witnesses and lawyers involved in the case were dead. He might then be thawed out and either sent to prison or freed, as the facts of his case warranted.

After an election successful candidates might well be put away. Government would proceed smoothly and election platforms remain intact.

Liberals, advanced thinkers, radicals, might be stored until their views had reached the right degree of conservatism as compared with the thought of the day.

Receivers of special compensations from the government could be confined until the stipends became actually due. Veterans of future wars should likewise be rendered quiescent, both to ensure their immediate availability for future wars and to forestall, more positively than could logic, any demand for immediate compensation.

Mothers-in-law — well, many other applications of this plan will occur to the thinker. May the majority withhold judgment until time and our statesmen have proved all other procedures unavailing. Minor adjustments in this proposal may be necessary, provision made for contingencies unforeseen at present, but no flaw exists in the basic logic of this method of proceeding toward a more perfectly planned social order.

HOUSEKEEPING IN RHODESIA

SAWMILLS, SOUTH RHODESIA

DEAR A. L. —

You say you would be interested to know what life is like in such a place. Well, it is ninety-eight per cent petty imitation, and two per cent sheer beauty, consisting of dawn through a haze of gold and the still coolness that is Africa's gift at sundown.

Two per cent loveliness seems small compensation. At four o'clock this afternoon I would have agreed that it was a full return, but now it is well past sundown. I am sitting on the stoop and can feel the soft coolness on my burning skin. Deep shadows that but a little while ago were a vast expanse of dry brown stunted bush rest tired eyes. The 'boys' have gone to their compound and with their going I have forgotten the imitation that is their contribution to our daily life.

One must begin with the 'Munt' (native), because in a way he plays the chief note in our daily existence.

In an outside place such as this it is especially difficult to obtain well-trained, respectful 'boys' who might help one to forget the many drawbacks of a spot where modern conveniences are unknown. It is too near Bulawayo, the Mecca of every Munt who has heard of its delights from his brothers. Our choice of servants, therefore, lies between a completely raw Munt who will drive one to murderous distraction until he is sufficiently trained to seek work in town, or else a trained boy, who, having been completely corrupted by those same 'delights,' has become such a generally unreliable creature that he can no

longer find work in town. So he drifts back to the big native reserve near here, and when he requires money for his Hut Tax we have the privilege of his services.

It is an important question to us who live outside the cities. For climatic reasons we must be dependent on the Munt. We have no sanitation, electric light, or water that would enable one to say, 'Very well, I'll make my own cup of tea.' Oh yes, we have water and taps in the house that will produce the water: river water, medically condemned as unfit for domestic use — baths included. It is an artistic brown and has an aroma all its own that, if you should wash in it, would cling to you for the rest of the day.

It is because of this that you need the Munt for your early-morning tea. Water must be carried from the tank sent out periodically from Bulawayo. The tank is placed on the triangle, one quarter of a mile away, and we Europeans were not taught the art of carrying a paraffin tin full of water on our heads.

While the weather is warm we can count on tea at six-thirty, but if it is cold one lies fuming until seven o'clock, only to get up and, wrapped up like an Eskimo, run over to the compound and practise voice production. A man's voice may have instant effect, but the poor woman is usually allowed to get to the screaming if not to the ultimate pathetic croaking stage before black heads appear.

Tea — and the most restful ten minutes of the day. Only it does not last — at least not for the woman.

Out of bed she gets to dole out the bacon and such things to the cook boy, because if you gave him a free run of the supplies he would either cook a whole pound of bacon at one go or gracefully abstract a few rashers now and again (that's the trained boy from town), so that by Wednesday there would be no more bacon.

That done, a glimpse at the breakfast table is advisable. Our present cook boy is very temperamental in that direction. Sometimes it is bare, sometimes you can't see the table for the cutlery — rows of jars, pickles, jams, spoons, salt, and even an empty beer bottle. The latter may be a hint of an ornament.

Meantime the 'Pikani' is getting ready for his journey for the milk — distance one mile. Getting ready means collecting odd cigarette ends lying around to help him on his journey. That's when I pounce on the milk bottle. To his constant surprise, I insist on having it cleaned. It is just as well to watch for his return to see if the bottle is still full or if the bright lad has found it necessary to refresh himself on the way home.

The houseboy has started cleaning the rooms. The week before pay day you could not find any fault with him at all except maybe that, in his eagerness to show you what a grand worker he is, he rubs the dusters to tatters, polishes the ornaments until they snap, and uses one tin of polish per room. After pay day, however, he loses interest in life and shows this by silently fading away into the bush. You strain your lungs to call him back and spend the morning hopping mad over dirty corners, sticky furniture, and fingerprints perfectly reproduced on the walls.

The dishes are being washed up. Here again the cook boy and I have different ideas — he likes the water really greasy — I don't. Sometimes he humors me, more often not. The

'Pikani' should be cleaning up the back yard and removing the rubbish to a big hole you have had dug in the bush. Sometimes he is removing it — only not far enough. He loves a little spot just outside the garden, so that if the wind blows you have the fun of seeing it all come back again, which is especially funny on washing day.

You have a brain wave — have the hens been fed and watered? 'Yes,' says he, and if you ask, 'When?' he will probably tell you, 'Yesterday.'

A breathing space at eleven — tea. You have time to sit on the stoop and admire your garden, or maybe you'll be lamenting as the white ant has destroyed a labor of months — that little bit of ground that you fight to hold against the bush, ever encroaching, the white ant continually destroying, the 'Pikani' invariably digging up your pet seedlings instead of weeds. Only this morning a glorious giant geranium, sporting a mass of gay red blooms, was destroyed. A snake saw fit to sit on my front step to bask in the sun; badly scared, it dived into the geranium for protection. My houseboy seized the biggest rock he could find and hurled it with all his might. Now the poor geranium is dead, but not the snake.

It is time to dole out food for lunch. Food! The vegetables from town are limp; the meat has to be cooked on arrival because it won't keep in the heat. You keep disguising it in various forms to encourage the jaded appetite. The butter has become oily even in the water cooler. You lose interest, but pull yourself together because the cook boy is asking about lunch. He has been taught to make salads, so you can leave that to him, but anything else but roast and stew he does not understand. The kitchen is an inferno. The flies sit on your nose, on your eyes, and tickle your ears. Your face swells and perspiration is trickling down your back and legs. The wretched cook boy is

hot, too, — that's only too obvious, — and you feel slightly sick. Meantime your eye has caught sight of a pot-handle protruding from under the stove. You have it pulled out to find a few more things hidden there. No wonder the washing up was swiftly done!

So we go through the day, watching carefully over those minor details which, neglected, spell ill health — colic, dysentery from unclean food. Cleanliness in the house to obviate as far as possible the introduction of vermin or worse. Cleanliness in the garden — sanitary questions, painful but none the less necessary. Stagnant water in the rainy season breeds mosquitoes — crawling things. Nerves stretched taut all the time. We must not forget that we are expected to keep up a certain standard, whatever the odds.

It is not really a white man's country, and certainly not a woman's. I am speaking only about this part of Rhodesia where there is no *life* in the real sense of the word — no civilization, no entertainment, no possibility of meeting new people and forming new ideas to keep one's brains alive. The woman especially is bound down by the petty things.

Life in a small place like this is not cheap. We have not the advantage of being able to choose from various shops, but are at their mercy. One's children must go to boarding school and generally we in the country need a number of small things that one can do without in town. Also the doctors' bills are higher in such a tiny district.

I am afraid I have said a lot without really giving you a clear picture. But as most of my conversation consists of that bastard language 'kitchen Kaffir,' which can hardly be called conversation since it must remain one-sided, I will ask you to forgive me. One has little opportunity to talk in such a place. My husband either sleeps all day when he is on night duty or else he is work-

ing. A weekly call by the rest of the village is for the most part a travesty of sociability, since both sides have long since exhausted every conceivable topic of conversation and are, despite mutual liking, inclined to become irritated with each other. Also, if one half of the village is Dutch and the other English, as here, a gulf remains. The two nationalities do not make a friendly contact — or, friendly yes, but not intimate. The Germans have a very apt word for that — *unsympathisch*.

I have enjoyed writing you this long cool evening and thank you for the opportunity. To-night I have hardly been aware of the maniacal screams of the hyenas that have been haunting this district of late or bothered about the hundreds of unknown mutterings of the bush which may be this or only that. Every other week of nights alone in the house, as is the lot of a foreman's wife, is not too good for the nerves. At the end of this month I shall be leaving all of this for a while. A little more than my share of malaria and a dose of blackwater fever has made a trip home imperative.

Am I glad? Well, yes. Glad to escape the further trials of the rainy season, but quite miserable at the thought of missing the revelation of the bush that comes with the first rains.

Can you picture it? This vast expanse that for months has been but a barren baked brown — almost desert — springs into life overnight, into a mass of emerald green. Flowers of rare beauty will be your gift from the bush (if you care enough to wander through it) and the sweet pungent scent of moist earth that is the breath of Africa. I should need to write a series of books to give any clear idea of this irritating, maddening, and glorious country. Possibly, though, this will give you some idea of our kind of life.

With kindest regards,

THEO E. HEWITT

AN APPROACH TO SOCIAL SECURITY

BY JOHN G. WINANT

I

WE like to feel that we are living in a world in which a progressive civilization makes us heir to the experience of the race, and progressive intelligence enables us to act upon this experience in ways to benefit mankind. Yet the most superficial glance at the headlines of this morning's paper, the shortest memory of the events of recent years, forces us to recognize that within the span of our own experience the security which civilization should ensure has been jeopardized by war and depression, and that droughts, floods, disease, and dust storms have brought destitution to many, while man's tendency towards race prejudice, class hatred, and economic selfishness continues to make countless thousands suffer.

Generations ago, the Black Death in England was treated as a visitation of the elements. Medical science has wiped out that grim superstition and to a very large extent protected life from sudden death by plague. The skill of the engineer has taught us how to control watersheds and it looks as though we were on our way to learning more about soils, about erosion, and about those things that affect plant and animal life, than ever before in history. Slowly man has learned to recognize natural law and to adapt it to his needs. These advances have contributed to our security.

There are some of us who do not believe that shrapnel and poison gas

are necessary parts of modern civilization, or that in this period of invention and productive abundance men and women and children should starve or be without clothing or shelter.

It should not be necessary to emphasize the extent of economic insecurity which exists at the present time; nor need it be emphasized that the economic insecurity of the individual is a problem which is with us in good times as well as in bad. Even in the prosperity of the twenties an average of one twelfth of the employable population was continually unemployed. Before the depression one third of all persons over sixty-five years of age were dependent upon others for their support. We realize that the relative decline of self-sufficient agriculture, the steady growth of the division of labor, the interdependence of markets, and the increasing rapidity of change in all phases of our economic system make for even greater insecurity of the individual.

To meet the hazards of old age, unemployment, and unstable consumption in this modern industrial age the programme for social security has been advanced. We recognize that security is relative. We are not asking that life be stripped of its challenge; we want to lift it from the hazards of enforced idleness, and man's last years from the pit of poverty.

Clearly, security has not simply to

do with the periodical payment of nominal sums of money to individuals out of employment or to destitute or aged people. I think we have come to realize that social security affects all our relationships in life. It affects our relationship with the family, with the church, with our neighbors, with the closeness of the factory and the nearby store. We are trying to avoid the type of destitution, the kind of demoralization, that comes when the workers are cut away from all the stabilizing influences of life. A man loses his job — and with it goes his earning power, and, in the lower income group, his capacity for self-support. As the forces of circumstance break down his normal relationships, he becomes isolated, without help or the ability to help those dependent on him. Some men, and their families with them, have repeated that experience many times during their lifetime. No one while under such pressure is quite normal, or can be an effective job hunter.

In our beginnings we were an agricultural democracy, but the census dropped out the frontier in 1890. When our early concepts of conduct were established, before we had entered into the intensified industrial existence that controls economic life to-day, we could say with some degree of certainty and truth that self-support and self-respect and self-government were synonymous. It is not true to-day. In a survey made only a year ago to fix individual responsibility for unemployment, it was found that among a large group of unemployed persons the majority were out of work because of economic forces over which neither they nor their employers had any effective control. And those men were on the street, regardless of character, habits of industry, and technical skill. Such a situation creates a new economic problem. It also calls for changing concepts of conduct; con-

ditions are vastly different from those that prevailed in a simplified Jeffersonian democracy.

II

In the simpler operations of an earlier economy, individual initiative and native intelligence were measured, far more precisely than they are to-day, by a man's ability to earn. In the complexity of modern social relationships, the need of providing practical means for carrying competent people over periods of enforced idleness is obvious. Unemployment compensation is to protect the willing worker. There are other material factors that I think we must recognize in dealing with people who live on marginal incomes; for instance, the cash store and the mail-order houses. Whatever benefits they have brought the consumer by reducing prices, they have not added to the credit facilities of a community. The old credit type of neighborhood store carried many people over periods of temporary unemployment.

We are proceeding on the assumption that a society in which reserves are built up against destitute old age, and against loss of work and the loss of living that goes with it, is a better society than one in which such foreseeable hardships are borne by the individual alone. Part of our task is to meet, with precision and exactitude, payments due at a window in some office a thousand miles away. This involves a detailed administrative procedure of vast dimensions. The fellow that goes to the window and wants to get what is due him does not want to receive instead a screed on the rightness of the programme we are laying down. What he wants and what he has a right to expect is the exact amount of benefit due him at precisely the time it is due. It will not serve our purpose to be good philosophers if we are not good administrators as well.

On August 14, 1935, the President of the United States approved an Act of Congress entitled the Social Security Act. Prior to the introduction of this measure many months had been spent in exploring the problems relating to economic security. A committee of the Cabinet, assisted by a staff of experts working with an advisory group representing business, labor, and citizens at large, made specific recommendations which were transmitted to Congress. The measure was supported by very large majorities in both the House of Representatives and the Senate of the United States. It is now law. The funds necessary to carry the Act into effect were appropriated in February 1936.

An administrative Board of three members was appointed to carry out the major Federal provisions of the Act, and the responsibility for collecting taxes was assigned by the Act to the United States Treasury Department. It was the evident intention of Congress to make this a nonpartisan measure. Under the law only two of the Board members can be of the same party, and with the exception of lawyers and experts all appointments to positions under the Board come under Civil Service. Appointments of personnel by the Board have been on a merit basis.

The Committee on Economic Security, created by the President as I have described, took into account in its studies the widest variety of factors bearing upon the needs of the nation in meeting problems of economic insecurity. Prior to the organization of this study, a number of states had considered the enactment of unemployment compensation laws, but only in Wisconsin had the proposal passed both houses of the legislature. The fear of imposing a tax burden upon employers, which would drive industry to those states having no unemployment com-

pensation, was a natural deterrent. This could be eliminated by the imposition of a uniform Federal tax which would remove the competitive disadvantage. Prior to passage of the Social Security Act, the 400,000 workers in Wisconsin were the only American wage earners afforded the protection of governmental unemployment insurance. Yet, approximately half of the gainfully employed of this country could be covered by a system of unemployment compensation if all states were willing to enact similar laws.

The necessity for public assistance for the needy aged, the needy blind, and dependent children left without a parent's support, has long been recognized by many states, but, except for laws to provide aid to dependent children, such public assistance was not widespread, and large numbers of the needy aged and blind were without protection. The inequality of provisions for these dependent persons has meant that thousands in need of public assistance were compelled to live upon intermittent charity. It is roughly estimated that 15 per cent of the persons aged sixty-five and over in our population need public assistance for survival, yet in 1934 only about 3 per cent of that age group received it.

Even in 1928 and 1929 the problem of dependency was increasing. During the depression it became more pressing. Only about half of the states had any legislation on the subject at all, and in some of them lack of funds prevented the administering of such benefits as their laws provided. In others the provisions were far from adequate. It was evident that the need for a more comprehensive system was very real, and that the only feasible way to provide temporary assistance was by the use of grants-in-aid, by which Federal funds could be made available to the states. Prior to the passage of the Social Security Act, the trend was

toward less rather than more adequate state programmes of assistance. Many counties made no provision for their needy residents, and persons who were eligible for public assistance under the laws of their states were often left to relief agencies for support.

The reason for this neglect was not failure to recognize the need. The paramount difficulty was lack of funds.

States, counties, and municipalities were faced with decrease in assessed valuations of property, tax delinquency, and mounting costs of relief expenditures; the property tax, the large source of revenue for local governments, was no longer sufficient to meet their requirements. Adequate public-health and public-welfare activities could no longer be supported by many states and counties. But disease and economic distress recognize no state boundaries, and destitution in any one area may depress economic conditions in the whole country. It seemed, therefore, a situation in which Federal action was essential.

The major cause of much of the dependency and destitution among the aged arises from the fact that in the past wage earners have been unable to accumulate savings. The principal countries of Europe have long since recognized this reality and to meet it have developed national systems of old-age insurance. The migration of labor and the unequal distribution of the aged would preclude the adoption of forty-eight separate systems of annuities or old-age insurance in the United States, and here again it seemed evident that social security for the American people required the assumption of Federal responsibility in sharing with states the costs of a concerted attack against insecurity.

The depression has shown a marked increase in the number of aged dependents. We find that, although older men are not often discriminated against

when work slacks off in industrial plants, it is much more difficult for them to be reemployed when once off the payroll. The problem of old-age security is intensified because, while physical life is reaching further into the sixties and seventies, the economic life of the industrial worker is dropping back toward the fifties. This situation is not a product of the depression.

III

The benefits contemplated by the Social Security Act may be classified into two groups, those which are based upon the need of the recipient and those which are available to an eligible individual as a matter of right, irrespective of his need, but based upon his previous employment or wage-earning history.

The first group might be described as welfare, educational, and health enactments set up on a grants-in-aid basis, the grants being made by the Federal Government from general funds to the states on a matching basis. This group includes (1) grants for aged needy persons; (2) grants for aid to dependent children; (3) grants for aid to the blind.

The Social Security Board is charged with the administration of these three projects. Other grants to states for maternal and child health, treatment of crippled children, and child welfare will be administered by the Children's Bureau. An appropriation was also authorized under the Act to assist states and other political subdivisions of the state in establishing and maintaining adequate public-health services, to be administered by the Surgeon-General of the Public Health Service. An additional sum was granted for the vocational rehabilitation of those physically disabled in industry, to be administered by the Office of Education, Department of the Interior.

I believe these provisions are in the interest of human conservation. They call for orderly expenditure, they will require accounting, and in a large measure they will replace other funds which are already an existing tax burden. The grant to states for aged needy persons provides for Federal matching of state funds up to a limit of \$15 per month per individual, or a total of \$30 unless the state chooses to make an additional allotment. No minimum was established and the amount paid to an individual falls within the discretion of the state authority. The Federal Government will provide an additional sum equal to 5 per cent of its grant for state administration.

While a state law setting seventy as the age limit of those receiving assistance is now acceptable in connection with a Federal grant-in-aid, the limit must be lowered to sixty-five years by 1940. The state must not require more than five years' residence within its borders out of the nine previous years, nor more than one year of residence immediately before application for old-age assistance.

In the second grouping under the Social Security Act we have a Federal system of old-age benefits, and what has been described as a 'coöperative Federal-state system' for unemployment compensation. The old-age benefits are administered directly and solely by the Federal Government, and are to be paid monthly to qualified individuals in proportion to the wages earned by them in the course of their employment subsequent to 1936. This is the largest undertaking assigned to the Social Security Board. It means, among other things, the keeping of wage records for more than 25,000,000 men and women engaged in industry.

In regard to unemployment compensation, the Social Security Act is essentially an enabling statute, designed to aid the states in the enact-

ment and administration of their own unemployment compensation legislation. Such compensation is a state responsibility; if a state enacts an unemployment compensation law which the Board approves, that responsibility is discharged *in coöperation with* the Federal Government in respect to certain fundamental standards set up in the Social Security Act.

The Act levies an excise tax upon the payrolls of all employers of eight or more persons, exempting, however, wages for certain types of noncommercial or nonindustrial employment, such as agricultural labor and domestic service. Employers operating under approved state unemployment compensation laws may credit against the Federal tax as an offset the amount of their contributions to their state unemployment funds so long as such credit does not exceed 90 per cent of the amount of the Federal tax. This tax will be collected by the Bureau of Internal Revenue. The rate for this year is one per cent of payroll; it will be two per cent in 1937, and three per cent thereafter. The proceeds go into the general funds of the Federal Treasury.

An employer is eligible for this credit only if the state unemployment compensation law under which he operates has been approved by the Social Security Board, which is required to approve all state laws. These must meet only a few simple standards, but each must be a genuine unemployment compensation measure. It must provide for the payment of benefits and must authorize the expenditure of all funds collected as contributions solely for the purpose of paying benefits. Contributions when collected by a state are to be deposited in the Unemployment Trust Fund, of which the Secretary of the Treasury is Trustee, for the account of the particular state.

The employer in a state having an

approved unemployment compensation law, after crediting against his tax, up to 90 per cent thereof, the amount of his payments under the state law, pays the remaining 10 per cent to the Federal Treasury. The Federal Government makes grants to the states for the cost of administering the state unemployment compensation laws.

From a social point of view the taxes levied by the Social Security Act on wages and payrolls cannot be looked upon as an added burden because they only provide funds to cover unavoidable costs. Instead of supporting the unemployed and the aged needy out of funds raised by general taxes, in the future we shall do so out of reserves made possible by taxes upon workers themselves and on their employers. States have pursued an analogous policy for many years in the case of industrial accidents, and no one would now suggest that they pay the victims of industrial accidents out of general funds rather than out of insurance funds built up by premiums based upon payroll. We have long recognized that workmen's compensation is a part of the legitimate cost of production; it is quite as essential that we recognize that unemployment compensation is also a part of the legitimate cost.

There is a vast difference between this principle of keying these costs to the payroll, thus making them a part of the cost of production, and the principle underlying certain popular movements to-day of paying gratuities to the unemployed and the aged out of general governmental funds in return for what has been vaguely termed 'service to society.' Under the plan incorporated in the Social Security Act there is a mathematical, a functional relationship between a man's earnings and the benefits he receives. Thus there are definite limits which can be determined. But in the case of gratuities out of the general treasury there

is no such definite relationship, and, therefore, no limit to the amount of benefits that can be obtained. It should likewise be noted that a system of benefits keyed to payroll rewards continued employment, because under such a system a steady worker obtains more benefits than the intermittent and casual worker.

The Social Security Act, in respect to both public assistance and unemployment compensation, excludes the Social Security Board from any function in relation to the selection, term of office, or compensation of state personnel.

IV

So much for an outline of the major provisions of the Social Security Act. With the exception of the Federal old-age benefits provisions, which do not go into effect until 1937, what has been accomplished so far (May 14, 1936) under this programme?

In spite of the failure of an appropriation of funds by Congress until February of this year, the Social Security Board, in coöperation with state governments, has succeeded in providing for unemployment compensation which will protect more than 40 per cent of the compensable workers of the whole country; assistance to the needy aged affecting approximately 630,000 individuals; aid to dependent children affecting approximately 147,000 individuals; and aid to the blind affecting approximately 19,000 individuals.

The Social Security Board has thus far approved the unemployment compensation laws of nine states and the District of Columbia. In Wisconsin, New York, California, New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Oregon, Alabama, Washington, Indiana, and the District of Columbia, employees will be protected against destitution or dependence on charity during periods of unemployment by receipt of regular

cash payments which in practically all states will amount to 50 per cent of their full-time weekly wages. Each worker will be eligible to receive these payments for from eight to sixteen weeks in a year, or even more under certain conditions depending on the individual state laws. The Federal Government has expended approximately three quarters of a million dollars to cover the cost of administration of state unemployment compensation systems.

The Social Security Board has approved plans for old-age assistance in thirty-two states and has under consideration four additional state plans recently submitted. Under the state plans already approved, the Federal Government is contributing toward the payments for old-age assistance to more than 630,000 persons. Expenditures made by the Federal Government for this purpose during February and March 1936 amounted to over five million dollars, and it is estimated that sixteen million dollars of Federal funds will be expended in April, May, and June.

The Social Security Board has approved eighteen state plans for aid to dependent children, and has under consideration the plans of eight other states recently submitted. The Federal Government has contributed over \$700,000 to assist states with approved plans in providing maintenance in their own homes for children who have been deprived of parental support. Approximately 147,000 children have thus been given the advantage of home life.

The plans of nineteen states for aid to the blind have been approved by the Social Security Board and four other state plans recently submitted are under consideration. In February and March, the Federal Government expended \$421,000 to assist the states with approved plans for aid to the

blind, and it is estimated that \$700,000 will be expended for this purpose in April, May, and June.

For the fiscal year ending June 30, 1937, an appropriation just passed by the House of Representatives calls for \$450,000,000 for the Social Security programme. This amount will include funds for general administration; grants-in-aid for old-age assistance, dependent children, and the needy blind; unemployment compensation; wage records for old-age benefits; and \$265,000,000 for the old-age reserve account set up in the Treasury Department.

The approximate number of persons to be covered by the provisions of the Social Security Act when all states have enacted coöperating legislation will be:—

Under unemployment compensation —
18,000,000

Under public assistance — 1,678,000

It is estimated that the federally administered old-age benefits will affect 26,000,000 persons.

In executing the will of Congress through the present Social Security Act we shall, of course, be attempting to build with tools that are not yet perfect. The passage of the Act marks a first step toward social security. The obligation to study and recommend improved means of accomplishing the objectives is expressed in the Act as follows:—

The Board shall perform the duties imposed upon it by this Act and shall also have the duty of studying and making recommendations as to the most effective methods of providing economic security through social insurance, and as to legislation and matters of administrative policy concerning old-age pensions, unemployment compensation, accident compensation, and related subjects.

A major task will be the working out of the most efficient method of keeping

the necessary minimum of records. In addition, the Board will have much to learn about the techniques of at least three types of administrative relationships.

One of these is the important relationship between the Federal and the state governments. The need for co-operative action between the two agencies is clear. The geographic location of the state governments, close to the industries within their borders, enables state officials to see at first hand important facts which would be telescoped into insignificance if viewed from a distant Washington. On the other hand, there are certain features of the local terrain whose importance is clear only when they are seen in relationship to other areas, and these can be brought out only by the type of reconnaissance work that can be done from a central point.

A second vital relationship whose technique must engage our attention is that between the agencies collecting taxes and indispensable records and the hundreds of thousands of employers who come within the coverage of the Act. It is from these employers, undoubtedly, that many valuable suggestions for revisions of procedure will come. On the general question of the desirability of social-security measures, the employing group in the country seems to have, quite clearly, an affirmative attitude. There is much more division as to desirable techniques for implementing that attitude. Patient experimentation is definitely needed, with the equally definite understanding that out of mutual contributions to that experiment improved techniques will come.

The third important relationship which we must establish and maintain is our relationship with the general public, and particularly with that large part of the general public who are the beneficiaries of the various security

programmes now enacted into law. This relationship is probably the most crucial of all. Only as our work has a basis in a broad popular understanding of what we are trying to do, and the limits within which we must of necessity do it, can the programme achieve any measure of success. Without this understanding, we should run our course between two dangers.

One of these would be the danger of a popular feeling that we were doing too little. Unless the insured worker understands the operation of the fund which is accumulating to his future benefit, he will be inclined to look askance at the exactions from his wages, viewing them as nothing but a deduction from this week's pay envelope. The other danger would be a popular feeling that we could do too much. The difference between the everyday world and utopia is an important difference, and the resources of the former, when applied to the requirements of the latter, are likely to prove inadequate.

Should this latter danger materialize in a desire for unlimited extension of pensions, moreover, it would be a threat to the whole philosophy on which the social-security effort is based. The present Act envisages payments of compensation to those involuntarily out of work and payment of assistance or benefits to those whose earnings during their working life have left no margin of provision for oncoming age. But the ultimate objective of the movement for social security is not the outpayment of unemployment insurance and old-age assistance. It is the establishment and maintenance of a system of social relationships in which the individual's earning power during his working life shall be enough, and continuous enough, to ensure him an old age for which a competence shall have been gradually accumulated as the reward of his own effort.

THE AMERICAN EAGLE

BY CHARLES D. STEWART

I

THE emblem of our country is not simply an eagle, but a particular species of eagle, and it is now quite generally considered that the choice was not a happy one. It was Benjamin Franklin who first pointed out his faults and created what has become the established point of view. He said:—

For my part, I wish the Bald Eagle had not been chosen as the representative of our country. He is a bird of bad moral character; he does not get his living honestly. You may have seen him perched upon some dead tree, where, too lazy to fish for himself, he watches for the labors of the fishing-hawk; and when that diligent bird has at length taken a fish, and is bearing it to his home for the support of his mate and young ones, the Bald Eagle pursues him, and takes it from him. With all this injustice he is never in good case, but like those among men who live by sharpening and robbing, he is generally poor and very often lousy. Besides, he is a rank coward; the little King-bird, not bigger than a sparrow, attacks him boldly and drives him out of the district. He is therefore by no means a proper emblem for the brave and honest Cincinnati of America who have driven out all the *King-birds* from our country, though exactly fitted for the order of knights which the French call *Chevaliers d'industrie*.

Thus it is that every writer has got to say something to our eagle's discredit—that he is noted for 'robbery and the wanton exercise of power,' that 'his character poorly justifies the distinction accorded it,' or that 'there is little

to say in commendation of our national bird.' Writers no longer recall what Franklin said in so many words, but are so well posted regarding its main points that they can express it in phrases of their own. To-day the eagle can hardly be mentioned in print without the tag of inferiority and a few words of public apology.

But what are the facts in the case?

Birds generally have three toes in front and one behind, but in the osprey or fish hawk the outer toe in front can be thrown back so that there are two in front and two behind. This arrangement, like a double pair of ice tongs, is found in certain birds, such as the parrot, which have need of unusual clinging power. All over the bottom of the osprey's foot are sharp spicules which pierce the slime on a fish's scales and keep it from slipping. In other birds of prey the talons are grooved on the underside, but in the osprey they are round like a thorn.

The osprey, though belonging to the Falconidæ, has a very compact coat of feathers, like a water fowl. It is in every way fitted to dive with great speed into the water, to catch hold of a slimy, slippery, hard-coated fish, carry it to the surface, throw the water from its wings, and fly away to its nest. The osprey has an instinct which teaches it to carry a fish with the head forward, thus taking advantage of the fish's streamline design in passing through

the air. And it grasps the fish with the feet well apart, toward the head and tail, in order to have control over its live and powerful wiggling.

And there is another point in fish catching that has to do with the laws of optics. Anyone who puts a stick slantwise in a basin of water must see that there is a problem in aiming at anything under water. The object is never where it appears to be; and the surest way to miss it is to aim directly at it. We cannot say whether the osprey's brain has been peculiarly fitted to deal with this problem, but the fact is that he seldom misses the fish.

The bald eagle has no such specialized parts. Nature did not intend him to catch fish. But, in spite of this fact, he likes fish. If we wish to form a true opinion of his abilities we must watch him as he manages to get one.

He builds his nest in a tree which commands a wide view of ocean, lake, or river, and there he sits and keeps watch. There is little an osprey does that he is not aware of. And even if he were nodding at his post he would be quite sure to know when the time had come. An osprey, when he has made a catch, lets out a shrill scream. He blows his fish horn and spreads the news abroad. Nature could hardly have made a better fishmonger if she had tried.

The eagle at once starts out. His object is to get above the osprey, grapple with him, and make him drop the fish; and so we are likely to see a contest in flying, up and up and up. Finally the osprey, to avoid the moment of battle, drops the fish; and the eagle turns and goes after it. He has to outrace gravity. Nature is pulling the fish back to earth as fast as anything can ever fall, with momentary acceleration. The eagle makes a power dive and grabs that slimy, wiggling, hard-surfaced fish right out of the air. He has no special equipment but his

set purpose and a magnificent power of flight. A Milton might well search words to depict that heaven-hurled fall; a Shakespeare might dip quill in ink to express the fell purpose with which our eagle goes perpendicularly down.

The bald eagle is not lazy. He is simply not fitted to go fishing. And he is no coward, for he is perfectly willing to fight for what he wants. The osprey is a bird about two feet in length and sometimes makes resistance, but he usually knows beforehand that he is whipped. Let these, then, be points number one and two in favor of the American eagle. He gets his fish not by his born advantages but in spite of all handicaps.

II

Sixty or seventy years ago, Niagara Falls had its eagles, and no artist considered the scene complete without them. They came there to get the fish and migrating squirrels and other small mammals that were caught in the current and flung over the high brink of the falls. Even a bird so buoyant as the goose, if it does not turn back in time, is likely to be carried over and beaten to death by the weight of these waters. The bald eagles, knowing this, made the falls their constant haunt; and the sightseer who came to see the falls would find his attention half occupied by the birds that sailed fearlessly back and forth, in and out of the mist, and up to the face of these vertical waters. The white-headed eagle was a very part of Niagara Falls; and he had been swinging in those orbits ever since the time when the falls were made. That he is no longer there is a distinct loss.

Our forefathers, seeing the bald eagle at home in such a place, and hearing his shrill cry, 'like the scream of a maniac,' as he sailed into this smoking and thunderous scene, could hardly

help thinking that here was an eagle that was worthy to be made an emblem. For a variety of such reasons he came to mind as a fit choice, and on June 20, 1782, he was elected. He was made an emblem to be carried in brass effigy into battle, riding above the colors, and to be imprinted on the President's flag. And this in spite of all Benjamin Franklin could say against him.

The fact of the matter is that Franklin was in favor of a turkey. That was the bird *he* thought fit to be carried above our flag, and pressed upon our coins, and engraved upon the national escutcheon. In his attempt to turn sentiment against the bald eagle he brought up this matter of fish stealing; and it was in this connection that he brought the osprey into court. Reading his accusations in the light of these facts, anyone will now see that they are the statements of a lawyer with a case to prove. The words run to rhetoric and high recrimination. He virtually makes himself the osprey's attorney; his method is to adopt the osprey's point of view and make the one bird a witness against the other. Many things which we see in nature teach us that this is a wrong thing to do.

Of all woodland comedies there is nothing more interesting than a mob of crows all gathered in the trees around one sleepy owl and reviling him at the top of their voices. Perched at a respectful distance, they blacken his character thoroughly. They tell him he is the silent murderer who swoops down upon crows at nighttime and picks them off their roost; they tell the world in their most earsplitting tones what they think of a robber who will despoil the home and strangle little birds in their nests; and while they are doing so, still more crows arrive and add their accusations to the others. The meeting grows in righteous feeling;

jays stop to say something, and the little sparrow comes and chips in. If you happened to come along at such a time you might manage to shoot a crow. It is one of the few times when he might overlook the fact that you carried a shotgun. And during it all the owl does not shift a foot. He sits there and lets them heckle.

Now the truth of it is that a crow, sanctimonious corn eater as he might appear, is a worse nest robber, and bird killer, and all-round violator of bird life than is an owl. It is nature's best instance of the pot calling the kettle black.

The case between the bald eagle and the osprey is somewhat the same. Eagles are solitary birds, parceling out the territory in large tracts between them. But ospreys, where the fishing is good, will build two hundred or more nests in close neighborhood. In such a case they will sometimes 'gang up' on the eagle, being enabled by their numbers to make it hot for him; and in doing so they screech out heaven-knows-what in the way of epithet. The bald eagle, one might say, gets what he deserves. But who says anything about the osprey's little way of robbing the pelican? The osprey does not chase the pelican up into the sky and seize the fish as it drops; he simply swoops down and takes the food right out of the pelican's mouth. It is evident, we must agree, that you cannot take one bird's word against another. No fair judge would listen to it. In any high tribunal of nature, Franklin and his osprey would be thrown out of court. And as for his turkey, the less said the better.

Every symbol, every fable has a meaning — the one that has been handed down to us. The bald eagle, because of his temerity in breaking the Ten Commandments, has long been under a moral cloud. He could not do anything now, however virtuous, that

would not be interpreted to his discredit.

Let us take a case.

Many water birds that have been wounded in the fall hunting find themselves unable to rise and fly with the rest of the flock when they start for the South. They are left to stand about on the ice in early winter; and when there comes a light thaw followed by a sudden freeze it is not an uncommon thing for numbers of them, ducks and coots together, to have their feet frozen in and possibly a wounded wing held fast. In this event other birds, meat eaters such as the crows and herring gulls, come to prey upon them; and they stand about waiting for the unfortunate birds to die. Sometimes, in the company of the hungry ones, there will be seen a bald eagle, also waiting. He patiently sits on the ice instead of taking his meal at once, as he might easily do.

Now if the bald eagle were in good repute, and if we were looking for any virtue in him, we would see here a beauty of character, a Christian trait, worthy of being held up before a Sunday school. Though he is a true bird of prey, with beak and talons made to kill and tear, he decently waits for death; and he does not drive the others away. But instead this very picture is used to illustrate what a low sort of bird a bald eagle is. He sorts with plebeian companions in order to feed on carrion. He ought, in order to be a credit to his country, to go right in and kill.

It is only too evident that when our bird is a robber and a pirate we expect him to be a Christian, and when he is a Christian we expect him to be a pirate. Certainly if we wish him to be a Christian and a pirate both, we must allow him to be so on a Shakespearean basis:—

Lucio. Thou concludest like the sanctionious pirate, that went to sea with the

Ten Commandments, but scraped one out of the table.

Sec. Gent. 'Thou shalt not steal'?

Lucio. Ay, that he razed.

The whole truth is that Benjamin Franklin gave the bird a bad name; and a bad name is all that is needed for man or bird.

As for that little kingbird driving a bald eagle right out of the country, — the final proof of his cowardice, — it is true that any of the birds of prey can be seen winging along with kingbirds flying after or darting down on them. But the kingbirds are not chasing the larger bird, nor did they start him going. A kingbird never takes after a bald eagle except when he is in motion. It is like the roadside dog that takes after a horse. A kingbird is simply too small for a larger bird to contend with. The 'magnanimity' which Buffon attributed to both the lion and the eagle is best shown by the latter in his wholly negligent attitude toward a kingbird.

But how about the kingbird in his own proper sphere? He will tyrannize over smaller birds as long as they will let him and no longer; and he is very careful to let a catbird strictly alone. A hummingbird could give the kingbird a thorough going-over, for hummingbirds are great fighters. The kingbird got his reputation for valor by cur-dog methods. This being the truth and nothing but the truth, the bald eagle will again be cleared of cowardice; and the kingbird will be thrown out of court.

As a matter of fact, the bald eagle is a better symbol of our country than any other eagle that could have been selected. The much-vaunted golden eagle is not wholly a bird of this country. He makes his appearance in our Northern tier of states when severe winter weather drives him down from the North. The white-headed eagle stays with us, going South in winter

and coming back to the North in summer.

As for the insinuation that the bald eagle eats things that he finds dead, that fact does not place him below the golden eagle. In winter, many golden eagles lose their lives in wolf traps in Northern states. They get their toes into the traps while trying to eat the rabbits that serve for bait. The bald or American eagle never gets caught in that way because he is away on his Southern trip.

But it is said that the bald eagle will wade into shallow water for a dead fish or eat meat that is really 'high.' He is a carrion eater. The best defense here is to carry the accusation still further. A bald eagle, if necessity pinches, and if he cannot get a chicken, or bring down a goose, a brant, or a duck, will go to earth and drive a carrion bird right away from his find and eat the meal. When the depression is on he does the best he can. He is a good hard-times bird. This does not make him a very bad example for a republic, with its extremes of high living and low.

Moreover, the bald eagle is a good defender of his home. Any mere boy can rob the nest of a golden eagle; that noble bird will 'retire' to a distance and not interfere with the intruder. You cannot do that to a bald eagle. The man who tries it will be slashed and torn. The bald eagle stays in the battle, being afraid of no man. You cannot with impunity rob a bald eagle of his constitutional rights to 'life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.'

I have learned to like the bald eagle. My front yard is a piece of lake shore called Eagle Point, so named in the days of the Indians because it was the favorite lookout of the bald eagle. To this day the eagles, on their way North, have an eye for it. In the past twenty-eight years there has hardly

been a spring or early summer when there has not been an eagle about for at least a day or two; and the favorite perch, commanding the water on all sides, is my great black birch, about fifty feet from my front porch. When I look out of my window and see an eagle sitting with his back toward me, I take the field glasses and bring him right up to where I feel that I could lay my hand on him.

The more I have seen and thought about the bald eagle, the more he suits me. That white head of his is beautiful. It accentuates the aquiline end of him. It gives him a note of distinction. He is not like other eagles. As for his legs not being feathered clear to the toes, that only gives naked prominence to the other business end of him. If any other nation had him for a symbol, they would load him with virtues even if half the virtues were lies. I would not trade him for any one-color bird.

III

The American eagle is not only a particular species of eagle, but he has almost become a particular eagle. The scientific name of the bird is *Haliaeetus leucocephalus*; and some ornithologists, listing the alternative or familiar names, put him down as Old Abe. This was the name of a historic eagle that went through the Civil War riding high on a perch with the Eighth Wisconsin Regiment. He was wounded twice — once on October 3, 1862, at the battle of Corinth, and once at Vicksburg. He was in the very forefront of action in thirty-six battles and skirmishes; and when the battle was at its height he would join in and do his loudest screaming. He was a sign of victory and an inspiration to the men; and when the war was over the motto of the regiment had become 'He never lost a battle.'

With the close of the war he went back to Wisconsin. On September 22, 1864, when the returned regiment marched through the streets of Madison with Old Abe bobbing on his perch at their head, the bird received a greater ovation than the men. He became the official eagle of Wisconsin, living in a room of his own in the state capitol and having his own caretaker. Although he had been shot twice and lost many a feather in battle, he kept his good health and his often angry spirit. He knew whom he liked and whom he disliked. As people would pay to see him, or contribute liberally to any cause where he was present, he became a power in raising money for the care of disabled soldiers. At a big fair in Milwaukee he caused the dollars to roll in. At the Chicago Sanitary Fair in the winter of 1864, he helped out the treasury to the tune of \$16,000.

Eleven years after the war, Old Abe being still in good spirits, the state received a request to let him be shown at the Centennial Exposition in Philadelphia. The request was submitted to the legislature, and when Assembly and Senate had adopted a resolution, and the Governor had added his signature, Old Abe took the train for Philadelphia. Thousands came to see him sitting high on his standard, as in the war; and it was here that he became a truly national bird. He seemed to be The American Eagle in his own person.

According to contract, the Exposition management was to provide him with his rations, a chicken a day. This chicken was of a breed that was dark brown or brownish black, a stipulation insisted upon by his caretaker, Jack Hill. It might seem strange that a bird so broad-minded as a bald eagle with regard to what he eats should have to be catered to in this way. But Old Abe was still raising money for the disabled

soldiers, and people were willing to pay money for a feather. If Old Abe had provided a souvenir for every person who laid down the money he would soon have run short of feathers. Jack Hill had foreseen this situation when he specified the color of the chickens. This is a piece of secret or esoteric history now first put into print.

Old Abe's parents raised him in a nest in a pine tree near the mouth of the Flambeau River in Wisconsin. He was caught by a Chippewa Indian, the son of Chief Sky, when he was two months old. The Indian sold him for a bushel of corn, and he was presented to a military company, the Chippewa Eagles, just then forming for the Eighth Wisconsin Infantry. He was christened Old Abe and was formally sworn into the United States service with red, white, and blue ribbons about his neck and a rosette of the same colors fastened upon his breast.

Twice in the course of the war he escaped and took his time about coming back. Once, when the regiment had received orders to move, Old Abe was gone. He was a small speck circling about in the sky. The regiment was allowed to delay its departure; and finally Old Abe came down, some distance away, and was coaxed back by his bearer.

When I came to Wisconsin as a boy Old Abe was still living, having now his private room in the capitol and the freedom of another as well as the capitol park in which to take an airing on fine days under the eye of his attendant. When he died he was artistically 'stuffed' and placed above the speaker's desk in the assembly chamber; and there he presided over the lawmakers for many years. When the capitol burned down on February 27, 1904, Old Abe went to heaven in flames. Now all that is left of him is the feathers which he so obligingly shed for the benefit of the soldiers.

IV

My front yard at Eagle Point juts out into a lake which the Indians called Nokomis, meaning a heart. I chose it, for one reason, because it has a commanding view, with sunrise and sunset both taking place across its waters. I had no idea, in spite of the name, that it was a place where I might expect to be visited by any eagle passing through.

The first three or four times that I looked out of my window in spring and saw an eagle sitting on my big-armed black birch I was almost ashamed to say so. Eagles are scarce, and an occasional visitant to a farmyard gets big notice in the papers. However, there are eagles, and they do pass through; and, as they all have the same eye for a commanding situation over the water, it was to be expected that any eagle might come down at Eagle Point.

Of late years, since I have closer neighbors, I can say without blushing that I spent part of the morning looking at my eagle with the field glass — especially since my next-door neighbors, for the past five years, have happened to see the same eagles that I have. In the course of twenty-eight years I know of two of these eagles that have been shot, one of them on the same day that he had been visiting my place and went out to make a raid on a farmyard.

Because of these flattering visits I became more and more interested in eagles. And then my memory turned back to Old Abe, whom I knew only in his stuffed condition. And I became more and more skeptical about what seemed to be undeniable facts. No eagle, said I, would ever sit on a high perch and be carried all through the Civil War. An eagle is untamable. The ancient falconers knew by experience the relative tamability of the various kinds of hawks, the peregrine,

the merlin, the gyrfalcon, and the kestrel. The kestrel is practically impossible to tame or train; and an eagle is as bad or worse. Even the more tamable hawks would sit on the hand or wrist only when there was a hood over the head and a thong on the legs. And yet we are to believe that a bald eagle sat on a perch at the top of a staff and was carried through the war!

But, it was suggested, maybe the eagle was held by a thong. Even this did not explain. My own practical experience denied it. The eagle in such a case would try to fly, and, being brought up short by the cord or thong, would lose his balance in the air and fall upside down. And then his carrier, even with a leather belt and a leather socket in which to rest the standard, would have a fine time with a ten- or twelve-pound eagle flapping about at the end of the pole. Whatever credit or discredit there may be in an attitude of skepticism, a man can have no excuse for easily deserting his own known facts. I had had some experience with a bird of prey in Chicago, and the quickest way to make the whole point clear will be to tell about it.

One day in 1903, I was walking along Dearborn Street in Chicago when my eye was caught by a crippled man sitting on the pavement at the corner of an alley with an owl in his lap. It was a beautiful specimen of the big, long-eared owl, the true 'tiger of the woods.' The owl was in a cloth bag with his head out, a puckering string drawing the mouth of the bag close up around his neck. The neck feathers of the bird overlaid and fitted down to the cloth as neatly as if his head had grown on the bag; and the rest was just a big, shapeless lump of bag with the owl's body in it. The bird was for sale, I found; and the price was one dollar.

I bought it and took it to my office at 182-184 Dearborn Street, an old build-

ing of passing grandeur, with walnut banisters on wide stairs and floors of alternate walnut and maple, belonging to Hetty Green, the 'richest woman in the world.' I released the owl on my desk and he sat there motionless for a while and blinked an eye. Then I lifted him up to the top of the desk; and there he sat for two days without making any motion that I could see. He seemed an ideal pet and household ornament. I did not know then that the long-eared owl is one of the most ferocious of birds, and that there is no telling when he is going to become excited and have a streak of ferocity.

After the two days I took him home, and for some time we kept him in the kitchen. Then I saw that the ideal place for such a big, meat-eating bird would be on a wide shelf outside the window. I made a shelf about two feet wide and tied him with a light chain; and with this arrangement complications began to arise. The owl would be moved to take flight; and the next instant he would be hanging upside down at the end of the chain and beating about powerfully with his wings. I had an idea that he would learn not to do that; but not a day passed that he did not try it again and come to the same grief.

I found, from watching his struggles, that a big bird hanging upside down like that cannot get into flight or otherwise help himself to get back on the perch. An owl is a short-winged bird of considerable power, so that if any bird could perform such a feat he ought to be able to. A long-winged bird would be, if anything, more helpless.

The owl did not learn his limitations. Every day it was the same case of flop and dangle. Then I saw that the right way to keep him would be to shorten the chain so that he could not get his feet beyond the edge of the shelf.

When I took him in, after the usual upside-down experience, to make his leash shorter, I found that I had a ferocious bird on my hands. His claws were clutched around two of my fingers, two before and two behind, and so powerful was his grasp that I was afraid he would go through to the bone. An owl can put a hole right through a rat with his claws. As for his eyes, now that he was aroused, I do not see how two mere big lenses could convey such a look of imminent danger. I set him down quietly on the table and waited hopefully for him to relax; and by the time he did I had decided not to keep an owl. I put a pillow case over his head, and made arrangements with a boy who had a soap-box wagon to take him up to Lincoln Park and deliver him to Cy Devry with my compliments. It was a donation to the City of Chicago. And that very afternoon we went to see him in the big stone grotto where the owls were kept; but now we could not tell our own owl from the rest of them.

I had paid considerable attention to that bird's efforts to fly when he was hanging on a leash; and so I was unwilling to believe that an eagle could go through a war sitting securely on a perch and fastened with a thong. History says that he did; yet no falconer could believe it, and neither did I.

I went to Madison to look into the matter. More especially I wanted to get a picture of Old Abe sitting on his perch and see what it might reveal. And then I saw what I should never have been able to see if I had not owned an owl. Beneath Old Abe there was a slanting shield decorated with stripes and the usual field of starry blue. Ostensibly it was mere decoration, a patriotic touch beneath the perch of The American Eagle. But the fact is that that shield was a shelf, and it did not originate out of purposes of

decoration. The thong was just short enough to prevent Old Abe from stepping over the edge if he got off his perch and started to fly. If he fell he would be on the shield and be able to get on his feet again; and then, as the shield had a considerable slant to it, convenience would suggest that he get back on his perch.

It was easy now to perceive the successive steps by which some soldier who first had Old Abe solved the problem of carrying an eagle as a battle standard. First he placed him on a perch, naturally; and the eagle as naturally started to fly and got upside down and thrashed about helplessly. Then a shelf was placed close under him so that he would fall on it and be able to regain his feet; and the length of the thong was regulated accordingly. Then the shelf was slanted, and shaped and painted so that it was an ornamental and quite appropriate shield that betrayed no inkling of its real purpose. The slant gave the public a view of the stars and

stripes upon it, and at the same time it made the eagle more disposed not to sit there but to get back to his proper station.

By this time, all evidence that Old Abe was controlled by any ingenious device had wholly disappeared. No one would ever think of it. Some of the subtlest and most effective machinery consists not of moving parts but of invisible principles. The solution of such problems engaged some of the best mental powers of Poe.

After all, it is a good thing to hold to your known facts even if they seem to be controverted by history. When known fact clashes with known fact, we see the answer to that question, What happens when an irresistible force meets an immovable body? They merge.

Anyway, I was glad that I had stuck to what I know; for now I am able to hand down to posterity the secret and essential principles for making a battle standard out of a live American eagle.

WHAT IS BEING DONE ABOUT CANCER

BY M. G. SEELIG

I

ONE does not have to labor the point in order to prove that every layman should know the facts about a murderous malady second only to heart disease as a killer. According to an eminent statistician, cancer has increased 70 per cent in twenty-five years, taking every year, in the United States, a toll in excess of the number of American soldiers killed in action and dying from wounds during the World War, exempting no type of individual, no race, no nationality, and no terrain, attacking man and animals, — cold- and warm-blooded, — respecting neither youth nor age nor station.

Medical men characterize the furnishing of such facts as 'educating the layman.' Frankly, we have been hard put to it to determine just how far we have a right to go in this venture of broadcasting information about cancer. Every earnest student of the disease knows that the subject holds within itself no small amount of hope, and yet he is literally confounded when it comes to reconciling hope with the gloomy train of facts stated in the paragraph above. It may be said to the enduring credit of medicine that as a rule leaders in the field of cancer research do not varnish verity. Within a very recent period, three outstanding investigators of cancer have expressed themselves in such frank sentiments as: 'In the theoretical field the results have been most impressive, but in practical results funda-

mental cancer research has been disappointing'; 'The medical profession as a whole is not yet prepared accurately to diagnose the disease at a stage which permits of effective therapeutic attack'; 'Probably we have all the facts of cancer, but we are like children gazing at a starry sky — the stars that are so bright to us may be very small worlds, and those that we barely see may be infinitely great.' Scientific candor can furnish no more emphatic avowal than do these quotations that, in this field at least, there is no chance for demonstrating the Johnsonian theorem of the triumph of hope over experience.

I happen to be in full agreement with Dr. Zinsser's revolt against the present-day obsessive tendency to popularize science. But such a reaction as ours is in no conflict with the basic wisdom of fostering right thinking, or of applying a corrective for wrong thinking, concerning a vital subject around which there cluster so many popular misconceptions. The average intelligent layman believes that cancer is a hopeless disease, that it is distressingly painful, that it is hereditary, foul, and offensive, and, therefore, a shameful disease; and finally, that not enough is being done by the medical profession to get at the bottom of the whole mess.

Right here is the time to say that these notions illustrate the remarkable fact, pointed out by Josh Billings years

ago, that most people know a lot of things that are not true. Cancer is not a hopeless disease; it has not been proved to be hereditary in the human family; it is not always distressingly painful — as a matter of fact, it is often, unfortunately, unaccompanied by a warning pain; it is not a foul and shameful disease; and finally, a tremendous lot is being done about it.

II

One could scarcely lay down the proof of all the above truths within limits less than those of a good-sized treatise; but one might hope for the acceptance of most of them in the mere faith that they rest on warrantable even though unstated evidence. Our purpose here is merely to expound the thesis that scientific medicine, keenly alive during the past quarter of a century to the seriousness of the problem, has done much about it. The very essence of such an exposition demands that the expositor and his listeners or readers should start out with a common understanding and the establishment of a common ground by careful definition of terms and no less careful arrangement of perspective.

Regarding terms, the most important objective is to clarify the confusion of thought that centres around the distinction between cancer and tumor. Indeed, the story of cancer cannot be told divorced from the story of tumor, because the Latin word *tumor*, meaning 'swelling,' antedated the Latin word *cancer*, meaning 'crab.' The ancients noted that certain particularly malignant tumors invaded the tissues in which they grew by sending out into them prolongations of tumor growth. These infiltrating tendrils resembled, in plan, the offshoots of the legs from the body of the crab. Therefore this particular type of tumor was called crab, in Latin *cancer*, on the basis of its

naked-eye appearance. Of course this crablike structure was a tumor or swelling, but it was a particularly malignant type of tumor that tended to defy cure and kill the patient.

A cancer, then, is a type of tumor so malignant that, if not destroyed in time, it causes the death of the individual harboring it. Every cancer is a tumor — so much is clear. It is not always so easy to grasp the fact that not every tumor is a cancer. And yet it becomes very simple if we call to mind the analogy with snakes: every cobra is a snake, but not every snake is a cobra. Just as there are countless nonvenomous serpents in contrast with the various poisonous species, similarly there exists a large variety of benign tumors outside of and distinctly separate from the malignant cancer group.

And now for the question of perspective. It may be considered perfectly good form to outline the activities of scientific medicine in the field of cancer, during the past quarter of a century, without even referring to what the future holds in her lap. Indeed there is comfort in maintaining honor by sloughing prophecy. But no one could pretend to make a thoroughly intelligent assay of recent activities in the field of cancer without sketching a vague background of the accomplishments of the past. Nature works her wonders, in part, through mutations or jumps. Science by contrast, with the rarest exceptions, plods painfully along, laying stone on stone in her ever incomplete structure. It therefore is imperative to have a concept of the foundation if one entertains the hope of appreciating or of understanding the superstructure.

There are authentic records to show that for six thousand years medicine has been engaged in the problem of unriddling cancer. The very earliest efforts in Egypt amounted to little more than rather clumsy thinking; but

the men of classic Greece and Rome made some first-rate observations as regards the use both of drugs and of the knife; and if they did nothing else they established for all time the fact of the malignity of the disease. More than that, they rooted a set of ideas and opinions, which, inadequate as they were, nevertheless dominated medical thought for much longer than a thousand years.

Medical men did not begin to reason in thoroughly rational fashion about the disease, however, until the seventeenth century, when they were jolted into independent thinking by a combination of the intellectual impetus furnished in general by the same agencies that led to the Renaissance and in particular by Harvey's epochal discovery of the circulation of the blood. The fact of the matter is that all the early independent thinking about the subject of cancer yielded nothing basic, but merely a somewhat more adequate general concept of the disease. The probable explanation of this sterility of thought may be the fact that nobody attempted to examine cancers microscopically. It is one of the curiosities of medicine that although the microscope was trained on everything conceivably small, as early as 1700, no one thought to use it in studying tumors until nearly the middle of the nineteenth century (1838), when the great German biologist, Johannes Müller, showed that tumors were made up of cells similar to those that constitute the normal organs and tissues of the body. It is not difficult to conceive the flood of light that this discovery shed on the whole subject of tumors, or to grasp the significance of the even more striking discovery made by Rudolf Virchow, twenty years later, demonstrating that all tumors may be classified into groups according to the cells that constitute them. Virchow showed that it was possible with the micro-

scope not only to separate tumors into groups, but also to determine which of the tumors were cancers.

III

From this point up to the beginning of our own century, nothing striking was accomplished. One almost feels that scientific minds were lying fallow, preparing themselves for the brilliant third of the twentieth century, just completed. As no one had thought to use the microscope on cancer until Müller showed the way, so also no one had conceived the idea of producing cancer experimentally until an American, Leo Loeb, announced in 1901 that he had succeeded in grafting tumors in animals. This discovery marked the introduction of the present era of experimentation in cancer.

Briefly, what Loeb did was to snip off the tiniest bit of tissue from a tumor growing spontaneously in a rat and to transplant this bit of tumor under the skin, at another site, in the same rat, or into another of the same species. As a result of this seemingly simple experiment, we have been able to study, in animals, such questions as the rapidity of growth of tumors, their method of spread or dissemination, and the factors that increase or diminish the resistance of animals to the growth of tumors. We have never been able to study the growth of cancer of human beings by the procedure of transplantation into animals, because tumor transplants will grow only when they are placed in the bodies of animals of the same species as the one from which the transplant was taken. We have, however, during the last very few years, mastered a delicately intricate technique whereby we succeed in growing bits of human cancer under glass, on specially prepared artificial media that serve as a nutrient on which the cancer cells grow. The studies based on this

new procedure are too recent to warrant any dogmatic conclusions.

In the attempt to disclose the cause of tumors, parasites of all varieties have been investigated, from the lowly louse all the way down to those parasites that infest such insects as the cockroach. Bacteria have been studied so thoroughly that the papers published on this subject would stack many library shelves. Filterable viruses are living substances of some sort, so small that they defy the microscope. Among other damages that they cause is the development of certain kinds of warts; and, since warts are tumors, cancer investigators have been studying these filterable viruses for almost a quarter of a century. Embryonic cells have been intensively studied as a possible cause of cancer, because, if a very young embryo is minced up and injected into the body of an animal of the same species, the injected cells will maintain an independent tumorous growth.

It is natural to assume that possibly a chemical of some sort provokes tumor growth, so, on the basis of that suspicion, countless drugs and chemicals have been studied. Among these, coal tar furnished one of the most dramatic episodes in the search for the cause of cancer. It had been known for years that chimney sweeps were prone to cancer of the groin and scrotum, where the tarry soot particles lodged in the creases of the skin. It was likewise known that workers in the tar industry developed cancer of the skin. But it was not until 1914 that two Japanese experimenters, after applying tar to white mice for months at a time, discovered that cancers could be produced at will in these little animals. Aniline oil, mineral oils, paraffin, arsenic, and various coal-tar derivatives have also been found to be cancer-producing substances in mice, rats, guinea pigs, rabbits, and monkeys. This so-called experimental production of cancer opened

up a vast new field and has greatly enlarged our fund of information even if it has not led to a solution of the problem.

The glands of internal secretion have been known for a long while to be bound up closely, in some way, with the mystery of growth. Since tumors represent abnormal growth, an immense amount of work has been done on the possible relationships existing between tumor formation and the functions of such internal secretory organs as the thyroid, thymus, pituitary, pancreas, adrenal, pineal, parathyroid, and sex glands. Although this work has not yet yielded specific results even approaching such brilliant accomplishments as the discovery and use of pancreatic extract (insulin) in the treatment of diabetes or of liver extract in the treatment of pernicious anæmia, it nevertheless embodies potentialities that are stirring to contemplate. This is particularly true since the biological chemists have shown, within comparatively few months, that there is a close chemical relationship between the products of the glands of internal secretion and that radical in coal tar which causes experimental cancer. Just by way of adding further glamorous hope to this chapter, the chemists likewise have demonstrated that Vitamin D, another growth-producing agent, bears to tar a close chemical relationship similar to that between tar, our most potent cancer-producing chemical, and the internal glandular secretions.

Cutting, burning, bruising, and various other types of deliberately produced injuries, inflicted on anesthetized animals, have been studied in great detail, because in human beings injuries of various sorts are not infrequently followed by the development of a cancer at the site of the injury. So also the less readily appreciated irritations in humans have been investigated, such, for example, as those due to stones in the gall bladder, the urinary bladder,

and kidneys, or to the abrasions of the tongue by jagged teeth, or of the mouth by badly fitting dentures, or the irritation that results from chronic inflammation of any sort in any part of the body. Even the irritation that might possibly result from eating over-hot food has been studied.

Since cancer of the skin is more frequent in those countries blessed with most sunshine, such as the tropics; and since cancer of the skin is also more frequent in those nontropical individuals who are unduly exposed to sunshine, such as farmers, sailors, bargemen, and lightermen; and since, furthermore, colored people have cancer of the skin less frequently than do white people, possibly because their skin pigment protects them against light — since all these are facts, an intensive study has been made and is being made of the relation of light to cancer. No less intensive has been the study of x-rays and radium, those two weird agencies that possess the power both to cause and to cure cancer.

IV

Such are some of the possibilities that have been and are being investigated. The list is admittedly incomplete. (I have, for example, made no mention of a very sober communication, submitted about two years ago to one of the important cancer research journals of the world, to the effect that cancer is the response of the body to a libidinal need!) Incomplete as it may be, however, the list will serve two purposes, in that it furnishes an idea of the breadth of territory covered and affords an opportunity to say just a few words regarding the element of romance that colors the picture of the intensive search for the cause of cancer. Seldom does one find a more thrilling story than that of how Fibiger discovered that a hitherto undescribed

tiny worm, infesting the gastrointestinal tract of the cockroach, caused cancer to develop in the stomach of rats. This particular variety of cockroach was unknown on the continent of Europe, where Fibiger lived and worked, and yet he was able, by what has been called a combination of good fortune and false clue, to track down the offending worm by demonstrating that some American cockroaches that had reached Denmark in a cargo of sugar carried the infecting worm in their intestines, and that the worm caused cancer of the stomach in rats that ate the excrement of the cockroaches.

No less is the imagination stirred by the fact that the great German physiologist-chemist Warburg, after fabricating laboratory apparatus that was fairylike in some of the details of its design, was able to prove that cancer cells, instead of oxidizing glucose as do normal cells, reduce it to lactic acid by a process of fermentation. This is only a technical way of saying that Warburg showed that the microscopically small cancer cells, although practically identical in appearance with the normal cells of the body, nevertheless live and breathe differently.

These romances are, in the end, tinged with tragedy, in that, say what we may regarding the glamour of these past twenty years of cancer research, admire as we may the zeal, the concentrated effort, the buoyancy of hope, the recalcitrant refusal to entertain the idea of defeat, the indomitable will to conquer, and the enormous amount of factual data that has been assembled and proved — the unadorned truth is that, in stark reality, we seem to be only a little nearer to the provocative agency or agencies of cancer than were our medical forbears of sixty centuries ago.

The solution of the cancer problem constitutes a twofold task, involving as it does the discovery of the cause

and the elaboration of preventive or curative measures. Although simple candor compels the admission that the cause still lies concealed, a no less measure of frankness demands that pessimism should not color the picture too darkly; for we may discuss the chapter of prevention and cure in tones that are vibrant with cheer and hope. Beyond all question of doubt, many patients, either threatened or actually affected with the disease to-day, will live well beyond the Biblical span, in good health, provided that they enjoy the privileges of proper advice and treatment.

This truth gives evidence that medicine has won a signal victory against heavy odds. Cancer cells are frequently more resistant than are the normal cells of the body to most of the ordinary destructive agencies; therefore, in our attempts to do away with cancer, we always face the danger of destroying vital structures in which the cancer grows, and of which it constitutes an integral part. Picture the difficulty in the way of so firing a volley into a flock of sheep that only the black sheep are destroyed! Such is the basic complexity of the problem of cancer

cure; and yet, as a result of the striking progress that has been made in the fields of surgery, preventive medicine, and radiotherapy (x-rays and radium), the problem *is* being unraveled.

In lieu of quoting dry-as-dust statistics, it may be in order to lean again on the faith of the reader, telling him that the percentage of cures and the marked degree of amelioration that characterize present-day treatment of cancer are almost incredible. The percentage of cures in cancer of the skin, breast, womb, larynx, pharynx, and lips has been elevated steadily to a point not even hoped for ten years ago. More than that, progress is in the making in the treatment of cancer of the brain, bladder, and lung — organs whose involvement, a decade ago, signified a death warrant. How clearly manifest it is, therefore, that if, on the one hand, we frankly admit failure in the attempts to demonstrate the specific cause of cancer, we may, in the very next breath, glory over the increasing incidence of cures and the improvement of procedures aimed at ameliorating life for those who cannot be cured. Surely all this means that 'something is being done about it.'

DOG IN A CAR

BY DAVID McCORD

He grins a little as they drive him by.
Of what his nose needs there's a fresh supply
Round every corner, up the rainy field:
He has no daily walk of equal yield.
His head hangs out, his tongue out farther still;
His bark is bolder from that window sill.
His nose is longer on the modern breeze —
His father being Scotch, not Pekingese.

A lesser breed on leash or running loose
Would find his comradeship of little use;
A dog transported by the family Ford
Rides far beyond the days he loved or warred.
His ancestors on purely urban smells
Leaned hard enough, but they had nothing else.
They had n't won to his synthetic taste:
Investigation kept them out of haste.

You drive a dog from State to other State;
His senses meet with scents he can't relate.
He has n't time. His little nostrils twitch.
Was that a rabbit, mole, or brindle bitch?
His eye grows bright. He reaches out in space.
The local brothers hardly see his face.
He's whirling through a night of strange impact —
Of atavistic cats he once attacked.

THE LANDMARK

BY JOHN HOLMES

From roads that followed brook or pasture wall
The landmark elm was a tree to travel by.
From window, door, and path it centred all
The rocks, gates, roofs, and country summer sky.

The road comes up the hill and over now.
It cuts across the meadows toward the sun
As if the last old farmer set his plough
And drove it westward when his work was done.

The elm tree on the hilltop, great and green,
Lifts heaven up no more by night or day.
The sun shines past its boughs, the stars between,
And travelers measure miles another way.

No man who heard his father's father guess
How long the elm tree stood before his time
Is warned of winter by its leaflessness,
Or sees through leaves the moon in summer climb.

Nevertheless the moonlight falls the same,
And the landmark elm, with autumn coming on,
Turns golden still when other trees are flame.
But now the men with watchful eyes are gone.

The roots go deeper into the darkness now
Of earth as rich as time. They lift the rain
From long ago to the buds on the latest bough.
No country weather comes or clears in vain,

The frost, the spring, the fresh and cloudless days,
The northern wind at night, the drought that burned.
A summer publishes in green one phrase
Of history the questioning roots have learned.

It is the strength as well, the pain and love,
The living thoughts men had and never told,
That now the million leaves are murmuring of.
The men are dead. The tree is only old.

It spreads and towers into the sunlit air,
The leaves in wind forever moved and massed,
Stirring and growing for its own sake there
In memory of the unremembered past.

GRAVEYARD IN THE HILLS

BY JAMES STILL

Nothing has moved in this town.
Nothing at all. Only the soundless dark
And the wonder of night that came like wind
Unseen have wandered down these final streets.
Only the silent have come upon this mark.

There is no town so quiet on any earth,
Nor any house so dark upon the mind.
Only the night is here, and the dead
Under the hard blind eyes of hill and tree.
Here lives sleep. Here the dead are free.

THROUGH A GLASS DARKLY

BY STEPHEN LEACOCK

I

It is to be feared that many readers of this magazine will pass this article by — the modest as too learned, the learned as too ignorant; the light as too heavy, and the heavy as too light. All will be mistaken. What is here said is very real truth — even if softened now and again with an attempt to alleviate it by what is very real fun — and represents a very real and important issue.

The clergy, in their similar despairing call for attention at the opening of a sermon, take a text. Let me, therefore, as the prelude to this essay, take mine from the pages of one of the most eminent and conspicuous works in economics that have appeared in the past few years. The writer of it is the holder of one of the most respected chairs in England, in a university of which I dare not breathe the name. If I did, I should be crushed flat at once under the dead weight of prestige and authority. In any case it would seem invidious and personal to say that in my opinion the particular book of a particular author is tommyrot, when what I really mean is that a hundred recent books by a hundred recent authors are tommyrot.

The author in the case before us is undertaking a discussion of what he calls the 'size of real incomes.' That is about as near to a plain intelligible phrase as a trained economist can get. An ordinary person would prefer to

say 'what people get for their money,' but that would be just a little too easy to understand. The writer goes on to say that if, conceivably, all people used and consumed one and the same thing, and only one, then we could compare what each got with what every other got by the mere quantity or number. But in reality people consume all kinds of different things with all kinds of preferences.

So far the sky is clear. There has been no warning of mathematics. The readers are as unsuspecting as the crowd in the Paris streets before Napoleon Bonaparte turned on the grape-shots of Vendémiaire.

Now comes the volley: —

It may perhaps be thought that the difficulty can be overcome by comparing real incomes, not in themselves, but in respect of their values. It is, of course, always possible, with a pricing system, to value each of two real incomes in terms of any commodity that we choose, and to set the values so reached over against one another. This is frequently done in terms of money. Unfortunately, however, the two valuations will, in general, be related to one another in different ways according to what commodity is taken as the measure of value. Thus, suppose that we have two incomes each comprising items of three sorts — A, B, C; that in the first income the quantities of these items are a, b, c , with money prices p_a, p_b, p_c ; and in the second α, β, γ , with money prices π_a, π_b, π_γ . The money value of the first income divided by

that of the second is then $\frac{a\pi_a + b\pi_b + c\pi_c}{a\pi_a + b\pi_b + c\pi_c}$.

Call this m . The value of the first income divided by that of the second in terms of

commodity A is $\frac{\pi_a}{p_a} m$; in terms of commodity

B, $\frac{\pi_b}{p_b} m$; in terms of commodity C, $\frac{\pi_c}{p_c} m$.

These quantities are obviously, in general, different. There is nothing to prevent one of them being greater, while another is less, than unity. Thus the result of comparisons depends on the choice we make of the commodity in terms of which valuations are to be made; and this is purely arbitrary. Nothing useful, therefore, can be accomplished on this plan.

As the last echo of the paragraph dies away, the readers are seen to lie as thickly mown down as the casualties of Vendémiaire. The volley has done its work. There will be no further resistance to the argument on the part of the general public. Theirs not to reason why, theirs but to do and die. They will learn to surrender their economic thought to the dictation of the élite. They are not to question where they do not understand.

The last sentence of the paragraph, the final shot, is not without humor. 'Nothing useful,' it says, 'can be accomplished on this plan.' No, indeed, nothing much, except getting rid of the readers. For the whole of the 'plan' and its pretentious mathematics, when interpreted into plain talk, amounts to something so insignificant and so self-evident that it is within reach of the simplest peasant who ever lived in Boeotia, or failed at Cambridge. It only means that different people with the same money would buy different things; one might buy roses, one cigars, and another concert tickets; and you could n't very well compare them because the weight would n't mean anything, and the color would n't, nor the number. As to what you pay for them *in money* and why you paid —

well, that is the very thing we want to find out.

Or shall I state the same thing like this: 'It is hard to compare Janie's doll with Johnny's dog.' Or let us put it into rural Yorkshire: 'There's a mowt of folks i' counthry; happen one loike this aw t'other chap that; dang me if I know 'oo gets best on it.' Or in Cree Indian (Fort Chipewyan, H. B. Post, Athabaska Lake): 'Hole-in-the-Sky take four guns, two blanket; squaw take one looking glass, one hymnbook.'

What the problem means is that he can't really compare what Hole-in-the-Sky got and what the squaw got. That's all.

II

What has been just said is not meant as fun: it is meant in earnest. If the mathematical statement helped the thought, — either in presentation or in power of deduction, — it would be worth while. But it does n't. It impedes it. It merely helps to turn economics into an esoteric science, known only to the few. The mathematician is beckoning economics toward the seclusion of the dusty chamber of death, in the pyramid of scholasticism. He stands at the door that he has opened, his keys in his hand. It is dark within and silent. In the darkness lie the mummified bodies of the learnings that were, that perished one by one in the dead mephitic air of scholasticism; of learning that had turned to formalism and lost its meaning, to body and lost its soul, to formula and lost its living force. Here lie, centuries old, the Scholarship of China, the Learning of Heliopolis, the Medicine that the Middle Ages killed, and the Reason that fell asleep as Formal Logic.

All are wrapped in a sanctity that still imposes. They sleep in all the symbols of honor, with a whisper of legend still about them. But the work

they would not do, the task they could not fulfill, is left still to the fresh bright ignorance of an inquiring world.

Put without prolixity: Any well-established dignified branch of knowledge, finding its problems still unsolved, turns to formalism, authority, symbolism, the inner system of a set of devotees, excluding the world; philosophy becomes scholasticism, science turns to thaumaturgy, religion to dogma, language to rhetoric, and art to symbolism.

Modern economics and philosophy and psychology have so far utterly failed to solve their main problems. So they are beginning to 'dig in' as scholasticism. For economics, mathematical symbolism is the means adopted.

III

So few people are accustomed to use mathematical symbols that it is hard to discuss them in an essay of this sort without incurring the very danger here denounced and 'sidetracking' the reader. But something of their nature everybody knows. Very often a mathematical symbol or expression does convey an idea very quickly and clearly. Thus the simple and self-evident little charts and graphs used in newspapers to show the rise and fall of production and trade, the elementary index numbers used to show the movement of prices — these things are immensely useful. But they are only a method of presentation of what is known, not a method of finding out what is not known.

Very often we use simple mathematical expressions as a vehicle of common language, as when we say 'fifty-fifty,' or 'a hundred per cent American,' or 'half-soused,' or 'three-quarters silly.' We could go further if we liked, and instead of saying 'more and more' we could say $A + n + n$ We could express a lot of our ordi-

nary dialogue in mathematical form. Thus: —

'How is your grandmother's health?'
'Oh, it depends a good deal on the weather and her digestion, but I am afraid she always fusses about herself: to-day she's about fifty-fifty.'

Mathematically this is a function of two variables and a constant, and reads: —

$$f(W.D. + fuss) = \frac{1}{2}$$

The result is, in all seriousness, just as illuminating and just as valuable as the mathematics quoted above.

We could even go further and express a lot of our best poetry in mathematical form: —

TENNYSON'S 'LIGHT BRIGADE'

Half a league, half a league,
Half a league onward . . .
Then they rode back, but not,
Not the six hundred.

The mathematician would prefer: —

$$\frac{\frac{1}{2} + \frac{1}{2} + \frac{1}{2}}{600} = 600 - N$$

Or, try this as an improvement on Byron: —

CHILDE HAROLD'S PILGRIMAGE

Did ye not hear it? — No; 't was but the wind,
Or the car rattling o'er the stony street;
On with the dance!

$$d + d + d + d \dots d(n)$$

Let joy be unconfined;

$$j + j + j + \dots \text{infinity}$$

No sleep till morn, when Youth and Pleasure meet.

$$M - S = Y + P$$

Or, to quote a verse of 'Lord Ullin's Daughter' (done as mathematics), in which I once depicted the desperate efforts of the highland boatman: —

The angry water gains apace
Both of his sides and half his base,
Till as he sits he seems to lose
The square of his hypotenuse.

Or, to go a little deeper, by venturing into Descartes's brilliant method of indicating space and motion by means of two or more coördinates as a frame of reference, we can make the opening of Gray's 'Elegy' a little more exact.

The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea.

We can indicate the exact path by a series of points at successive moments of time ($p-p_1-p_2-p_3 \dots p_n$), and by dropping perpendiculars from each of these to the coördinates we can indicate the area swept by the lowing herd, or rather the area which it ought to sweep but does n't.

IV

Let me explain here that in this essay I do not wish in any way to deny the marvelous effectiveness of mathematical symbols in their proper field. I have for mathematics that lowly respect and that infinite admiration felt by those of us who never could get beyond such trifles as plane trigonometry and logarithms, and were stopped by a *nolle prosequi* from the penetration of its higher mysteries. Mathematical symbols permit of calculation otherwise beyond our powers and of quantitative expression that otherwise would require an infinity of time. It is no exaggeration to say that mathematical symbols are second only to the alphabet as an instrument of human progress. Think what is entailed by the lack of them. Imagine a Roman trying to multiply LXXVI by CLX. The Roman, indeed, could make use of an abacus, — the beads on wires of the Chinese, the familiar nursery toy, — but multiplication with beads only, and without written symbols on a decimal or ascending place-plan, is a poor and limited matter. See who will in this connection the mediaeval work called *Accompting by Counters* — A.D. 1510.

Contrast with these feeble expedients

the power of expression and computation that symbols give us! The Hebrew psalmist used to ask with awe who could number the sands of the sea! Well, I can! Put them, let us say, at $(100)^{100}$ and we've only used six figures and two crooked lines! And if that is not enough use three more figures: —

$100^{100^{100}}$

Where are the sands of the sea now? Gone to mud! Light moves fast and space is large, but symbols can shoot past them at a walk. Take the symbol for a 'light-year' and cube it! You can see it all there in half a dozen strokes, and its meaning is as exact as the change out of a dollar.

Consider this. There is a famous old Persian story, known to everybody, of the grateful king who asked the physician who had saved his life to name his own reward. The physician merely asked that a penny — or an obol or something — be placed on the first square of a chessboard, two on the next, and then four, and so on, till all the sixty-four spaces were filled! The shah protested at the man's modesty and said he must at least take a horse as well. Then they counted the money, and presumably the shah fell back dead! The mathematical formula that killed him was the series $(1+2+4 \dots N)$, where $N=64$: the sum of a geometrical progression — and, at that, the simplest and slowest one known to whole numbers.

As a matter of fact, if the king and the physician had started counting out the pennies at the rate of five thousand an hour and had kept it up for a seven-hour day, with Sundays off, it would have taken them a month to count a million. At the end of a year they'd be only on square No. 20 out of the sixty-four; granting that the king and the physician were each sixty-two years old (they'd have to be that to have got so far in politics), their expectation of life

would be fifteen years, and they'd both be dead before they got to the thirtieth square; and the last square alone would call for 10,000,000,000,000,000 pennies. In other words, they are both alive now and counting.¹

V

But all of this wonder and power and mystery is of no aid in calculating the incalculable. You cannot express the warmth of emotions in calories, the pressure on the market in horsepower, and the buoyancy of credit in specific gravity! Yet this is exactly what the pseudo-mathematicians try to do when they invade the social sciences. The conceptions dealt with in politics and economics and psychology — the ideas of valuation, preference, willingness and unwillingness, antipathy, desire, and so forth — cannot be put into quantitative terms.

It would not so much matter if this vast and ill-placed mess of mathematical symbolism could be set aside and left to itself while the real work of economics went on. Thus, for example, is left aside by the real modern physicists, such as Rutherford and Soddy, the whole mass of the Einstein geometry — which from their point of view is neither here nor there. (Many people don't know that.) But in the case of economic theory these practitioners undertake to draw deductions; to dive into a cloud of mathematics and come out again holding a theory, a precept, an *order*, as it were, in regard

¹ If any reader doubts these calculations I refer him to my colleague, Professor Charles Sullivan of McGill University, and if he doubts Professor Sullivan I refer him so far that he will never get back. — AUTHOR

to the why of the depression, or a remedy for unemployment, or an explanation of the nature of saving and investment. They are like — or want to be like — a physician prescribing a dose for the docile and confiding patient. He writes on a piece of paper, ' $\sigma\Delta\rho_0^0$,' and says, 'Take that.' Thus one of the latest and otherwise most deservedly famous of the mathematical economists advises us in a new book, heralded as the book of the year, that our salvation lies in the proper adjustment of investment and demand. Once get this right and all the rest is easy. As a first aid the great economist undertakes to explain the relation of investment and demand in a preliminary, simple fashion as follows: —

More generally the proportionate change in total demand to the proportionate change in investment equals

$$\frac{\Delta Y}{Y} \bigg/ \frac{\Delta I}{I} = \frac{\Delta Y}{Y} \cdot \frac{Y-C}{\Delta Y - \Delta C} = \frac{1 - \frac{c}{y}}{1 - \frac{dc}{dy}}$$

To 99.9 per cent of the world's readers this spells good-bye. If economics can only be made intelligible in that form, then it moves into the class of atomic physics. The great mass of us are outside of it. We can judge it only by its accomplishments; and, as economics so far has accomplished nothing, the outlook is dark.

Now I do not know what all that Delta and Y stuff just quoted means, but I am certain that if I did I could write it out just as plainly and simply as the wonderful theorem up above about different people spending their money on different things. In other words, mathematical economics is what is called in criminal circles 'a racket.'

A GARDEN OF SHIPS AND BELLS

(Government House, Sydney)

BY ETHEL ANDERSON

NOON with bright wings beats on this radiant foreland. On the Observatory the black ball has fallen. The one-o'clock gun has gone. Puffs of vapor, whiter than wedding favors, have flashed an instant on Fort Denison, and vanished, dispersed by the vagrant winds that vex the island. Distant factory sirens disturb, like hurt birds, the wavy stillness.

Sporting hulls and funnels brilliant as broom or bougainvillæa cleave waters bluer than lapis lazuli. Beneath pink-flowered oleander tufts, seagoing steamers, smart as paint, tittup importantly, exotic music, heady as tropical scent, trailing from their flower-laden saloons. Among them, looking like water beetles, ferries from Cremorne, or Neutral Bay, or Mosman, dart out from arrow-pointed wakes in brisk marine quadrilles. How gayly they pass and re-pass these sloping lawns which for over a century have brought green England to the Antipodes!

H. M. A. S. Australia is berthed at Garden Island. Just below this garden's fringing oleanders and its lush, incorrigible wistarias *H. M. S. Sussex*, moored to the Admiral's buoy close inshore, swings to the incoming tide. On both ships gramophones whirr and sun-struck telescopes flicker, focusing, in the Domain or Botanic Gardens, such wench as fall easily on the eye.

From these moorings long ago the

warship *Rattlesnake*, with the *Crocodile*, her consort, landed 'on the meadows above Fort Macquarie' the sailors who were to act here the plays *Bleeding Nan* and *The Miller and His Men*. Since the First Fleet lay to leeward; since Phillip, rowing ashore in the captain's gig, brought his bundle of cuttings from Rio and the Cape (Dodds, his servant, clutching the spade that was to turn the first spit of Australian soil), this garden has been a garden of ships. Within hail of it the *Sirius* lay at anchor, below it the *Supply* and *Golden Grove* dried their sails, and to-day in paper-ribbon rainbows great liners, whose masts have challenged its pines, depart from it, fussily, for the world's four quarters, tugs buzzing round them like flies, aeroplanes floating above them, fish-like, in a blue, unclouded aquarium. Where a white tape fluttered, a ragged horseman rode, now ceaseless traffic clatters across the iron-gray cantilever of the harbor bridge.

None of these sounds destroy the garden's inmost peace. It has its own impregnable silences, against which such strident echoes beat as helplessly as the seas once surged against the impermeable rocks beneath it. Never dulled is its dripping fountain's musical susurrrus; its doves' murmurs are never hushed. Rooted in our earliest history, — Banks's garden, Phillip's garden, Macquarie's, Bligh's, King's, — it is

set between this glittering haven of the sea and the tiered and castellated façade of the fourth Government House. Carved on the creamy stone of the battlemented outer walls and on the verandah's noble pilasters, the armorial shields of succeeding governors link us with a chivalrous Norman past, and the garden speaks to us of our own first progenitors.

There is magic here. I do not know any garden where dark is darker, or bright more bright. I have not seen any garden more vehemently or more blithely swept by a spatter of raindrops that the sun licks up. Here the dewy patina on leaves and flowers, even at dawn, stays only momentarily, the rising sun is so thirsty on these lawns. The dappled shades are fitful that wake and sleep here; the sea winds and the summer gales are quick with brine.

The lawns are quiet. But for the doves and Persian bulbuls, the starlings, kingfishers, and cheeping sparrows, or, in stormy weather, the screaming gulls, these green secluded acres are uninhabited. Earlier this was not so; in 1840, emus paraded the walks.

A simple Frenchman, — that is, if Frenchmen are ever simple, — who landed from the corvette *Uranie* (or perhaps the *Physicienne*) in 1817, says that sitting in these gardens, which he called 'the gardens of the Governor's Palace,' under a Norfolk Island pine, he listened to 'the shrill cries of the Yellow-crested cockatoos, stroked the black swans that wandered on the paths, watched the tame kangaroos aimlessly jumping the hedges.' He praises the Governor's 'good tastes' in 'not overloading the garden with statues.'

In this garden that was once Phillip's — cut back, like the old lady's petticoats, till even his dog would not know it — the Port Jackson fig tree to the right of the house front to-day measures thirty-six feet in circumference at a point three feet up the trunk, and its

foliage, with its old-gold underpaintings, has a spread of two hundred and seventy feet — this though its larger boughs are lopped. (A painting of 1843 shows it as a tree of perhaps fifty years' growth.)

The twin pines by the dining-room windows figure in a French print of 1823, while the leaning araucaria, towering near, was brought by the first ship coming from Cook Island. Phillip himself may have planted the olives next the largest oleander clump. Both measure thirty feet round the stem clusters; both have a foliage spread of sixty feet. A mystery tree on the northern lawn smells, when it is broken, of lead pencil; when cut, it peels red, like cedar.

Camellias, in November, are still flowering. Wistarias are hardly fading, so beneficent the weather. Under the olives late daffodils still star the grass, while poinsettias, superb magnolias, spiræa, purple eupatorium, primulas, and double-flowering cherries foam like a sea in the spring border among standard white wistarias.

But suddenly, over the blue waters, all the bells on the sea start ringing!

Audaciously forcing a vibrant passage through drooping wistarias and bright coral trees, four bells sound from the Admiral's buoy, and distantly, from Garden Island, a farther, fainter four. Brief carillons from anchorages hidden in Snail's Bay, or Darling Harbor, tremulously reëcho as the *S.S. Erina's* fourfold quota tinkles, querulously, from the Baltic Wharf. *Nestor*, *Ormonde*, *Tainui*, and *Talune*, in punctilious repetition, heighten this clangor of bells, while right underfoot, it seems, a dusty tugboat thrusts a black funnel up through a bed of phlox and November lilies to assert, huskily, 'four bells.' From every ship in harbor, bells in a joyous frenzy assault the trembling flowers.

Without question — wonderfully, triumphantly! — it is two o'clock.

THE SWING TO THE LEFT IN FRANCE

BY RAOUL DE ROUSSY DE SALES

THE reputation which the French have acquired for being individualists is too well established to be questioned. To give a true picture of France one should discuss the affairs of each individual Frenchman.

In every Frenchman there is the tendency to say to himself: 'I am France.' To him the destinies of the country are intimately linked with his own. He has a physical sensation of being a microcosmic expression of the whole nation and of the soil on which he lives. He is a man whose reference is a landscape.

There are forty million Frenchmen who think and feel exactly alike on this point. The unity of France is founded on the incredible diversity of its citizens. The result is that when the French begin to be dissatisfied with their own affairs the whole country is immediately transformed into a huge debating society where, to the observer, nothing seems to matter but the necessity of winning one's point.

That the French are eminently conservative in their habits of life is equally true, but in the realm of ideas they are born adventurers. French logic is the best machine yet devised for the performance of individual stunts.

This must be borne in mind when trying to understand the confused evolution of ideas which has kept France in a state of chaotic unrest for more than two years and brought about the

swing to the Left which has marked the recent elections.

The picture is not clearly defined. The whole story cannot be told to-day. Time alone will show which among the conflicting forces now at play have permanency and which are only symptoms of a passing fever.

I

The spontaneous growth of the militant factions which followed the riots of February 6, 1934, was immediately regarded as the expression of Fascism or incipient Fascism, although their leaders denied and still deny that they have any other intention than the protection of the Republic and the restoration of the principles of Order, Authority, and Honesty within the country.

The reaction was immediate. The proletarian elements, remembering the Vienna massacres under Chancellor Dollfuss and what happened in Germany when the Nazis came into power, organized themselves into a defensive front. For the first time the Communists agreed to join hands with the Socialists and with other sympathizers of the Left. Men who were neither Communists nor Socialists, but to whom Fascism was more repellent than any other danger, rallied around the leaders of the Leftist parties. Thus the Popular Front was formed.

This movement at first had no other

programme than to constitute a barrier against Fascism. Nearly two years ago Gaston Bergery, one of the founders of the Popular Front, told the writer that this first objective had then been reached and that the second phase, the offensive, would soon start.

It did. For two years a bitter struggle has been raging between the forces of the Left under the banners of the Popular Front and the forces of the Right whose alleged collusion with such movements as the Croix de Feu, the Jeunesses Patriotes, and similar organizations convinced their opponents that certain powerful elements in France might not object to the establishment of some form of personal dictatorship.

The attacks launched against the Right by the Popular Front were made more effective because the Croix de Feu and similar factions had discredited by their own denunciations the moderate elements which stood as a protective screen between the extremes of the Left and the Conservatives.

This moderate element had been best represented in France for over fifty years by the Radical-Socialist Party. Proclaiming itself the heir to the true principles of the French Revolution, it embodied the aspirations of the middle classes. It fought for enlightenment, freedom of thought, and progress. It denounced the interference of the Church in the affairs of the State. In practice the Radical-Socialists concentrated much of their activity toward gaining control of the machinery of the State. The powerful party gave millions of jobs to its followers. The enormous bureaucracy of France lived under its protection. In the hundred Cabinets of the Third Republic there have been more Radical-Socialist ministers than men of any other denomination.

The success of this party was its un-

doing. Having been too long in power, its members became accustomed to compromise on all points of their doctrine for the sake of maintaining their domination. The Stavisky scandal proved that, besides making political compromises, some of the leaders were also careless in granting protection to ordinary swindlers.

The parties of the Right and the Leagues seized this occasion to discredit Radical-Socialism, in which they had detected for many years the source of all evils. They denounced its outworn philosophy and its methods as the symbol of corruption, negligence, and weak opportunism.

Divided among themselves, the Radical-Socialists were demoralized by the violence of the attacks. They could not change their tactics or offer to their partisans any new inspiration. They still clung to their conception of a Byzantine State in which favoritism flourished and in which the threadbare slogan of 'Liberty, Equality, Fraternity' was still the only formula proposed to the idealism of the people.

In the last Chambre, the Radical-Socialists were still the most numerous party, but, lacking the support of the Socialists, they had to accept the effective domination of a series of so-called National Union Cabinets in which their spokesmen lost the last shreds of political individuality they had. Doumergue, Flandin, and Laval represented in fact the policies of the minority, but the Radical-Socialists had no other choice than to support them grudgingly.

That the party of moderation should eventually be crushed between the more aggressive forces of the Right and Left was unavoidable. But the defeat, in the elections of 1936, was even greater than expected. They lost more than forty seats. They also lost their prestige.

II

The electoral system in France prescribes that the deputies to the Parlement shall be elected in two polls which take place on two consecutive Sundays. The rules applied on the first ballot are those of the absolute majority. Only the candidates who receive 50 per cent of the total votes, plus one, are elected. If none obtains this majority, they must run a second time, but on the second ballot the candidate who receives the plurality of votes is elected.

In this year's elections, 618 deputies had to be chosen from among the largest list of competitors ever known in the history of the Third Republic, a fact which is not without irony when one hears from all sides that the parliamentary system is supposed to be on its last legs. Nearly five thousand candidates presented themselves before the voters. On the first ballot less than a third of the seats were provided for.

During the week that followed, the usual negotiations between competitors of similar complexion took place. The parties of the Left, having made their plans long beforehand, had no difficulty in agreeing that whichever candidate appeared to have the better chances at the runoff should present himself alone, the others withdrawing in his favor.

Their opponents applied the same tactics, but with less discipline. Parties of the Right have always a tendency to be more obdurate in maintaining their respective candidates against one another.

The result was that the coalition of the Left, the Popular Front, triumphed and that the moderate parties were either absorbed or conspicuously weakened. But even the parties of the Right, or National Front, gained some strength. In other words, caught be-

tween the two extremes, the Centre collapsed.

The following chart shows the gains and losses of the principal groups in comparison with 1932:—

<i>Left</i>	1932	1936	Gains	Losses
Communists	10	72	62	0
Dissident Com.	11	10	0	1
Socialists, S.F.I.O. ¹	97	146	49	0
Socialists, U.S.R. ²	45	26	0	19
Independ. Socialists	21	9	0	12
Radical-Socialists	158	115	0	43
Total	342	378		
<i>Centre</i>				
Independ. Radicals	65	31	0	34
Left Republicans	99	83	0	16
Popular Democrats	23	23	0	0
Total	187	137		
<i>Right</i>				
Repub. Federation	76	88	12	0
Conservatives	6	11	5	0
Total	82	99		

¹Section Française de l'Internationale Ouvrière

²Union Socialiste et Républicaine

These figures call for a number of observations.

First, an exact distinction between Left, Centre, and Right is always more or less arbitrary. The Radical-Socialists, who in the previous Chambre could really be considered the bulwark of the Centre, must now be classified with the Left, as they have formally allied themselves with the Popular Front. The question, of course, is whether they will remain faithful to this allegiance as a group or individually. Past history has shown that they were inclined to change sides rather easily.

As can be seen, the figures in themselves do not indicate a landslide. The losses are concentrated in what used to be considered the intermediary parties, but the crystallization of the groups of the Left under one denomination, the Popular Front, makes a solid block of 378 votes, which is impressive.

An analysis of the returns shows that the struggle was extremely close

in most districts. The margin of votes is very often less than 100. The Popular Front on the whole received approximately 5,500,000 votes, and the Opposition (Right and Centre) slightly over 4,000,000.

The most important fact is that the most numerous party in the new Parliament is now the Socialist, S. F. I. O. Its leaders become automatically the leaders of the victorious combination. This means that for the first time in history France will have a government in which the Socialists will predominate.

III

Will the Popular Front remain united in the future as it has been in its successful effort to obtain power?

The Communists have already indicated that they will abstain from participating in the government but will support the policies of their allies. In this they follow the precedent of the Socialists themselves. As to the Radical-Socialists, there is no doubt that at first they will take the largest share possible in the mutual victory; but, if the Popular Front shows too great a tendency to follow the advice of the Communists, defections will undoubtedly occur.

For the present, however, harmony seems to reign between the confederates. A minimum programme of action has been outlined which M. Léon Blum, leader of the Socialist Party, has declared he would apply with utmost vigor and speed.

This programme comprises the following points: reform of the Bank of France, which is to be made more democratic, or perhaps completely nationalized; nationalization of the railroads and public utilities; nationalization of the key industries, and first of all the armament industry; abolition or reform of a number of private monopolies such as the Insurance

Trust, the Consortium of the Press, the Havas Agency in its dual capacity of news and publicity distributor, and possibly the Hachette organization for the distribution of newspapers, books, magazines, and so forth.

As can be seen, this plan of action is more socialistic than communistic. 'Our programme,' said M. Blum, 'will be placed in the framework of capitalistic society. Our task will be to obtain from that social system all that it contains of justice and welfare for working people. We desire to succeed in that aim because it may be the decisive factor in the dawn of a new society. We must obtain quick results without exceeding popular wishes, which we must respect.'

The Communists, it is true, are agitating for a drastic soak-the-rich taxation the limits of which are not quite clear. But it is interesting to note that during the whole campaign the Socialists and the Communists themselves have made superhuman efforts to dispel the fear that the word 'Communism' creates. Through pamphlets, through the radio, and by all means of propaganda, the voters have been told that the Popular Front would respect the family, the home, the flag, and the sacred savings, not only of the proletariat, but of the small tradesman and the *petit bourgeois*.

Even in the matter of religion, M. Thorez, Secretary-General of the Communist Party, broadcasted an appeal to his 'Catholic Brethren.' In other words, and from the point of view of the average Frenchman, nothing was less sanguinary than the platform of the Popular Front.

But even such a lamblike attitude could not in itself have ensured the success of the Left if a large section of French voters had not voted more in protest against the Conservatives and the Moderates than in approval of M. Blum and the Communists. If the

reasonable and usually skeptical Frenchman has chosen to overthrow his leaders of yesterday, no one is to blame but these leaders themselves and those who supported them.

Psychologically the situation had reached a point comparable to the end of Mr. Hoover's term in the United States. But in France the grievances against those who had held power were more numerous and deeper; they involved the whole problem of whether the country was really governed by its institutions or by the powerful and more or less veiled influence of strong private minorities.

Attacks against feudal capitalism and the monopolistic system are not new. A hundred years ago, for instance, Balzac denounced the dual monopoly of news and publicity enjoyed by the Havas Agency as a potential danger for the freedom of the press. The system of interlocking directorates which prevails in the big industries and the banks is neither new nor peculiar to France; but the centralized character of all French institutions, whether public or private, has made the abuse more glaring and the attacks more concentrated.

Orators have said that the Bank of France was the Bastille of to-day and that the present elections could be compared to the storming of this citadel of Uncontrolled Capitalism by the people impatient to reassert their sovereignty.

The organization of the Bank, founded by Bonaparte, makes it vulnerable to such attacks. Its shares are held by some 40,000 individuals, but only the first 200 on the list¹ — that is, the largest holders — have a right to vote in the General Assembly and to elect the fifteen Regents who govern the Bank. The control of its Regents is

practically without restriction, in spite of the presence on their Council of a governor and three auditors appointed by the government.

The hereditary character of succession to the Council of Regents, the fact that the members are among the wealthiest bankers and industrialists of the country, and the multiplicity of their affiliations — these factors have fostered the idea that the Bank of France controlled *de facto* the economic life of the nation and exerted pressure on its government through the principle of the 'spider web.'

Innumerable books and pamphlets have been written to demonstrate the mechanism of the Real Powers that rule France. Generally they are written in a spirit of partisanship which gives the reader the impression that the Comité des Forges, the Consortium de la Presse, the Agence Havas, such as they are described, belong to the realm of legend rather than to this very realistic world. But the fact remains that public opinion in France now demands that something should be done to reform a system which is open to so much suspicion at home as well as abroad.

IV

The five million men who voted for the Popular Front voted also against the foreign policies followed by the recent French Cabinets. Confusion is profoundly distasteful to the national temperament, and for two years or more the French have known nothing but confusion.

Brought up with respect for treaties, they saw their own government carrying on dubious negotiations with Italy, a country they had condemned under their signature. After Germany had reoccupied the Rhineland they observed the extraordinary phenomenon of the extreme Nationalists showing increasing complacency toward Hitler

¹ Hence the generic expression '*Les deux cents familles*' which is fashionable just now to designate the privileged and the very rich. — AUTHOR

and a willingness to enter into bargains with him to maintain peace on the installment plan — even if it meant sacrificing half a dozen allies! These same Nationalists attacked the Franco-Soviet Pact, although one of them, M. Barthou, had initiated it. The friendship of England and that of Italy were weighed, not in the scales of national interest, but in relation to internal politics. The Nationalists became pro-Italian and anti-English. The Left and the Right played football first with the principles of collective security, then with the League of Nations, as if the principles involved had no other *raison d'être* than to provide arguments for internal feuds.

In the meantime complicated realignments were suggested, and dropped. An impossible combination of peace-at-any-price and ominous threats was attempted. No doctrine, no definite line of conduct, was discernible. The man in the street went from anger to disgust. To a race which hates aimlessness and the unprecise, the tension became intolerable.

When the French voters went to the polls, they did not think only of their economic difficulties, the devaluation of the franc, the Bank of France, and the *'deux cents familles.'* Each one knew that, however pressing these problems might be, they were always subject to the major question, the situation of France in the world as a living entity. If Frenchmen voted for the Popular Front, it was because, in foreign affairs also, they wanted a New Deal.

V

The task which confronts the new government is tremendous.

The presence of 72 Communists in the Chambre does not mean that a revolution has occurred in France. M. Léon Blum cannot disassociate himself from the past. He will surround

himself with new men, but also with Radical-Socialists. The latter will constitute the link between the past and the present, but the hope of the majority of those who have voted for the Popular Front is that a genuine new spirit will govern the policies of the country.

The question is whether, among the new men who will take part in the government, there are real statesmen. Many Frenchmen are skeptical about this. The Socialists have undoubtedly benefited by their long abstention from active government, but in doing so they have acquired the reputation of being unable to grasp realities. It is one thing to sit on the side lines and speculate, another to be thrown into the midst of a continuous campaign.

M. Blum himself is a delicate, elderly gentleman of culture and refinement. He is not a millionaire, as is usually said, but he has inherited and made enough money as a corporation lawyer to surround himself with the agreeable companionship of books and works of art and to enjoy during the sixty-four years of his life the amenities and protection of nineteenth-century bourgeois comfort.

His first contact with the manifestations of direct action has been, it would seem, the recent street brawl in which a few Royalists beat him over the head with the license plate of the car in which he was sitting. However painful, the incident was fortunate for him because it increased his popularity and brought him, rather brutally, out of the ivory tower from which he had up to then directed the forces of opposition. It is interesting to note that recently M. Blum has found it necessary to reassure his followers by telling them that they could expect from him from now on all the energy, even the ruthlessness, which the situation demands.

Another handicap of M. Blum, and one which may prove dangerous not only for him but for the internal peace

of France, is the fact that he is a Jew. There is no active anti-Semitism in France, but, as in every country to-day, it is latent. The personal phobia which Hitler has always had for the Jews and which he has integrated in the Nazi philosophy has proved one of the most successful pieces of long-range propaganda that have ever been devised by a narrow-minded and fanatic leader of an enlightened people. To many persons of perfect good faith, the fact that M. Blum, leader of the Popular Front, is a Jew will only strengthen the conviction that behind Socialism, Communism, and any other radical or progressive movement, Jewish inspiration can be found.

There are other reasons why the Popular Front Government will not find its course plain sailing.

The new leaders are not responsible for the pitiful condition of the public finances or for the muddled situation of European politics, but they have to find a solution to both, or at least give a clear indication of what they intend to do. Reforms of the Bank of France and similar measures can wait, but these two pressing problems must be faced at once.

The question of devaluation of the franc is still pending at the time of writing. Economists outside of France commonly agree that the general economy of the country would be benefited by devaluing the franc. It may be so, but to judge this question from the economic or financial standpoint alone is misleading, because the gold reserve and the gold franc have also a political and psychological value. Moreover most Frenchmen, even if they call themselves business men, are also *rentiers*, and, however large their business and small their *rentes*, they think of their *rentes* first and their profits second.

This attitude may be considered foolish by theoretical economists, but

it is real enough to have induced the Popular Front, including the Communists, to promise that they would be strictly orthodox in matters of finance and, like their predecessors, to try to 'save the franc.'

Where, then, will the money come from?

M. Blum has spoken of revising the system of taxation and applying a drastic tax on incomes over 75,000 francs and other taxes on the profits of big corporations. He wants, at the same time, to draw the money out of hoarding by offering to the small investor better protection. To this end the reform of the Bank of France and the regulation of banking practices are supposed to offer an inducement. To combat unemployment a vast programme of public work on the American plan is contemplated.

Will these measures be sufficient to bring about recovery? Perhaps, but only if the new government succeeds in creating confidence, not only among the masses, but also among those who will be expected to make the heavy sacrifices of taxation. That the odds are against M. Blum at the start is obvious. If he fails, devaluation will cease to be a subject of discussion, because it will have become a reality.

Concerning the foreign policy, the Popular Front promises to show utmost realism. 'All that we hope to do,' said M. Blum recently, 'can only be accomplished in peace and by peace. We give war credit for no virtues. We do not even think, like our ancestors of 1792 and 1848, that war can have a liberatory and revolutionary spirit. Of that illusion the last war definitely cured us.'

Although admitting that countries having similar philosophies and institutions will find it easier to understand one another, the leader of the Popular Front is determined to make no distinction between Fascism and Com-

munism when it comes to questions of national policy. In other words, the Popular Front Government will accept as facts the existence of the Soviets in Russia, of Mussolini in Italy, and of Hitler in Germany, and pledges itself not to question the validity or the wisdom of these different systems.

From the constructive point of view, it would appear that the new leaders of France contemplate the reorganization of Europe on a strictly economic basis. The idea of the United States of Europe, first suggested by Briand, is to be revamped, in such a way that each country could be considered as part of an economic unit called Europe instead of pursuing the suicidal policy of self-sufficiency.

As can readily be seen, such a programme implies the curbing of extreme nationalism not only in France but in other countries. The leaders of the Popular Front are unanimous in believing that every other road leads to more armaments and finally to war.

VI

It would be presumptuous to prophesy either the success or the failure of the Popular Front experiment.

France, through her long history, has acquired a tremendous experience of politics, and many times through the centuries has been conspicuous for her adaptability and capacity of recovery. The present hour is serious, but it is not tragic. The French have lived through much worse moments.

Moreover, they are naturally inclined to expect rather less than more from the promises which are made at election time. If this is a New Deal, it has certainly not been welcomed with an outburst of delirious enthusiasm. The elections were calm. The voters were serious. The majority of the

French know that the régime under which they live is not perfect. The Third Republic is usually caricatured as an attractive, healthy, and breezy young woman called Marianne. But, after seventy-five years of wedlock with the French nation, Marianne has lost some of her early charm, especially for the young. The love match has turned out to be a *mariage de raison*.

To many Frenchmen the success of the Popular Front has only one meaning: it is one more step toward Communism and therefore toward the destruction of the existing social order. But, on the other hand, the fact that seventy-two Communists are now sitting in the Palais Bourbon may curb their impatience to upset the institutions through which they have attained power. France has not become Communist, but Communism, in France, has become French.

This swing to the Left is undoubtedly alarming to many interests and to many conservatives at heart, and for good reasons. It offers fertile ground for an aggressive reaction. The extremes are further apart than ever. The opposition on the Right is strong and combative; it may refuse to play the rules of the game and decide that only direct action can now repair the defeat at the polls. The militant factions may find new inspiration and perhaps new and more determined leaders.

France has voted against Fascism because it wants peace within and without. The Popular Front has appeared as offering better guarantees of both. But if it fails to justify this confidence, either by yielding too much to the revolutionary elements within its own ranks or by showing itself incompetent, the ground will have been prepared, not for an economic and moral recovery of France, but for a series of unpredictable adventures.

THE RIGHT MINORITY IN FRANCE

BY RAYMOND LANGE

I

THE *Chambre des Députés* has at last an indisputable majority. To-day that majority is definitely Left. It will not need to beg for support; numerically it is strong enough to act. But there is an 'if' which still raises a serious question. French policy can be unified only if the three parties which make up the Popular Front continue to agree and to act hand in hand. These three parties were able yesterday, in the course of the electoral period, to silence their discords. Will they disagree tomorrow when it becomes necessary to carry out their programme?

In the new *Chambre* there is a solid Nationalist minority which, even if it is doomed to defeat, will certainly not let itself be beaten without raising its voice. This minority consists of 99 Rightists, who will probably be joined on occasion by 137 Centrists. Although, in the *Parlement*, these members of the Right minority may be unable to obtain effective results, in the field of public opinion the situation is different. There the Nationalist forces do exert influence; groups like the *Action Française*, like the *Croix de Feu*, numerous, organized, disciplined, may one day be capable of provoking grave reactions against the Popular Front.

By a curious phenomenon, not one of these organizations is officially represented in the *Chambre des Députés*. No Royalist candidate presented him-

self at the election under this label, for he would have been assured of failure. As for the members of the *Croix de Feu*, its leader, Colonel de La Rocque, forbade them to be candidates under the organization's banner. There is therefore no official *Croix de Feu* party in the *Chambre*, though it is certain that many Nationalist deputies embrace the theories of the *Croix de Feu*.

Here, then, are two opposition groups which are already playing a considerable part in French public opinion, and which, despite their ambiguous position in the *Chambre*, may at some time rally all the elements of the Right.

II

The *Action Française* bases its doctrines on the return of France to the monarchy. Since 1898 it has been fighting toward this end, and by clever propaganda, by noisy manifestations, it has managed to occupy more than a negligible place in the movement of political ideas.

It had its origin in the passions unleashed at the end of the last century by the Dreyfus Affair. Founded in the midst of a political crisis, it was inspired by an anxiety to assure the safety of France, and it considers that the most efficacious way of attaining this goal is the restoration of a king to the throne of France. In the course of

the last thirty-eight years, the Action Française has asserted itself morally and intellectually in the battle of ideas. In reality, of course, it has not facilitated the return of the monarchy. This observation was made, with some melancholy, by the guiding spirit of the movement, Charles Maurras, on the occasion of the reissue of his book, *Enquête sur la Monarchie*: —

A quarter of a century has passed; this old book is being reissued; but its longevity does not delight me: it calls attention to the length of the crisis and its difficulty. The war has changed nothing; people are still wondering whether public safety is to be found in the institution of a traditional, hereditary, anti-parliamentarian monarchy.

In 1926, the Action Française went through a very serious crisis when it engaged in a conflict with the Vatican. Composed almost exclusively of convinced Catholics, it sustained a grave defeat when Pope Pius XI publicly condemned the leaders of the movement, Charles Maurras and Léon Daudet, and excommunicated them, as 'branded with atheism, anti-Christianity, anti-Catholicism and amorality.' Nevertheless, the Action Française recovered from this severe shock. Time and circumstances have mitigated the struggle; to-day relations between Rome and the monarchial movement are on the basis of an armistice.

Tangible results may not have crowned the campaigns of the Action Française, but its ideas have spread abroad and have found partisans. In the course of the last twenty-five years there has not been a single great question of foreign or domestic policy in which it has not made its voice heard, almost always obstreperously. After the war, it concentrated its efforts particularly on the struggle against Communism. Against this target the forces of the movement are particular-

ly directed to-day, and its members, especially the Camelots du Roi, do not hesitate to disturb Communist meetings, insulting the police and then cooling off in prison.

To-day the Action Française has units not only in Paris but in the *départements*. As to the exact number of its adherents opinions are divided; probably they do not exceed 60,000 — which, out of the 42,000,000 inhabitants of France, is inconsiderable. But they make enough noise for a million! And they are encouraged by leaders of untiring vitality and energy.

There are two colorful leaders of the Action Française. First, Léon Daudet, son of the celebrated writer Alphonse Daudet, and himself a writer of aggressive talent. For a quarter of a century Léon Daudet has placed his pen and his oratory at the service of the Royalist cause. His articles are enlivened by an inexhaustible zest; in his speeches, *gauloiserie*, sometimes of the rawest sort, is combined with the most fantastic ideology. Daily he breaks lances with those who do not hold his opinions, whether they be cabinet ministers, academicians, powerful bankers, or famous writers. His activity includes piquant adventures, like his escape from a Parisian prison following a telephone call by a friend who pretended to be the Minister of the Interior. The French say of him, 'He's a type!' They do not always take him seriously, but they admire his audacity and his courage; the Camelots du Roi adore him for being the always ebullient hero of a comedy which is often dramatic.

Charles Maurras, by his austere calm, his profound deliberation, is the exact opposite of Daudet. It is he who is the apostle, the philosopher, the thinker. Certainly he has as much faith as Daudet in the cause he is defending, but it is a reasoned faith, the

result of meditation and study. He is a classicist who adores Greece, reads Homer, and cultivates his secret garden. Suffering from deafness, which confines him in partial solitude, he attends few meetings, but in his office, alone, in front of his worktable, he scrutinizes with his severe and vigilant mind all the acts and manœuvres of the Republican powers. His passion for his cause leads him occasionally to the most sanguinary utterances. Such was the case a few weeks ago when, in a newspaper tirade against Léon Blum, he went so far as to urge that that statesman be assassinated. In the upshot Maurras was brought to court and sentenced to eight months' imprisonment.

These leaders, and with them the members of the Action Française, turn their eyes toward their All Highest, the Duc de Guise, great-grandson of Louis Philippe, who lives in exile in Belgium. But the Duc de Guise seems long ago to have realized how vain is the struggle carried on for the reestablishment of a monarchy in France. Thus the more active hopes of the Action Française incline to-day toward the 'Dauphin,' the Comte de Paris, son of the Duc de Guise, who, with the optimism of youth, seems to have more faith than his father in the Royalist cause in France.

III

The Croix de Feu group is much younger than the Action Française, but it has spread with such rapidity that it long since outstripped the Royalist movement in influence and popularity. The reason for this amazing development is first and foremost that the Croix de Feu intends to remain within the framework of the Republican régime to which France is profoundly attached.

Ten years ago the Association of the Croix de Feu was simply a group of

veterans chosen for their distinguished feats in the war. For admittance a man had either to prove some act of heroism or to have suffered a grave wound. The first president was Maurice d'Hartoy, who was succeeded, some years later, by Colonel de La Rocque.

In 1933, under the direction of its new chief, the group decided to expand, and thus created the Association of Sons of the Croix de Feu, open to those of the younger generation who had not fought in the war. Soon this new organization expanded still further, and, this time under the name of *Volontaires Nationaux*, brought together all those, whatever their age, who were eager to place their energy and good will at the service of the cause. The recruiting of adherents immediately increased at the rate of around five hundred new members a month.

On February 6, 1934, the Stavisky Affair broke out like a thunderclap; certain politicians were suspected of being mixed up in the scandal. French opinion was aroused and troubled. A crowd assembled in front of the Palais Bourbon; the Daladier Cabinet, then in power, called for army and police intervention; shots were fired; the Place de la Concorde took on the appearance of a battlefield.

French blood spilled by Frenchmen aroused public emotion. The dramatic events of February 6 intensified the feeling within the political camps, whether Left or Right. The Croix de Feu immediately took the lead in the Nationalist ranks and its enlistments increased to four thousand new members a month. To-day it claims to have more than 700,000 adherents.

The reasons for this sudden confidence in the Croix de Feu are not far to seek. The movement had already drawn attention to itself, and its conduct, its severe discipline, had made a good impression on many Frenchmen. It had never been mixed up in noisy

demonstrations; it did not have the appearance of a political organization; it merely sought to unite those who wished to bring about improvements in the existing régime. It seemed to express a new spirit, free from electoral haggling and shabby political combinations. Best of all, its ranks were open to everyone, regardless of class, religion, or occupation.

Another reason for success was to be found in the determination and personality of the leader, Colonel de La Rocque.

Casimir-François de La Rocque belongs to an old family of Cantal, a rugged and unsmiling province in the centre of France. There, at the end of the last century, lived his father, a former general of naval artillery; the six sons, two of whom fell in the war, were all raised in the military tradition.

After his boyhood in this almost feudal atmosphere, Casimir-François entered the École de Saint-Cyr, the French West Point. He emerged in 1907, a sublieutenant of cavalry, and promptly asked to be sent to Algiers. There he learned Arabic, which he soon spoke fluently. In Morocco he served under Marshal Lyautey, and his knowledge of the people and the language was such that when the war broke out in 1914, despite his natural wish to return to France, he was retained for command in Africa.

The story runs that in 1916 the young captain was ordered to inspect a tribe then in a ferment of revolt, and was warned that the Arabs had timed the uprising for that very evening. He called for his horse, put on his best uniform, and alone, unarmed, unescorted, went to the Caid, head of the tribe. The camp was turbulent. At first astonished, then uneasy, the chief received him.

'I have come,' said La Rocque, 'to pay you a little visit. You have

often asked me to come, and here I am! If it won't put you out, I'd like to spend the night in your own tent.'

With the traditional politeness of the Arabs, the head of the tribe conducted him to his quarters and invited him to dinner. The men seemed troubled: what should they do? Night came and the dinner ended. La Rocque went to bed and pretended to sleep. He heard the stir of the excited camp, was aware of the animated and whispered conversations of the Moroccans. The clatter of arms went on till the middle of the night. Would they turn on him? The hours passed; dawn appeared. La Rocque arose, took leave of his host, and returned to his own camp. Overawed by his cool courage, the tribe did not revolt.

But La Rocque's luck did not always hold. A short time afterwards he was wounded in an engagement and declared unfit for active service. He made a remarkable recovery, however, and remained among the combatant units till the end of the war.

At the time of the Armistice, La Rocque was a Commandant, at thirty-two. He had received nine citations and was an officer of the Legion of Honor. In the peace days that followed he was first appointed to the general staff of Marshal Foch, served as a member of the Interallied Military Commission of the Treaty of Versailles, was sent to Poland as liaison officer between the French and Polish High Commands, and still later returned to Morocco.

In the meantime France had become the prey of political factions. He realized that another battlefield was now open to his energies; in 1928 he resigned his commission in order to devote his time and his efforts to civilian concerns. Some months later he was elected president of the Croix de Feu.

IV

The aim of the Croix de Feu is to infuse a new spirit into the direction of affairs in France. 'The interests of France above all else, without consideration for party quarrels or political influences' — that has been the rallying cry thus far. It is a vague formula. The Croix de Feu has often been reproached for its lack of a more definite programme. The defense of its spokesmen may be put in these words: 'If we had a precise programme with certain concrete points, we should lose the liberty and suppleness of our movements at a time when no one knows what the future holds in reserve. Above all, we want to keep our independence; with a definite plan, it would be doomed.'

Although the campaign programme may be vague, there is no doubt that the Croix de Feu holds firmly to certain principles. In his recent book, *Service Public*, La Rocque said: —

The immense majority of patriotic Frenchmen, of whom the Croix de Feu furnishes an exact synthesis, has thought better of all the old political credos; it is not disposed toward a return to the governments of other days. The Croix de Feu must call itself loyalist toward every republican government which is a stranger to the ambiguous combinations of committees and inspired by a will to union and patriotism.

Such a position seems to indicate a rupture with the Royalists and the Bonapartists. Yet it is evident that the three groups have much in sympathy. If by some extraordinary development the Royalists of the Action Française were to abandon their hope of restoring a monarch, it is inevitable that they would become the most direct allies of the Croix de Feu.

As they are republican, so too the partisans of La Rocque are parliamentarians. They envision a true repre-

sentation of the country. They are enemies of a Parlement whose concerns are too often purely electoral; they want a Chambre and a Sénat above suspicion. They consider outworn the political chicanery now employed. A day will come, they predict, when the people will understand that the men and the laws which rule France to-day no longer possess the power or prestige necessary for security. When that day dawns, there will be a call for new men and new ideas. For that eventuality the Croix de Feu is preparing.

V

There are characteristics of the Croix de Feu which give it a family resemblance to Fascism, though the Croix de Feu protests energetically against this label, so often applied by its adversaries. It steadfastly condemns dictatorship. If the word 'Fascism' is to be used in connection with the Croix de Feu it must be in the sense of a Fascism à la Française, a Fascism founded not on one man but on a group of men, united for the triumph of their ideas.

It is often charged that the Croix de Feu is supported by the leading banks and heavy industries. It cannot be disputed that a great number of French capitalists are in principle, if not in actuality, in accord with the philosophy of the Croix de Feu; they are both defenders of the same cause, which they believe to be menaced by Communism.

How far this support has materialized it is difficult to say. Very few outside of the leaders of the movement are informed about its financial resources. The Croix de Feu openly declares that it does not need much money, since its expenses are limited. Each member pays dues of ten francs a year; to-day an annual budget of six or seven million francs is quite sufficient for its needs. There is no necessity for expensive propaganda; the

movement spreads by word of mouth, from the members to their friends. When a meeting takes place, the hall is always given voluntarily by a sympathizer; when a meeting takes place outside Paris, the members are transported in their colleagues' automobiles. The weekly newspaper, *Le Flambeau*, which publishes the news of local groups and the statements of the leaders, costs relatively little to operate.

The meetings are organized in the greatest secrecy. La Rocque decides that it would be opportune for a meeting in such and such a village. Instructions are sent to the local leaders to keep in touch with their men. Early in the morning of the appointed day, orders are sent by motorcyclists to indicate the different points of concentration, although the actual assembly place is still in the dark. At these concentration points, representatives of the central organization appear: it is their duty to forward the local leaders and their men to the secret spot. The entire pilgrimage moves in automobiles. By such oblique methods are the meetings convened; the usual assembly numbers from 20,000 to 30,000 men. The gatherings are orderly and disciplined. Almost always it is La Rocque himself who speaks. As a rule, the Croix de Feu avoids parades and manifestations in the streets.

The Croix de Feu has already attained enough weight and discipline to be felt in French politics. How much can be expected of it in the future?

Admittedly its popularity has declined slightly during recent months. Sympathizers reproach Colonel de La

Rocque for the uncertainties of his programme. On December 6, the Chambre des Députés voted to disarm all the *ligues* — those of the Right as well as of the Left. When the Croix de Feu instantly conformed to this decision, many of those favorable to the movement saw in the acquiescence a tactical error: the Croix de Feu, which on principle refuses to be mixed up in politics, had allowed itself to be dragged into a discussion which was nothing but political.

But to-day, following the victory of the Popular Front, it is likely that the Nationalists will come more and more to group themselves around the Croix de Feu. And if in the future, intoxicated by its success, carried away by its extreme elements, the Popular Front were to sanction measures endangering what the Croix de Feu considers the greatness and prosperity of France, it is quite possible that the organization might conclude that the time had come for open opposition.

It seems unlikely, however, that we shall witness any radical evolution of French policy for the present — certainly not a revolution. For even if the Socialists and Communists have their yearnings, these would always be modified by the Radical-Socialists, who will never forget that they have a portfolio in their pocket. Above all it must not be forgotten that the French middle mass, even if its sentiments are Left, remains reasonable and deliberative, wants peace within as well as without, and will always be an element of moderation against disturbers of the peace, whether from the Right or from the Left.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

KITE FLYING IN CHINA

WHEN days are spring and nights are still winter with occasional strong winds blowing, it is an ideal time for kite flying. What a great delight to go down the Street of Kites to pick your heart's desire!

Perhaps, sir, you would like this giant butterfly? It is strong; it balances well, too. See how sensitive its antennae are? Or perhaps, madam, this beautifully gowned Goddess of the Moon? She is lifesize, and flies so daintily. Yes, sir, this warrior rides well with the wind. Oh yes, this centipede climbs beautifully. It has one hundred legs. This hawk, maybe, sir? It is fully six feet tall and mightier than the live ones. Perhaps the little master likes this turtle with its long tail? Or some nice fish? No? A bigger one? Yes, sir, this hawk is really a good choice. I spent three days on it. It has perfect balance. Yes, yes, we have bows to go with the kite, and string too, thousands of yards of it.

Perhaps that very day is a windy day! Then you go out to a great open space which in the country might be your own garden or even your back yard. You look for a high place. If there is no convenient 'molehill' in sight, the roof of the house serves just as well for the smaller specimens. One end of the string is firmly attached to the kite, the other is wound on a strong stick, easy to unwind or to rewind. The kite is taken to the high place, held with its back directly against the current of the wind. When both ends are ready, up goes the kite from a generous upward thrust. The person holding the string quickly manipulates it with great skill. Under experienced guidance, the kite never fails to rise.

In five minutes our hawk is soaring in the sky, bowing to a gentleman or two, flattering this lady and that, but positively ignoring the numerous butterflies and insects that people the sky. As he mounts higher and higher, the bow strung across his

back begins to sing. He joins in the heavenly chorus and dances with pure delight. What a gay masquerade!

Now you tie the end of the string to a strong tree. Take great care to make it fast, lest by chance some child be carried away by this mighty force. You fold your arms and tell your neighbor why your impudent hawk is far superior to his puny gold fish! Then the sun goes down. The ladies and gentlemen slowly descend, followed by the less dignified members of the party. It is time for supper. But our hawk refuses to be just a good fellow. He is a night bird as well.

You can no longer see his wild frolics, but you can still hear him playing his bow. He is doing a solo now and enjoying it. Then, hurry! Bring the lanterns! Seven will do. Light the candles. Pull the hawk halfway down. Tie the lanterns on to the string, one by one, about ten feet apart. There, that's all done. So there goes the hawk again, but this time carrying a string of red lanterns!

One stands there fascinated, looking at the little red lights hanging in the sky, swinging gently to the music of the bow. One's little mind is vaguely filled with awesome thoughts of heaven and earth. The night wind is cutting, but one does not mind. Only . . . Mother is calling. One must go in. One knows, however, that one will see the lights from the window, and fall asleep with the comfortable knowledge that the lanterns will be there breaking the terrifying spell of vast darkness, and, perhaps, lighting one's way to heaven, too.

HSIN-MIN WU

ALLERGY

MRS. WERFEL had hay fever — not merely the seasonal kind, but the chronic variety that makes you so chronically unattractive. So Mrs. Werfel consulted Dr. Wattle.

At first she was entirely mystified by the word he used. 'Allergy?' she repeated.

She had thought allergy was a weed growing in ponds.

The doctor, however, kindly put her right, for in those days 'allergy' was not the household word it is now, with new models, so to speak, appearing daily. 'Your clinical history shows you to be so allergic, so highly sensitized,' he explained as he checked off diphtheria, typhoid, scarlet fever, pneumonia, appendicitis, 'that I feel sure the skin tests will prove most enlightening.'

Expectantly he produced his tray of concentrated poisons, two hundred vials containing such deadly extracts as those of the soy bean, the dill pickle, kohl-rabi, nutmeg, and canary feathers. Expectantly, with his tiny flat instrument, he coerced one hundred varying substances into each of Mrs. Werfel's arms. At the end of the two hours which the operation consumed, her arms bloomed like the rose, but with hives.

'I do not think,' said Dr. Wattle happily, 'that I have ever seen more complete susceptibility. These indications we call immediate reactions; now I will interpret them.' This he proceeded to do, matching the serried ranks of vials in the tray to the serried ranks of hives on Mrs. Werfel's arms.

At first Mrs. Werfel worried. Suppose, she thought, that he makes geographical errors in reading, that he mixes up parsley with kapok, for instance, or tangerine with cat hair. But as time went on and she heard that she was intolerant to barley, oats, wheat, buckwheat, casaba, rice, cocoa, coffee, tea, tobacco, artichoke (French), artichoke (Jerusalem), asparagus, the navy bean, beet, broccoli, Brussels sprouts, not to mention chives, corn, cottonseed, cucumber, dandelion, parsley, parsnips, peas, pimento, potato, pumpkin, as well as garlic, ginger, hops, malt, mustard, nutmeg, paprika, peppers, psyllium seed, sage, senna — as time went on she dozed, missing the fruit, the fish, the nut, the fabric, the feathers, the powder, the bacillus classes.

'And now,' Dr. Wattle was saying when she roused, 'let us see. By the process of elimination you may eat only butter, heavy cream, goat milk, Parmesan cheese, egg white, duck egg, goose egg, gelatin, pork, rabbit, fig, lemon, butterfish, butternut. Of course,' he added, 'my deductions are

drawn merely from the immediate reactions. To-morrow, with the delayed-twenty-four-hour reactions, will tell the story.'

To-morrow came. 'And now,' said Dr. Wattle, noting sundry new excrescences, 'let us see. The list narrows down to butter, heavy cream, goat milk, egg white, goose egg, gelatin, fig, lemon, butternut. Of course,' he added, 'my deductions are drawn merely from the immediate plus the delayed-twenty-four-hour reactions. To-morrow, with the delayed-forty-eight-hour reactions, will tell the story.'

Thus it happened that Mrs. Werfel's diet ultimately consisted of butter, heavy cream, goat milk, goose egg, gelatin, and butternut. And Mrs. Werfel ultimately had the jaundice, which left her, as she indicated to Dr. Wattle, only gelatin and butternut. It was hard, she volunteered piteously, to subsist on gelatin and butternut; in short, one way and another, she had lost thirty pounds.

It *was* hard, Dr. Wattle agreed, but he had good news for her. Since her last appointment he had perfected a serum, a really miraculous serum, that did away with all diets, neutralizing all the food poisoning in the system. Take that, and you could eat anything. Tremendously powerful it was, naturally, and the dosage was a ticklish matter. Extreme stimulation or extreme depression followed if the amount administered was too large or too small. The physician could only judge from the patient's reports. And naturally it took time — two or three years before the system could be properly stabilized. Patience and coöperation were essential.

So for three years Mrs. Werfel coöperated. From a woman not more unreasonable than most she became, in the interests of science, temperamental. She was meticulous in her reports, never feeling anything at all without noting it down for Dr. Wattle. So faithful and so zealous was she in always remembering to feel intensely that one day found her trying to jump off a bridge.

Dr. Wattle was really interested. 'I had been thinking,' he said, 'that one one-hundredth of a milligram was far too much for you, or too little — I'm not quite convinced yet which. But in the meantime I have achieved the perfect diet, the diet that does away with all serums, the fat-free diet

— quite simply, no butter, no cream, no fat-containing foods.'

'But,' said Mrs. Werfel, 'I thought butter and cream, according to the skin tests, were almost the only things I *could* eat — that is, until I got the jaundice.'

'Skin tests,' observed Dr. Wattle, 'served their purpose for a time, but we have since discovered them to be misleading. The fat-free diet, on the other hand, is universal. Moreover, you must remember that there is a certain type of allergy . . .'

AMERICAN TYPE

ONE often wonders what sort of human being is likely to emerge from the racial confusion of centuries of intermarriage. At least I do, since it is my habit to worry most over matters about which I can do nothing.

I recently chanced to meet a Mr. Paul Washington on a railway train. There are not many white Washingtons left in America, and I feared that his first name might be George, since a parental Washington might be excused for yielding to the temptation to name a male child for the childless father of his country. But Mr. Washington explained that his excellent sire, with four sons at his disposal, refused to name any one of them George. This I thought showed rare restraint, and I pursued my genealogical inquiries. Presently I discovered that if this man Washington is not the American of the future, he is a long step in that direction.

Mr. Washington told me that his grandfather of that name was born in England. In return I informed him that all four of my grandparents were born in England; to be more precise, in a single county of England — Wiltshire. Racially, I am a pure-bred Wiltshireman. Though born in the United States, I am as Wilts as Stonehenge, more English than Edward VIII, and British enough to be unable, in the pinches, to view the Empire objectively. Not so Mr. Washington. Each of his grandparents came from a different country. One grandfather was born in England, the other in Germany; one grandmother in France, the other in Ireland. What is more, my Washington had a touch of all these races in his manner.

Like the French, his hands were full of

gestures — neat, friendly, illuminating little gestures which accented his every speech. He spoke quickly with little change of tone, in the English way, but with the lively, lifting features and darting glances of the Irish. Yet there ran through all his talk a strong thread of German precision. Talking of his studies at the Wharton School in Philadelphia, he was careful to give its full title — Wharton School of Finance and Commerce — and in mentioning a brother employed by Westinghouse he was equally precise — Westinghouse Electric and Manufacturing Company. Here, I thought, is a man in whom one racial trait holds another racial trait within bounds, so that he can be at the same moment quick yet precise, voluble yet modest. You felt he could talk you into insuring against the next Ice Age.

It was a pleasure to listen to his flowing monotone which rippled along like a brook, with little undertones of delight in it, and to see his neat hands moving as delicately as willows alongshore. Here sat a being of many honest prides; proud of his brothers — one soon to be a sales engineer for Westinghouse Electric and Manufacturing Company, another a food chemist with American Stores Company and once amateur welterweight boxing champion of the Middle Atlantic States; proud of his father, a Pennsylvania railway engineer who had been leader of the Democratic Party in the Assembly at Harrisburg and sometime mediator for the Department of Labor and Industry. 'A peacemaker.' He laid that phrase on his father's memory as reverently as if it had been a wreath, and a moment later I was surprised to learn that Washington *père* was even then doing his many hours a day on the line between Altoona and Pittsburgh.

Frankness and genuineness warmed his talk until the words fairly glowed good will. He rejoiced in his Grandfather Washington for making a fortune in coal mining by the age of forty after coming to this country as an adult unable to read or write — not at all humiliated to relate that, following this auspicious start, his ancestor retired to drink his way successfully through said fortune and die penniless. Not a censorious word did he utter to indicate that this long spree was in any sense an error, or to hint regret for the lost million. You gathered

that the grandson felt competent to make his own million or not, as he chose.

This four-sided complete American delighted in his business, which was insurance of the bond and liability sort. With a neat mingling of the legal and paternal, he spoke of his clients as 'my assured.' His stance for attacking the immense futurities of insurance is a village high in the Alleghenies. Swiftly he convinced me that his village is quite the loveliest and most prosperous in America, containing, 'with its environs,' more than six thousand souls of exceptional solvency and virtue. Accepting their quality, I questioned if they were numerous enough to provide all the prospects he needed. My worry was unnecessary. He was, literally, a free agent within the borders of Pennsylvania, and was already going afield for more than half of his business. For him his lofty village is just a jumping-off place from which to insure the universe; from his office window he beholds a world to save by contract.

Obviously here is a man altogether American. Unlike myself, he could never think of himself as anything other than American. Unified by multiplicity, he is indigenous as a tree, and like a tree is without fear or doubt. For him there can never be a cloying question whether America is right or wrong; he is America, and America is he. Whether he wears America like a glove or America wears him like a glove, the twain fit perfectly. His occupation makes him part of the capitalist order, concerning whose righteousness he has no misgivings; but his upbringing by a union leader makes him aware of the rights of labor. Eventually he expects the two rival interests to reach some sort of harmony, without conflict dramatic enough to interfere seriously with either himself or insurance. And if the struggle should become desperate, Paul Washington knows that he can wangle through it somehow and adjust himself to whatever way of life results.

Twenty years older than Mr. Washington, I found his aplomb a little disconcerting to one who knew America before the World War and before the Income Tax. Contrasting our present condition with that halcyon period, I have practically given up on America, dating the decline of the Old Republic from 1913, since which all

our twists seem to have been for the worse. But Mr. Washington, while alive before the war, was not old enough to be touched by our ancient glory. He belongs to a generation which would hardly be fazed at having to write a new constitution and ought to do as good a job at it as the authors of the present one did.

This composite American is at ease in America as more simple types are not. None of his grandparents were at ease in America; immigrants never are in an adopted country. No wonder Grandfather Washington took to drink far from the delights of Lancashire. It takes several generations to acclimate the imported type of human biped, to establish that intimate accord between root and branch, between the mind and social institutions, which lets a man flower fully and happily in his environment. Racial blocs which incline toward preserving solidarity of blood, frowning on intermarriage, do not quite attain this delightful at-homeness. The Puritans, for instance, never seem to have been really at home in America; their desire was to change their environment rather than accept it, acting in blind obedience to a code originating long ago overseas. In general they preferred to kill an Indian rather than marry one. Likewise, there are certain sects in Pennsylvania, of German origin, whose members cling to old ways of life, thrusting the American pattern as far out of reach as they can.

Mr. Washington, with his four so different grandparents, is a reassuring witness to our eventual salvation. If it is true that every nation is on its way to becoming a race, he is a sample conducive to optimism. Although he tried valiantly to put me at ease, I was so overwhelmed by his shining example that I neglected to inquire whether he himself had taken steps to become an ancestor and with what result. If, however, he is still unmarried, I hope that he will marry a girl whose ancestral line includes grandparents Italian, Scots, Slav, and Jew. Little Washingtons born of the union would form a genuinely American family, and if one of them should be named George, he might easily become President by claiming the suffrages of eight racial blocs, on the ground that, more completely than anyone else, he represents the American race.

THE SELF-MADE MAN

(Continued from page 11)

This fellow's brother, however, the president of Krauss & Sons in Stuttgart, who you would think would be ashamed to have such a little rat in his family, had set up a great stink about the thing, and now he had hustled the whole Krauss lot except himself out of the country. Another acquaintance, instead of being glad his son would have to read *Mein Kampf* at school in place of a lot of la-de-da stuff that had never prepared any boy for earning his living, said curtly that he was going to take the youngster out of a certain Berlin Gymnasium and send him to England, where he would still have a chance to learn a little decent German. All around Herr Nussbaum, to his unlimited disgust, people whom he had known and with whom he had done business for years suddenly turned out to be quite mad.

During that time he was very close to the Wilhelmstrasse; prominent people in the Party, particularly a young aide named Schmidt, kept him well abreast of all the doings, were deeply appreciative of his support. His hotels, where officials and Storm Troop officers always received special consideration, were favorite places with the new gods. Late in 1933, Herr Nussbaum, pathetically excited by the sight of so much uniform cloth, turned the whole of Schloss Nussbaum over to some Storm Troops free of charge for a big evening's celebration, and was told afterward that his generosity had made a splendid impression on everyone.

VIII

That there was still much confusion that first year, Herr Nussbaum, in his arguments with people, did not deny. He was always, he said, ready to look facts in the face. He admitted willingly that the Storm Troops, not altogether calmed down yet, were sometimes overzealous; that the concentration camps once in a while did get a man who was neither a traitor nor a jailbird. But these things, he said, were unavoidable during such a vast rebuilding. When business acquaintances pointed, panic-stricken, to the growing chaos of Germany's export situation, Herr Nussbaum,

whose own interests were now primarily domestic, replied firmly, if a little grimly, that they must be patient, that there had been a bigger upheaval than they knew. Not only was time a necessary factor, he reminded them, but, as with any new order, they would even have to expect a few out-and-out mistakes. For instance, Streicher's Jewish Boycott in April — that had been a mistake, perhaps an obligatory mistake to save certain political faces. But it had been repaired; the Party had called such nonsense off and it would not be repeated.

He spoke of Schacht's unquestioned ability, already proven under another régime. If his friends really wanted to see how things were going, Herr Nussbaum said, they would do better to look at reemployment figures than at exports. And when his listeners gaped at this, wondering whether Nussbaum was more ingenuous than they had thought or simply stupid, and asked if he did n't know what particular work was absorbing so many of the jobless, — because if he did n't everyone else in Germany, and even abroad, did know, — Herr Nussbaum said crossly that of course he knew what they meant, but that war materials were far from being the whole answer. Even if the manufacture of munitions, secret or otherwise, should become Germany's leading industry, — which was silly, — you still could not attribute such widespread reemployment to that alone. With the calm, reasoning smile which he took pains to preserve in these days he said: 'Look at France. Of the eighty-nine *départements* in France, there are only about a dozen which are not, at least to some noticeable extent, producers of wine. And yet would you say that a wine boom by itself could solve French unemployment?'

When Nazi personalities were mentioned, usually in a whisper, — Goering, Hess, Rosenberg, Goebbels, scores of others, — men seeming on the surface to offer a whole microcosm of types, yet having enough cells in common to make them a blood brotherhood even when they quarreled; Röhm, Himmler; Frick, who had once proposed the castration of all homosexuals; Rust, whose appointment as Minister of Education had so affronted a Berlin doctor who had previously reported on his unfitness that the doctor, fanatic chap, had committed suicide

shortly after Rust took office; Streicher, whose own lips boasted feverishly of his horsewhip — when these were mentioned Herr Nussbaum was quite fair; he took no blanket attitude. Of some of these men he said that he happened to know first-hand that the stories leveled against them were lies, and he defended them. Of others he said that this or that thing might be true or it might not, he had no way of telling; but that in times like these vicious rumors were circulated like flies, and that he, for his part, refused to believe anything, good or bad, without definite proof. He even admitted outright that one or two figures in the Party were indisputably evil; but he said this was not the Party's fault. Streicher, for example, was unquestionably a low fellow, but was n't the Party already starting to scrape away men of that stripe who, barnacle-like, had come to port with it? What about Streicher's 'Ritual Murder' number of *Der Stürmer*? They'd suppressed that quickly enough, had n't they? Why, good Lord, man, it's about as fair to judge the National Socialist Party by men like Streicher as it would be to judge, say, the whole Republican Party in America by the few scoundrels who sneaked in with the Harding Administration!

People said: Streicher or any other individual aside, tens of thousands of Jews were being tortured for no reason except their race. 'All right, then,' Herr Nussbaum said. 'Perhaps a few innocent Jews *are* suffering! But have n't we Jews always suffered? Do you think Hitler invented anti-Semitism? What about Queen Isabella's two million?' (The bitterness of his opponents had sent him to the encyclopedia.) 'Look at old England, the Dreyfuss case, Frankfort — any time or place you can think of! Listen! Has any change, for better or worse, ever come in any country without some innocent people getting it in the neck? You don't like to think of 1918 here, do you? Or Russia? Or the French Revolution? And yet that's just where you and I'd be now if this chap had n't come along! The point is: do you or do you *not* believe in the greatest good for the greatest number?

'Look! Here's a fellow who comes along and says: "Here. This country's rotting with Reds, other subversive influences. Now

I can clean these dirty rats out; I can put the country back on its feet again — *if* I can get the people behind me! But," he says, "how am I going to do that — and keep 'em there? Most people are n't educated enough to realize these evils just as they stand. What rallying cry can I give them that won't break down sooner or later — that'll really hit 'em some place where they live?" Then he says: "Well, here's this anti-Semitism. It's an ugly thing, but here it is; it's a fact; it's been here a long time. Why not, for the first time in its life, put it to some *constructive* use? As long as it *is* here, as long as we've got to have it anyway! Besides, a lot of these damned Marxists are Jews! And if there *must* be any innocent victims in the struggle, won't it be a lot better to have them come from part of an isolated one per cent of the nation than to have a wholesale, unlimited destruction? This way — with this, well, common interest you might say — I can unify my people! Then, when they're organized, when they're united through that, I can take 'em on against the real obstacles!" — All right, he does! He does something with anti-Semitism that's never been done before! Cruel, you'll say — innocent people and all that! But you can't be sentimental about it; you've got to look facts in the face! If you can think of a way that would n't have been fifty times as bad, I'd like to hear it!

When Herr Nussbaum said this his friends would often regard him with quiet, meditative eyes and change the subject.

Even the lady in the Neueswestens once burst forth against Hitler. Herr Nussbaum arrived one evening to find her running up and down the flat, reviling the Leader's recent castigation of cosmetics, which he had decreed unfit for German womanhood. Herr Nussbaum said for God's sake what was she squawking about — that that edict had nothing to do with women like her. The lady in the Neueswestens said he was damn right it had nothing to do with her; she would paint her face green if she felt like it, and if Charlot-puss did n't like it he knew what he could do! You would think, she said, that instead of standing around snarling at make-up the Leader would be down at some good wigmaker's getting a couple of false ends for his moustache!

Herr Nussbaum found such talk very annoying, and said so. It was the first time he had ever known the lady in the Neueswestens to be intractable.

IX

Abroad, too, as time went on, there seemed to be an increasingly stubborn refusal to recognize the rebirth which the Leader was bringing about in Germany. Herr Nussbaum, who held blocks of stock in a large toy factory in Nuremberg, saw several letters from dealers in America with whom the firm was accustomed to do quite a business. Three of these letters, written from major cities, said that in order to sell a recent shipment of dolls — dolls representing German waiters holding trays of beer, a neat little number which had always been one of the most popular on the firm's list — it had been necessary to paint the faces of the dolls black. As the faces for Negro-waiter dolls could be manufactured more cheaply and much more accurately in America, the dealers said, they regretted to inform the firm that they were hereby canceling all orders for this product, but would let the factory hear from them should they want anything in future.

Nevertheless, despite such irritations, Herr Nussbaum found that life on the whole went very well indeed. No doubt it would soon go even better. Considering the state the entire world was in at that time, his various enterprises were marching along quite decently. His hotels, to be sure, had been somewhat affected; at first it had looked as if the temporary confusion would put them on the shelf for a season or two. But whereas there was a falling off of tourists, — a loss in quality, it soon developed, in the case of the resort places at least, — there was no need to worry. Bourgeois adherents of the Party with their pockets newly lined — the thronging families of Storm Troop leaders, petty officials, and so forth — arrived in large numbers to take advantage of Herr Nussbaum's special rates. These plus such tourists as still came to ski, hear music, see religious plays, or verify the existence of the Storm Troops with their own eyes, kept the books balanced very nicely.

In fact, at the end of the Year One, only

three things had occurred which Herr Nussbaum could rate as unequivocally bad, and one of these was not really an occurrence at all, only an obstinately enduring condition which he felt sure would be rectified before very long. This first thing was that Essen still lay idle, friends of the Leader's, men who had never deserted the textile business, being too well placed for Nussbaum to have got anywhere on the uniform question yet. The second evil was a violent demonstration which some rowdies staged one night in front of Schloss Nussbaum, but which was speedily broken up as soon as the proper authorities got wind of it. The other thing was more personal.

One night in 1933, when Herr Nussbaum came out with the Neueswestens lady from a quiet little supper in Kempinski's, he found a crowd of people around his Lincoln limousine, some of them supporting his chauffeur, whose face was covered with blood. The windows of his car had been shattered, and sticking from one of them, apparently snatched from a near-by store, was a large sign which said: '*Juden Heraus!*' Herr Nussbaum bit his lip angrily, but, beyond telling his chauffeur to bring the car on home as soon as he was able, he said nothing. He and the lady went back to the Neueswestens in a cab. The next morning, early, Herr Nussbaum telephoned the Wilhelmstrasse and put the people there on the carpet for what had happened. However, the official to whom he spoke was so apologetic, so honest in his plea of a misunderstanding and the still perilous and confusing nature of the times, that Herr Nussbaum could not but be mollified.

That same afternoon young Kurt Schmidt drove around to bring still more apologies, and first thing you knew, when they had drunk a little brandy together, there they were laughing at the silliness of the mistake, especially when you stopped to think that the poor chauffeur, who was the one who had really got it in the neck, was a gentile. After that their talk drifted to other things.

Nevertheless, Herr Nussbaum was unable to get the lady in the Neueswestens — who, like the chauffeur, was a gentile — to be forgiving in this matter. Long after Nussbaum himself had fallen into the habit of smiling at the incident, she kept on

fuming about it, and said it was a dirty, lousy, stinking thing!

The summer of 1934 rolled around. In Berlin during those days there was a good deal of marching in the streets, a strange air of restlessness. Herr Nussbaum, though he had not been there for some time, heard the same of Munich. For that matter it was so all over Germany unless your eyes were shut. The momentum which the Leader had gathered from the Reichstag fire more than a year before was still visible. Many of his projects were in full swing, appeared to be getting on well enough. But there was something indefinable in the atmosphere, something queerer than the report that Hitler's two-billion agricultural job was on its way to costing ten billion. The fact was, the Postman was at last being asked to look at some of the letters he had brought.

Herr Nussbaum knew, for instance, that he could afford to smile when the different Hindenburg rumors went the rounds; that the old man was neither a crutch to the Leader, nor a threat, nor his prisoner, but a compound of all three. But to be positive in other matters, to identify exact foes and their exact stands in the welter of monarchists, military men, and politicians who lurked about, was more difficult. For example, von Papen, Hindenburg's whippet, was still around. The finagling Schleicher peered forth somewhere from the bulrushes, hard to find at his official address. Röhm, who had made the climb with the Leader and should have known better, was sulking in the South. There were disturbing rumblings, reactionary and radical, in the body of Storm Troops.

Once or twice curious tremors reached Berlin and even Herr Nussbaum himself, such as on the night when a group of Storm Troopers surrounded his car in Joachims-thalerstrasse and began to insult him. Since on this occasion he suffered no more than an uncomfortable moment, he made no complaint of it until his next meeting with Kurt Schmidt, who was even more indignant about it than Herr Nussbaum was. But when the Wilhelmstrasse itself called up one day to tell him apologetically that a demonstration had just been made against one of his hotels in Bavaria, — a demonstration, they said, which they regretted exceedingly and wanted him to know they

were not responsible for, — Herr Nussbaum, perilous and confusing nature of the times or no, could not help being annoyed. That evening, as at the time of the '*Juden Heraus*' affair, Kurt Schmidt came over personally with further regrets and explanations, and he and Herr Nussbaum spent two hours in a savage discussion of those feeble-minded, no-good elements in Bavaria and elsewhere who could not keep up with the Party's progress but must cling to attitudes that were over and done with, until, even though they wore the Party's uniform, they made a mess of it. Kurt Schmidt, who was a romantic, sentimental young chap, said darkly, with a significant look, that the only way to get rid of Medusa's hair for good and all was to cut off every snake's head at once — and that he for his part expected to live to see that done.

X

June flicked by. One night at the end of the month there was a distinct electricity in the air which seemed to say: 'The Leader is absent!' The Leader's absence in itself was not strange. He was often away. The queer thing was that on this particular night his being out of Berlin should impart a shiver to those who watched the Wilhelmstrasse carefully and knew he was not there. Herr Nussbaum asked Kurt Schmidt where the Leader was, and the young aide replied with what Nussbaum thought rather shifty casualness that he was combining a labor-camp inspection trip with a night's rest on the Rhine — that hotel of what's-his-name's — friend of Herr Nussbaum's, too — just across from the Peterberg. Herr Nussbaum did a little telephoning, and to his great astonishment found out this was true.

In the morning, however, it was other people who did the telephoning. Herr Nussbaum's phone jangled incessantly. All Germany, the whole world spun with excitement. It had come; young Kurt had lived to see it: the snakes' heads had been cut off! Late the night before, the Leader had left the little hotel opposite the Peterberg, and, swooping Valkyrie-like through the air, descended on Munich in the flesh. Simultaneously his omnipresent spirit had alighted throughout the Reich, striking.

Röhm was dead, with God only knew how many henchmen. The finagling Schleicher would finagle no more. Von Papen had escaped only through a miracle. From border to border the traitors who still lived at sunrise were being rounded up by truckloads!

Siegfried's Sword! And licked lips and glistening eyes; exact details of Röhm's Wiessee retreat and the way Heines had been found! Rumors like fire, buckets of gasoline on the fire: that in the confusion even Goebbels's murder had been attempted; that at the sight of his betrayers the Leader had collapsed, weeping like a broken parent in his faithful Brückner's arms; that the Leader had filled the rôle of executioner with his own stern hand; that — the Leader was dead! . . . No! . . .

No, the Leader was not dead. Tomorrow, from quiet Neudeck, where the poor old Field Marshal had delayed his final return to Tannenberg just one month too long, the thanks of the Fatherland would find him. But even before that, in the maelstrom of this very morning, there was a single clear fact. No matter where he was at the moment, no matter how he had conducted himself at Wiessee, no matter whether Hindenburg's message would be genuine or a command performance, the Leader — if only by good balance — was still the Leader. With a single blow he had swept all his enemies away like bugs, old pests and old comrades together. This time even the S. A. held its tongue. Every Brownshirt except the eagles of the Schutzstaffel and a few specially picked safe-bets was to go immediately on an extended vacation.

All that day Berlin buzzed. Detachments of the Schutzstaffel, of the Reichswehr, hurrying through the streets — firing squads, no doubt. Glimpses of white drawn faces in trucks hurtling toward the Military Academy. Frightened women and children; frightened men. Herr Nussbaum's phone went on ringing; he himself kept calling up, trying to get more definite news. At the Wilhelmstrasse, however, they could tell him nothing; they were too busy even to talk to him. Once he managed to get Kurt Schmidt, but the boy seemed under such a strain that he was almost rude. He said he had n't had a wink of sleep since night before last; he was sorry, there was nothing to

tell yet; he would let Herr Nussbaum hear from him when there was, but just now he must excuse him; and hung up. No news that night. Then, the next morning, Herr Nussbaum's phone rang with a long-distance call from the manager of one of his hotels in Bavaria.

It turned out to be not the manager but his assistant, and the assistant said he had some rather bad news. The night before, a crowd of malcontents — some of them obviously Bavarian Storm Troopers, still wearing fragments of the S. A. uniform despite the vacation order — had attacked the hotel. Herr Nussbaum, the assistant was sure, knew how some of these southern provincials were — the lower orders, that is. They were — well, in regard to certain ignorant prejudices, what you might call pretty violent. No better proof of these people's stupidity could be found than the fact that they had acted this way on a night when, if they had n't been well out in the mountains, they'd have been finished on the spot. That is — Herr Nussbaum must know how careful everyone was trying to be around Munich just then. Anyway, aside from the question of general damage, the annoyance to the guests and all, the thing the assistant was really calling about was — well, naturally they had all done their best to protect things, and in the midst of it someone had produced a pistol, and the manager, who up till then had behaved very well, had been shot in the chest. Now, of course the assistant realized the manager was in great pain; he had always been most loyal; but — the fact was — now — probably only because of the state he was in — he was blaming Herr Nussbaum for the whole thing, moaning that if Herr Nussbaum had n't tried to — well, er — blaming Herr Nussbaum. A cousin of the manager's, a Nazi lawyer in Munich, looked as if he were going to become very active in the case, try to make something out of it. Naturally, with all the resentment there was in Bavaria at present, — well, bluntly, the manager was a gentile, — Herr Nussbaum could see that quite an issue could be made out of the thing. He, the assistant, was only anxious to see his employer's interests protected. He wondered if Herr Nussbaum could come right down.

Herr Nussbaum said that he damn well

could n't, not in the midst of all this! He told the assistant to stand by and he would set things in motion right away. As soon as the call was finished he telephoned the Wilhelmstrasse, but the only people he could reach at the moment were too unimportant to give him any real satisfaction. The minor officials to whom he spoke, however, were quite upset by his news, tried to soothe him, said they would have Herr Schmidt call him as soon as he came in. Herr Nussbaum, very disgruntled, then drove downtown to see his lawyers.

In the Leipzigerstrasse, as his automobile stopped in traffic, he noticed that a man in a knot of idlers suddenly pointed him out to his companions as if he recognized him. The whole group turned and stared peculiarly at his Mercedes-Benz town car. For some reason this made Herr Nussbaum feel a quick, rasping rage against the traitors who had made all this disturbance necessary. The element of waste in the situation aggravated him. Among other things, the assistant had found time to tell him that when they heard of the Purge in Munich hundreds of tourists on their way up from Italy had turned back as swiftly as if they had seen mad dogs in their path. But all at once Herr Nussbaum's anger died. 'Well,' he told himself humorously, as the old, gentle, nostalgic thought stirred in him for the millionth time, 'perhaps one good thing may come of it at least.'

But wait a minute! Wait a minute! It might be that one good thing *would* come of it! It might very well be, Herr Nussbaum thought with a sudden glow, that out of this unpleasant brew *would* pop at last the long-sought corn plaster! Up to this minute he had only thought of it playfully, but when you . . . After all, the Party certainly owed him *some* sort of balm for these recent occurrences, especially this last mess! . . .

He began to wonder if the Storm Troops would all be reinstated or if a special corps would be selected, with possibly a new uniform. . . . Or, if only the Schutzstaffel remained, how many units and how many files per unit there would be. . . . Any way you looked at it . . . yes, that was pretty sure, there would certainly have to be a lot of new stuff . . . and when you threw in overcoats . . . it would have to come from a German manufacturer, too . . . really

should all come from one place if it could be handled that way, so as to be good and standard. . . . Anybody who remembered the trouble during the war could vouch for that . . . used to look at a single squad sometimes and see as many different shades of field-gray as there were . . . Ridiculous! . . . And when you stopped to . . .

For the rest of the drive to his lawyers (who told him with meaning smiles that his position in this case was probably already stronger than any the poor bar could win for him), and again on his way back to Bendlerstrasse, Herr Nussbaum was lost in an exciting reverie, half fancy, half calculation. His eyes were boyishly happy. He sat with his arms folded; and, as his Mercedes-Benz sped along, the index finger of his right hand tapped steadily against his left side with the rhythm of looms in a textile mill.

XI

When he arrived home his man Albert told him Herr Schmidt had phoned, seemed very anxious to see him that afternoon. Albert said that in view of the state of affairs he had taken the liberty of agreeing to an engagement on condition that Herr Nussbaum could cancel it if he chose. Herr Nussbaum was pleased to note the alacrity with which young Kurt had responded to his call. He told the man Albert he had done well.

That afternoon just after lunch, as he was sitting in the comfortable room he called his study (though it was quite bare of books), sipping brandy and dreaming of Essen, he heard a car stop before the house. He went to the window and saw young Kurt climb out wearily, pause to straighten his brown tunic, and come on in. 'Poor kid!' smiled Herr Nussbaum sympathetically. 'Looks as if he'd been through the machine.'

A moment later he was greeting the young aide — affably, but with enough of injury in his tone to let Kurt know that things like this could n't just be passed over with a wave and a kiss. 'Ah, Kurt!' he said. 'Come in, my boy, come in! Well! Sit down! You look tired.'

The boy nodded. He sat down in the chair Herr Nussbaum showed him and put his cap, which he had not given to the servant, on the floor. 'Sorry I could n't

answer you sooner, Herr Nussbaum,' he said in a flat voice. 'I was over at the Military Academy.'

His face twitched. Herr Nussbaum looked at him keenly, went over to a side table and came back with a big hooker of brandy. 'There are some jobs in life,' he said, handing it gently to the boy, 'that are n't so easy, are n't there, Kurt?'

The young man's only answer was to take a gulp from the glass. 'All the more reason,' Herr Nussbaum said, 'to feel a certain satisfaction when they're over and done with. Besides,' he added, 'you've got a lot to be thankful for, my boy. You were too young for the war, were n't you? It went on for four years then.'

Ordinarily you were not supposed to be glad you were too young for the war, but Kurt only nodded. He finished his brandy, and Herr Nussbaum reached over and refilled his glass. 'Where is He now?' he asked.

'I don't know for certain,' the boy said.

'Well, wherever he is,' said Herr Nussbaum, 'we can be pretty sure he's got things under control, I guess. He's a great man, Kurt! A great, great man! How's everybody feel about things now?' he asked. 'Pretty well satisfied?'

'Oh, yes,' Kurt said. 'I guess things will be all right now.' He picked his cap up, turned it over nervously, and put it down again.

'Well, I'll be glad,' said Herr Nussbaum with a droll face, 'when things really get all right enough for a poor business man like me to stick his head out of his shell hole again! Lately, with all this war going on around, it's been hotter than the Revolution for some of us noncombatants!'

Kurt looked up. For a moment he seemed startled. 'Oh,' he said, forcing a smile. 'Yes.'

Herr Nussbaum watched him closely. The boy was very ill at ease; he knew this was no ordinary thing. In his mind Herr Nussbaum began to hear the Essen looms clacking as plain as day. The young man took another swallow of brandy. Then suddenly: 'Look here, Herr Nussbaum,' he blurted out. 'I—I guess you know the Leader is—I mean that we're all pretty grateful to you for—well, for a lot of things. I mean—there is n't one of us that does n't

think you've been pretty grand all the way through. You know that, don't you?'

Herr Nussbaum was inwardly amused. Still, the youngster's sentimental side was one of the nicest things about him. 'Well,' he said, 'it's very good of you to say so, anyway.'

The boy leaned toward him with almost desperate earnestness. 'Well, it's true,' he said. 'I mean—the way you've stood by the Party. Why,' he said with an uncomfortable laugh, 'I guess you were backing the Leader up even long before I was! When I was still a kid, even!'

Herr Nussbaum smiled. 'I should n't be surprised, Kurt,' he said. 'Let's see. About 1922—twelve years. Yes, almost from the very first. You must have been in short pants then.'

'Yes,' the boy said. He took another drink. 'So that you know, maybe better than anyone, how many sacrifices have had to be made. Not for any individual, but for the Fatherland. I mean—right now, for instance—men who've been the Leader's lifelong friends. What I mean is—I know that you yourself—if you were called on to make a pretty big sacrifice, you'd understand, would n't you?'

The Essen looms stopped singing. So! Herr Nussbaum thought. Trying to wheedle me into saying I don't mind—that I don't care if all the hotels burn to the ground as long as it's for the Party, eh? Oh, no!

'That would depend,' he said, smiling, 'on what the sacrifice happened to be.'

'Well,' the young aide said, 'it's a pretty big one. I mean—'

Herr Nussbaum leaned back in his chair and grinned serenely. 'What *do* you mean?' he challenged.

The boy hesitated. Then he raised his eyes and looked straight into the older man's face. 'Just this, Herr Nussbaum,' he said evenly. 'The Leader thinks you'd better go.'

There was a full thirty seconds of silence. Through the open window, from the direction of Tiergartenstrasse, came a muffled snatch of band music. Herr Nussbaum stared. He said sharply: 'What the devil do you mean?'

'I mean *go*, Herr Nussbaum,' the boy repeated quietly. 'Get out of the country.'

Herr Nussbaum felt an angry pressure rising in his head. Suddenly he was more annoyed than he had ever been in his whole life. Suddenly he —

Herr Nussbaum pushed the pressure down. As on previous critical occasions in his career, wiliness shoved every other quality into the background. Careful, careful now! After all, this youngster was nothing but a trusted subordinate. Who was at the bottom of this? Soon find *that* out! Meanwhile keep the situation well in hand! . . . He rose and glanced out of the window as if he were interested in seeing where the music came from. 'As a matter of fact, Kurt,' he said calmly, 'calling a spade a spade, I do understand. Quite. Now that you speak of it I may as well tell you that I've been giving the matter considerable thought for some time. I've already arranged, for instance, to change the name of Schloss Nussbaum. Going to call it Schloss Teutoburg. As long as this particular tension lasts it would n't hurt if people even thought I'd stepped out altogether. Same with some of my other affairs. They can all be run very well right from this house, you know. After all, my dear Kurt,' he said with a hard laugh, 'it's not the *name* Nussbaum that makes these things go, is it? It's Nussbaum himself! I intend talking all that over with the Leader personally as soon as he gets back.'

The boy fidgeted. 'Look, Herr Nussbaum,' he said, 'you don't — I'm afraid it's more urgent than that. After all, you're quite a figure around here, you know. Not only here in Berlin, but in —'

The telephone rang. It began to ring insistently. Herr Nussbaum held his flinty gaze on the young man for a moment and then said, 'Excuse me.' He went over to the phone and answered brusquely. He listened a few seconds and when he replied his voice was ominous. 'Yes!' he said. 'He has! In fact he's here now! And I should just like to know —'

He stopped. From the receiver, its words unintelligible to the young man in the chair, came a harsh, grating voice. It spoke rapidly, in clipped, mechanical sentences. As Herr Nussbaum listened all the color started to drain out of his face. The voice barked on for a minute, and then, as curtly as it had begun, it ceased. Slowly, Herr

Nussbaum put the receiver down. His hand was shaking. He came back toward his chair with shambling, uncertain steps, and his cheeks were quite gray, quivering like jelly. 'You did n't tell me that,' he whispered.

'Tell you what?' the boy asked uneasily.

Herr Nussbaum's voice was full of wonder. 'That I only had twenty-four hours,' he said.

The boy lowered his eyes. 'I'm sorry, Herr Nussbaum,' he said.

'Twenty-four hours,' Herr Nussbaum murmured. His voice rose. 'Yes, that was a friendly little tip! A friendly little tip, he said! Sooner if I can make it, but after twenty-four hours they won't be — ! God damn you!' he cried, turning on the young man. 'What's the meaning of this? What does it mean? *What does it mean?*'

Abruptly the boy stood up. His heels clicked together; his uniformed back was suddenly like a ramrod.

'I'm sorry, Herr Nussbaum,' he said, 'but it's not my fault.'

He held out his hand, but Herr Nussbaum did n't seem to see it. The boy went slowly to the door. Near the threshold he hesitated. 'Herr Nussbaum,' he said, 'if I can do anything to help you — help you get ready, I mean —'

Herr Nussbaum swung toward him savagely and uttered a loud cry. The cry had a sobbing, wailing note in it; it seemed to come from some hollow place behind his nose. Later young Kurt said he had never before realized how Semitic Herr Nussbaum's voice really was. 'Get out!' he screamed. 'Get out, damn you! Get out of my house!'

The boy went out.

XII

For ten minutes Herr Nussbaum stood stock-still in the centre of the room. Then, gradually, as the first shock passed, he began to see that there was really nothing to be making such a fuss about. The whole thing was preposterous. Why, the Leader himself was n't even here! It would all be fixed up all right, no need to worry about that! He struck his forehead with the heel of his hand, laughed grimly, shook his head like a diver coming up from an icy pool.

Whew! he thought, what a thing to pull on an innocent chap of quiet habits in his fifty-fourth year!

Just the same, it would n't hurt if he did dig out for a few days. The Leader, the real top people in the Party were pretty well occupied with this purge business right now. That was probably why some little piker or other had tried to take advantage . . . But who could it be? Herr Nussbaum wondered. Well, it would n't hurt anyway. Besides, he could do with a little vacation; been going pretty hard lately. A couple of weeks, he thought, even a whole month in England might be very pleasant. The only thing wrong with England, Herr Nussbaum thought, with a flash of that sarcastic humor on which he prided himself, was the English. Well, he'd go anyway. No telling how far out of hand some of these mice might get while the cats were away. But when he got back — then, by God, there was going to be a whole pail of arsenic sprinkled around! We'd see about *this*! Matter of fact, there was no reason why he should n't write to the Leader personally from England! Yes, he would n't even wait! He'd start things going from England!

He paced up and down the room. There was still a cold feeling in his stomach, but he kept telling himself things would be all right. All at once his eyes lit on the telephone, and a panicky thought seized him. He went quickly to the phone, but before he called a number he put it down again. Wait a minute, had he gone completely off? Let some of his business associates, even some of the Nussbaum executives, get wind of this, and God Himself would n't be able to call the shots! He could send any instructions he had to send from England. Besides, there was n't any of his enterprises that could n't ride on its own momentum for the time he was likely to be away. He went over to the table, took a stiff drink of brandy, and returned to his pacing. Presently another thought struck him. Again he went to the telephone, and again immediately put it down. No sense frightening her, going through all the explanations that would be necessary. He could drop her a note from the boat. She would understand; he had been called away on short notice before. No doubt he'd be seeing her in a week or so anyway. Nevertheless, al-

though the rent for the flat in the Neues-westens had only recently been paid, he went to the writing desk and made her out a check, also enclosing a brief note which said he had just discovered he would have to go to England on business for a few days. When he had done that he rang for Albert.

In response to his question the man said he did n't know whether it was the *Europa* or the *Bremen* that was sailing that night, but he would find out. Herr Nussbaum said, well, whichever it was, to get him good accommodations as far as Southampton. 'Better get me accommodations on the train too, Albert,' he said. 'See that I have a compartment to myself.'

Albert said, 'Yes, sir,' and asked about packing. 'Well,' Herr Nussbaum said doubtfully, 'put in plenty of stuff. I don't know just how long I'll be gone.'

'Yes, sir,' Albert said. Then, as he was going out, he paused and said with a polite smile: 'Is n't this rather sudden, sir?'

'Yes,' Herr Nussbaum said.

That night he went to the Lehrter Bahnhof in a cab. The rest of the afternoon he had spent in careful thinking. He had successfully resisted all temptations to telephone people, and he had now more than half convinced himself that this was merely another business trip, such a trip as he had taken often in the past and like scores of business trips he would probably take in the future. He even believed he looked forward to the crossing with mild pleasure. The only person who had any intimation of a slight unusualness in the journey was Albert. Herr Nussbaum had told the man casually that in case he was detained longer than he expected to be he would send for his trunks.

As his cab crossed the Platz der Republik it came upon a long column of singing Storm Troopers — some of the loyal Schutzstaffel — marching out from what had formerly been the Friedrich Ebert Strasse but was now the Hermann Goering Strasse. The cab had to stop for them; they passed with their measured tread so close that you could almost touch them; and over Herr Nussbaum there came the same thrill that always, from the very first days, had come whenever he saw these healthy young chaps in large numbers. For a moment as they swung past, eyes straight ahead in

their rugged faces, singing their rhythmic marching song, he thought of what these boys had accomplished in the hard years since the Leader had first brought them together. The few rowdy renegades in the South were of no account. It was these youngsters — why, when you looked back on the ragged, dirty scoundrels who'd never earned an honest mark in their lives, trying to turn the country upside down — They did n't last long against these lads, though! . . . When the cab drew ahead Herr Nussbaum found that he had turned around, that he was still looking at them from the little back window.

At the station there were more of them. Out on the platform still more, some with placards; they seemed quite excited. Probably something to do with the train for Hamburg, where there were still supposed to be more Reds than were healthy. Queer thing about Hamburg; there and in Berlin's own Moabit, you could depend on it, you were always bound to find the trouble-makers popping up again. Herr Nussbaum held back; he wanted to see what the placards said; but the train was about to go — it was time to climb aboard. As his porter bumped ahead of him, leading the way to his place, he noticed some young people in an adjoining compartment — English or Americans, he could n't tell which — who were looking out the window at the Storm Troopers and laughing; all except one, who was saying something in a contemptuous voice. Herr Nussbaum, who knew a little business English, listened; and suddenly, at what he heard, he felt a blinding anger. He had a violent impulse to rush in on them, confront them, ask them what the devil a bunch of smug, hoggish Englishmen or simple-minded, profiteering Americans knew about what Germany had been through in the last fifteen years; what right *they* had to talk about a Man and a Movement that alone — and absolutely alone — had saved the country from ruin. He stood there, fuming; but after all he did n't know such a lot of English and his porter was waiting — he wanted to be tipped and get off. Besides, Herr Nussbaum thought morosely, they'll find out one of these days! They and a lot of others!

He gave the man a coin, walked moodily into his compartment, and hung up his hat. As he did, a great shout went up from the Storm Troopers on the platform. Herr Nussbaum stepped quickly to the window. They were milling around about something; he could see part of one of the placards now — something about that rat Röhm. Before he could see the whole thing, however, the train gave a starting lurch and he was thrown off balance.

By the time he got up to the window again his car had pulled ahead. He could n't see the placards any longer, only the Storm Troopers nearest him on the platform. He craned his neck, and then, as another loud outburst came from the Storm Troopers, fumbled absent-mindedly with the window lock. It was too stiff to bother with, so again he pressed his nose flat against the pane and looked out. But now the Storm Troopers were no longer in view; even the station had dropped out of sight. Already the train was out on the elevated tracks — it was leaving Old Berlin behind.

He stood at the window, swaying, and he could feel the train gathering speed beneath him. The Neueswestens, and the flat in the Neueswestens. . . . He peered into the night from the compartment which he had all to himself, the big compartment with every seat in it empty but his, and all the luggage racks empty but his; and the night rushed upon him faster and faster. And Jungfernheide and the river and the Schloss. . . . And in a straight line across Charlottenburg would be the Grunewalde and all the cozy villas. . . . The train screamed suddenly with shrill delight. . . . And dark, only dark, and the scattered lights of homes. . . .

And now the train strained forward gleefully, clickety-clack, clickety-clack, clickety-clickety-clickety-clack, shrieking for everything in the night to get out of its way. The lights grew scarcer and scarcer, and if you were looking they faded almost as quickly as you saw them. But Herr Nussbaum did n't see them. Even before his train had passed Spandau he had slumped down on his seat and stopped pretending.

"I Have a Million Dollars to Leave"

1 1 1

If you had one million dollars to give to your community, how would you wish it spent?

This is not a hypothetical question. An *Atlantic* reader is studying that actual problem to-day. Feeling in need of counsel, he sent to the *Atlantic* a statement of his case, together with letters of endorsement from his bankers. Read his statement carefully: —

I am a retired business man, spending the last years of a long life in the town (now city) where I was born and have continuously lived. In one respect I am fortunate — I am, measured by local standards certainly, wealthy. In another respect I am most unfortunate — I have no near relatives. This fact has complicated the problem of what I shall do with my money, and I have spent many hours pondering it. I have reached no conclusion which satisfies me. After providing for certain old friends and distant relatives, I shall have a million dollars to leave. To whom — for what good purpose — shall I leave it? Perhaps the readers of the *Atlantic Monthly* can help me.

The money was made in this community and I want it to go back to the community in some wise and beneficial manner. I shall attempt to describe the community as completely as I can without disclosing its identity. My city is close to 100,000 in population, is situated in the Middle West, surrounded by rich farm land. Although some sizable manufacturers are located here, we are not predominantly an industrial city. There is no large foreign population. Our growth has been slow and steady. I suppose we did not go quite so low in the depression as even the average American city; we did not fly quite so high in the "boom" days preceding. We have a good school system, good parks and playgrounds, swimming pools and golf courses, even a small art gallery. We have very adequate hospitals, well endowed. There is no local college or university. My problem of how best to dispose of my money is the more difficult because there is no single outstanding need which shows itself.

Certainly I am not looking for a useless decorative memorial. A dozen purposes suggest themselves, but there is always the disconcerting suspicion that a better purpose, a wiser memorial, has been overlooked. From the readers of the *Atlantic Monthly* I hope the suggestion may come of this wise memorial which has eluded my own thinking.

1 1 1

The donor, who wishes to be anonymous, has authorized the *Atlantic* to award a prize of \$1000 for a paper of not more than a thousand words containing the best suggestion or plan for the disposal of this million-dollar gift.

The manuscripts will be judged by the editors, whose decision will be final. It is hoped that they will be typed, but those in legible handwriting will be acceptable.

Manuscripts must be submitted to the *Atlantic Monthly*, 8 Arlington Street, Boston, on or before September 15, 1936. The prize-winning paper will be published in the magazine, if possible in the November issue. No employee of the *Atlantic* is eligible to compete.

Contestants are limited to a single entry; each manuscript should bear on its envelope the inscription, *The Million Dollar Community Contest*. All manuscripts submitted will become the property of the donor.

The CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN

It is not often that a man's first manuscript is welcomed to the head of the table. **William Laidlaw** (p. 1) breaks into *Atlantic* print in his twenty-eighth year. His coming of age is described in his own words: —

Left Yale in 1928, a freshman, with no thought except to write and carry through what was then called a 'rash kid marriage.' Like so many other rash kid marriages, it has turned out to be swell and has given my life whatever backbone it has. Trouble growing up, more reacting, getting over Penthouse Communism, other kid stuff. Communist friends did n't want me anyway, said I'd turn into a bourgeois stodgy again one of these days. They were right. Have turned out to be a man who perpetually apologizes to the Left because his collar is white, to the Right because it is n't stiff — in other words, a staunch believer in the old-fashioned Liberalism which is supposed to be bankrupt but, being a human attitude instead of a label (or a rope strained to the breaking point, like all the Shirt Creeds), is n't. Much time in Europe since '28 has strengthened this point of view. With my wife, have known a good many Hitlerites and Hitler opposers in Germany and out, especially many refugees in London and Paris and Strasbourg, where, as you no doubt know, some of the United Front workers always hang out. In Europe in 1931, already, because of German friends, interested in Hitler. Again from 1933 to the beginning of 1935. Many interesting people, some old friends, some new, some not friends at all. Some months in Italy; in the Tyrol, talking to the Jesuits, just before the Austrian explosion; on the Place de la Concorde near the bridgehead the night of February 6; Germany before and after the Blood Bath; Belgium, England, and home.

Glanville Smith (p. 12), a Minnesotan born and bred, prefers village life to anything New York can offer. He is by trade a carver and designer of tombstones; but, thanks to a Guggenheim Traveling Fellowship, he will soon have time off to visit (and write about) the most inviting islands in the world.

The *Atlantic* is privileged to print two delicious chapters of **Agnes Repplier's** (p. 18) new book, *In Pursuit of Laughter*. The book itself will appear in the early autumn.

Richard Dana Skinner (p. 28) tells us that he leads a 'double life': 'My regular professional occupation is investment advisory work for various savings banks and the like, involving long

and weary hours of economic research into money markets and such things. My books and other writings and my work as Associate Editor of the *North American Review* have to emerge from so-called and almost nonexistent spare time.'

The rescue of two Canadians from their entombment in an abandoned mine called for the resources of the Dominion and the imperishable courage that makes you cheer. **Dr. W. E. Gallie** (p. 33), who tells the story, is Professor of Surgery, University of Toronto Medical School, and Surgeon-in-Chief, Toronto General Hospital. His best friend — who was one of those entombed — is Dr. D. E. Robertson, fifty-two years of age, Assistant Professor of Surgery, and Surgeon-in-Chief, Hospital for Sick Children, Toronto. Readers will be relieved to know that Dr. 'Eddie' Robertson returned to his duties on May 24.

Now in his thirty-fifth year, **Benedict Thielen** (p. 44) is a Princeton graduate who finds New York City the best possible starting point for his short stories. His 'Souvenir of Arizona' well deserved its place of honor in the O'Brien collection of 1935.

An Englishman, **George Allen** (p. 53) is a living illustration that poets are caught young. He matriculated at Rugby and Oxford, lectured for a year at Hamburg University, then received a Commonwealth Fellowship which enabled him to study first at Western Reserve and later at Harvard. He is still on the sunny side of thirty.

A. W. Smith (p. 54) has that English propensity for planting gardens all over the earth. His roots are now going down in Ipswich, Massachusetts.

Author of nine volumes of poetry, — the latest of which, *The Goose on the Capitol*, is fresh from the press, — **Leonard Bacon** (p. 59) has studied at various times with Dr. C. G. Jung. Certain paragraphs in his article are reprinted from his paper in *Die Kulturelle Bedeutung der Komplexen Psychologie*, a volume edited by the Psychological Club of Zurich to celebrate the sixtieth birthday of Dr. Jung.

Lawrence Garrett (p. 63) has discovered a Swiftian vein in Denver, Colorado.



ALL HONOR TO SHARP PENCILS

★ **W**HEN A MAN makes a revolutionary discovery which presents to industry a totally new common metal, he may be pardoned for visionary dreams of an easy path to fame and fortune.

Certainly this was the expectation of Charles Martin Hall, the 22-year old woodshed experimenter who, in 1886, discovered the commercial process whereby Aluminum could be produced economically.

But Hall and his venturesome backers of fifty years ago made little progress in creating an Aluminum industry until they grappled with the realities of the sharp pencils of commerce: the calculating pencil of the engineer, the challenging pencil of the architect and the designer, the close-figuring pencil of the purchasing agent.

It was because of the challenge of these sharp pencils, in the hands of customers and competitors, that the pioneer makers of Aluminum (originally the Pittsburgh Reduction Company, now Aluminum Company of America) eventually found themselves part of a thriving new industry.

The obligation of a business to its customers is obvious. But this business owes quite as great a debt to its competitors.

The keen competition offered by the many fabricators within the Aluminum industry has not

only stimulated our own efforts, but has also spread the gospel of Aluminum faster than any one organization could possibly have done.

To the producers of other basic materials and metals also belongs a generous measure of credit for the progress of the young industry. Their honest competition speeded the search for cheaper methods of Aluminum production and fabrication, and the development of new strong alloys. Their well-earned position in many fields has forced Aluminum to create new markets for itself, thus serving its own best interests as well as the general economic good.

After all, is there any real conflict between the basic metals and materials? Is not the actual conflict with natural forces — against gravity, in the matter of weight; against inertia as affecting mass-in-motion; against corrosion and harmful chemical action; against stresses and other created forces?

These natural forces the Aluminum industry regards as its real competition. In the fullness of time every basic material will find its own natural and intended place in the economic scheme of things.

Meanwhile, Aluminum asks to be looked upon as a friendly metal, ready to go to work in effective partnership with other metals and materials wherever and however the sharp pencils of commerce figure that human welfare can best be served.

A FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY MESSAGE FROM

ALUMINUM COMPANY OF AMERICA

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The COLUMN

Mrs. Theo E. Hewitt (p. 66) describes the tribulations of a young English housewife living at the world's end. Her letter comes to us from a trusted friend of the *Atlantic*, the late Arthur Lehman.

Chairman of the Social Security Board, John G. Winant (p. 69) recently sailed to Europe as head of the American Delegation to the twentieth annual International Labor Conference at Geneva.

'My front yard,' writes Charles D. Stewart (p. 77), 'is a piece of lake shore called Eagle Point, so named in the days of the Indians because it was the favorite lookout of the bald eagle. To this day the eagles, on their way North, have an eye for it. In the past twenty-eight years there has hardly been a spring or early summer when there has not been an eagle about for at least a day or two; and the favorite perch, commanding the water on all sides, is my great black birch, about fifty feet from my front porch.' Mr. Stewart's remarks are quite appropriate to July Fourth, the one day in the year when all American eagles are allowed to scream.

Dr. M. G. Seelig (p. 86) is a prominent surgeon in St. Louis and Director of Research at the Barnard Free Skin and Cancer Hospital.

Poet and essayist, David McCord (p. 92) prefers New England for his orbit. His latest collection of light verse, *Bay Window Ballads*, has made many friends.

John Holmes (p. 92) is the poetry editor of the *Boston Evening Transcript*. His poems have had a constant welcome in the *Atlantic*. There will soon be enough for his first volume.

James Still (p. 93) writes that 'an hour alone in a hill graveyard is a cure for many an ill. It is good to lie down with the dead occasionally.'

Stephen Leacock (p. 94) wished to call his essay 'The Invasion of Human Thought by Mathematical Symbols,' but the humorist in him warned that readers would beware. In his graver moments Mr. Leacock is Professor of Economics and Political Science at McGill University.

A remote contributor, Mrs. Ethel Anderson (p. 99) lives at Bell Green, Turramurra, Australia. 'The Boston I know,' she writes, 'is the Boston of Henry James's *Europeans*: it lives for me as he shows it there — a village beauty!'

Raoul de Roussy de Sales (p. 101) is United States correspondent of *Paris-Soir*.

A fellow Frenchman, Raymond Lange (p. 109) is United States correspondent of *L'Intransigeant*.

Mrs. Edmonia Hill, whose recollections of 'The Young Kipling' were published in the *April Atlantic*, sends us the following newspaper clipping which came to her from a friend in Bangalore, India.

An 85-year-old Parsi artist, Mr. Pestonji Bomanji, the only man remembering Mr. Kipling's boyhood in Bombay, expressed his sorrow when a pressman informed him of Mr. Kipling's death. He was painting his grandson's portrait and immediately put aside the brush.

In the course of a talk he revealed he was a student of the J. J. School of Art, Bombay, under Mr. Kipling's father, and he could recall vividly to mind the day on which Mr. Kipling was born in a small little hut in the J. J. Art School compound. He knew Mr. Kipling from the time of his birth till he was six or seven years old, when his father was transferred to Lahore. He recalled how Mr. Kipling's father was kindly to him and how he taught him (Pestonji) sculptor work.

Mr. Pestonji said that Mr. Rudyard Kipling became very much attached to him and used to walk into sculptoring class and ask questions about figures which he and other students were making, inventing childish romances around models of the nymphs, etc., which stood round the classroom.

'At recess time,' continued Mr. Pestonji, 'the young Kipling used to come and sit with me and share my "Chana Kurumara," a mixture of fried gram and rice, Kipling having become extraordinarily fond of it. Kipling was a quiet-going boy and was never mischievous, but had a remarkable memory. As a boy of six he knew me and other students by name and I am surprised that after so many years he referred to me by my name in one of his books called the *Just-So Stories*. I am deeply touched to hear of his death.'

And is there, we wonder, an American vacationist whose eyes will light up on hearing that 'Naulahka,' the home which Kipling built and lived in from 1892 to 1894 at Dummerston, Vermont, is now for rent? In the study is a small bronze shield, the size of an envelope, on which is inscribed: —

RUDYARD KIPLING
in this room
wrote
The Jungle Books
The Day's Work
The Seven Seas
Captains Courageous

In the March *Atlantic* Mr. Riley E. Elgen advanced some novel suggestions for the improvement and operation of our railroads. The argument has had its repercussions throughout the fraternity. Dr. Parmelee now rises to protest that railroads do not run in Utopia.

Dear *Atlantic*, —

May I offer some observations on the article 'Solving the "Railroad Problem,"' by Mr. Riley E. Elgen?

Mr. Elgen's solution is that the government should



Painting by Bookwell Kent

Copyright 1936, Sherwin-Williams Co., Cleveland, O.

BEAUTY AND PROTECTION

BY SHERWIN-WILLIAMS

Surely the modern colorful bathroom and kitchen are contributions to easier living. And just as surely the bedroom... the living room... become enjoyable, charming spots when given the warmth and gayety of Sherwin-Williams colors. The pride of living in a well decorated house covers every room in it.

Think what has been done—what you can do—with such simple tools as a brush and a can of colorful, washable, durable Sherwin-Williams Semi-Lustre! You can make your tasks lighter because your surroundings become brighter... You can create an atmosphere that breathes your charm and individuality... You can pleasantly play with the color schemes that allure you... And you can proudly show your

delightful rooms to your family and friends.

Bedroom... bath... kitchen—all the house will respond to the color magic in a can of Sherwin-Williams paint. Not only S-W Semi-Lustre, but S-W Flat-Tone and S-W Enameloid are at your aid. And for the outside of your home—where all the community can see—famous SWP, the best known and most widely used house paint in America means beauty and protection—and pride.

"All you need to know about paint" is the Sherwin-Williams label and the Sherwin-Williams name. And in city, town, or hamlet "paint headquarters" is where the "cover the earth" emblem means a paint dealer able and eager to help and serve you.



You can have twelve to eighteen months to pay for your painting. Ask the Sherwin-Williams dealer in your locality about the S-W Budget Payment Plan. Write directly to Sherwin-Williams Co., Dept. M-3, Cleveland, O.

Ask your Sherwin-Williams dealer for a copy of the famous S-W Home Decorator. It is free of charge. Or write directly to the Sherwin-Williams Company, Department M-3, Cleveland, Ohio.



SHERWIN-WILLIAMS PAINTS

ALL YOU NEED TO KNOW ABOUT PAINT

The COLUMN

purchase all railroads and lease them to a single operating corporation, privately financed. Under such an arrangement, he estimates savings as follows:

(1) 'The payment of nearly \$300,000,000 annually for rent of leased roads and for rent of cars and common facilities would be eliminated.'

The items referred to by Mr. Elgen are payments among railroad companies for facilities owned by one and used by another, or by railroad companies to owners of special types of cars and other facilities not owned but used by railroads. The charges represent actual costs, a large proportion of which will continue under the sort of operation suggested by Mr. Elgen and which will have to be met, regardless of how the payments may be stated in the accounts. To change the form of payment from rent to interest and maintenance would not change the substance.

(2) 'With all railroads operated as one system no capital expenditures would be required to meet competitive conditions.'

The railroads are in competition not only with one another but also with a variety of other forms of transport. They are faced with the continuing necessity of providing better service at the lowest possible cost. To avoid making improvements is not possible, regardless of who operates the railroads, and improvements require capital expenditure.

(3) 'It is a known fact that railroads during the twelve-year period ending with 1933 spent money extravagantly to gain advantages over competitors.'

In support of this statement Mr. Elgen cites the laying of heavy rail and the purchase of 'unproductive passenger equipment.' The heavy rail laid on many railroads is merely one element in the programme of railroad modernization and improvement which began in 1923. Largely because of that programme, railroads have been able to cut the operating costs for hauling the average ton of freight a thousand miles from \$10.78 in 1921 to \$6.75 in 1935, and have been able to speed up freight trains by an average of more than 40 per cent while doing it. Expenditures of the sort which have made such improvement possible are not 'extravagant.' Nor can the new passenger equipment of railroads be called 'unproductive' by anyone acquainted with the facts.

(4) 'Economies equivalent to about \$500,000,000 would result from unified operation of all railroads.'

No doubt savings can be made by unified operation, but Mr. Elgen's estimate is nearly one fifth of the present railroad operating expenses per annum. Even if it could be assumed that a single management covering the entire United States would be as efficient as the managements which have brought down unit operating expenses by nearly 40 per cent without wage reduction, and even if we may disregard the effect of probable lump-sum compensation or continuing wage payments to employees displaced by unification, there is little reason to expect such savings from any plan of unified management.

(5) The principal saving suggested lies in the reduction of payments for interest to be secured by financing the purchase of the railroads with 3 per

cent government bonds, in an amount not definitely stated but assumed to be considerably less than the \$19,284,500,000 of railroad securities now outstanding in the hands of the public. If it be assumed that the owners of the weaker railroad securities would be willing to exchange their holdings for 3 per cent bonds on some reduced basis, it must also be assumed that the holders of strong securities paying a higher rate would not be willing to give them up for 3 per cent.

If the calculations in the article be revised in the light of these facts, much of the savings promised as a result of government ownership and noncompetitive private operation by a company leasing from, and beholden to, the political powers would not be realized.

JULIUS H. PARMELEE, *Director*
Bureau of Railway Economics

No one likes to move — not even a President.

Dear Atlantic, —

Risking the accusation of attempting to 'paint the lily,' I should like to offer one suggestion concerning Mr. William Hard's article in the May *Atlantic*. I feel that he has not been entirely just to the 'Overburdened Men in the White House,' as he fails to mention, or only suggests with the lightest touch, one of our Presidents' most onerous burdens.

While the prime minister of a European country, theoretically at least, is appointed for life, or for as long as he serves his country's best interests, our President is elected for a term of only four years. In order, therefore, to save his country from the fate of being guided by one less capable than himself, he must begin to labor for reelection even before he moves into the White House, and he must continue to labor unremittingly at this task for four long years. As a matter of fact, he can never entirely put it out of his mind even when engaged in the most important affairs of state. Not only do his family, friends, those he has appointed to office, and those living on government bounty demand this, but his sense of loyalty to his party, to say nothing of his devotion to his country, will never let him forget.

I believe in giving the devil his due and feel that we should not be too hard on our downtrodden friends in the White House.

THOMAS J. COOK
Portland, Oregon

No sooner had Lord Dunsany finished his discussion of 'Decay in the Language' in the March issue than we began hearing from a host of readers, each one of them intent upon preserving the vitality of words.

Dear Atlantic, —

Two recent articles in the *Atlantic Monthly* have dealt with the threatened 'Decay in the Language.' We can always find what we look for — especially if we look for what we wish to find. Now I have been poking around among words for some years and have found them most interesting objects of observation whether occurring in a discourse or a dictionary. It always delights me to meet a word in a strange garb, old or new, either by way of brushing up an old acquaintance or scraping a new one.

The best things in LIFE

IT'S easy to say that "the best things in life are free." But think a moment. Aren't the things you value most the ones you've worked and planned and saved for?

This very day, perhaps, you're looking forward to making some purchase that will mark another milestone in satisfaction and achievement. It may be something comparatively costly, like a new home — a car — a vacation spent in travel. Or it may be simply a party dress — a set of breakfast china — new curtains for the living-room.

You can take real enjoyment in the anticipation of such an investment. But be sure the realization doesn't disappoint you. Before you buy, read carefully the advertisements in this magazine. Consider real values. Weigh the merits of one product against another.

Then buy with confidence. You can always be sure of high quality and fair price when the article you purchase is advertised by a reputable firm.

SOUTH AFRICA'S GARDEN PROVINCE



*Karkloof
Falls
in a
Natal Gorge*



COME TO NATAL, a wonderland of vivid green hills and luxuriant semi-tropical vegetation. Here are the charming cities of Pietermaritzburg, provincial capital, Ladysmith and Colenso, of Boer War fame, and Greytown and Vryheid.

On the coast is delightful Durban, with its spacious, colorful beach on the Indian Ocean. The Marine Parade, shaded esplanade, and streets lined with flowering flamboyants and blue-blossomed jacarandas, make Durban delightfully attractive.

Sports for all — in a setting of sparkling sunshine and an amazing blue sky — golf and tennis, yachting, bathing, fishing, polo, horse-racing, motoring — and fine concerts and theatres.

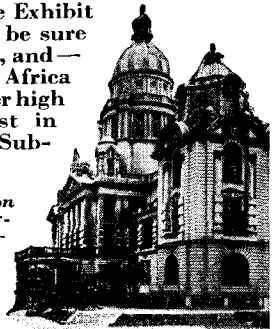
Within easy reach are fascinating game reserves, the world-famed Valley of a Thousand Hills, Natal National Park, and Zulu life in its primitive tribal forms.

Durban is only a short day's run by railroad from Johannesburg, where the Empire Exhibit — September 15, 1936 to January 15, 1937 — will attract many visitors to the impressive display of the progress of the British Dominions, and the amazing advance of South Africa during the last half century.

Visit the Empire Exhibit this Fall — but be sure to come to Natal, and — while in South Africa — see all the other high spots of interest in this glorious "Sub-Continent."

*Detailed information
from all leading tour-
ist and travel agen-
cies.*

*City Hall,
Durban*



Come to

SOUTH AFRICA

The COLUMN

However, it is quite natural that a linguistic Dunsanympholept or a Devoetee to good usage should feel like killing the murderers of their mother tongue in case the former harbored an aversion to the newspaper headline noun-combination constructions and the latter feared an approaching reign of 'The Exclamation-Point Style,' when we should all express our 'emotions only by means of coughing grunts, like yaks.'

Although my stribbly hair does not stand on end with horror at the possibility of these alleged dangers, I do nourish a peeve against the bombastic slinging of big words, and, as an example and a warning, have written these lines:—

Sesquipedalian verbosity,
Posturing with pedantic obscurity,
Causes turbidity and obfuscation
With macrocephalous pomposity,
Pertly parading its rhyppography
And paralleling each recidivation,
A pseudoplasmic, rhapsodized inflation,
With prestidigital logomachy.
Parasceuaastic therapy reduces
Thermoneurosis from nimiety
With eudæmonic sarcomectomy
And phreno-psyhic lotions for abuses.
But after all the words most gladly read
Are those that hit the nail upon the head.

FRANCIS A. WOOD
La Jolla, California

Dear Atlantic, —

In your March issue there was an article on 'Decay in the Language.' I don't know how much decay there is in the following, and there are those who may not call it decay. A local newspaper has just carried two want ads containing this wording:—

'Chance for public accountant to office with lawyer.' 'Chance for high grade realtor to office with lawyer.'

This new verb may become very useful, certainly when an advertiser pays so much a word, but —

ELDRED M. KEAYS
Milwaukee, Wisconsin

How many have read aloud that miniature essay, 'The Man Who Flew,' which appeared in the Contributors' Club for March, and which we feel proclaims a new and delightful talent? Those who did will enjoy this rejoinder.

Dear Atlantic, —

I also flew.

Often.

More than fifty years ago I was in the habit of taking a special little movement with my feet (a secret of mine own, of course) on the wooden box at the side of the front steps of Mrs. McGinty's house, on Linden Street, where I took my meals, and floating upwards, flying above the street, over the Chemistry Building (where now the Widener Library stands), and circling above the elm tops, and over Wadsworth House, to my room on the fourth floor of a building

at the corner of Holyoke Street. If the window was closed I poised on the granite sill and opened it. Sometimes I flew across the yard and peeked into old Sophocles' room. Later I would fly to the Law School Building.

This flying lasted about six years. I never have flown anywhere else than about the Harvard Yard, except, occasionally, when I was seated in a railroad car looking out of the window. Then I flew opposite the car above the telegraph poles. On such occasions it was I who flew. The simulacrum on the seat was nonexistent.

I was ashamed to tell anyone about this flying. You are the first person whom I have ever told. It seemed too preposterous. Yet to me it was real — as real as any experience of my life has been.

If ever you happen to come across my tombstone (it will be in place ere long, I fancy) you will read,

H — S — C —
1862-19 —

and you will, I hope, mentally add,

He also flew.

Mr. William Feather's article, 'The Pull of the Printed Word,' in the May *Atlantic*, has drawn to him this reply, among many others.

Dear Mr. Feather:—

Well, you invited this letter when you implied that most responses came from the two hundred and fifty thousand who really counted in this country. That's the crowd I want to belong to.

But I'm not sure this was not a carefully calculated scheme to draw fire from your readers.

Anyway, I liked your article, and want you to know it. The feminine members of my family distinctly did not. The references to bargains in silk hosiery spoiled your case with them.

But I want to say something on the subject you write about, 'The Printed Word.' My experience with the Printed Word gives me a low opinion of its potency. I am a life insurance man, many years in the business. I used to leave things with people to read, believing if they did read them a sale was assured. I've since found out that is the surest way not to make a sale.

My company gets out leaflets and booklets and sales letters — millions of them every year. I'm urged to put them in the hands of people. They must cost a mint of money (the sales letters), and they do but a mite of good.

Somehow, I don't know why, if a person thrusts something on me and insists that I read it, I simply won't. I'm prejudiced against it from the start. I'll do anything to get out of reading it. But if I run across something myself I'm as pleased as Punch about it (your article, for instance). I want to do my buying myself, either ideas or merchandise. I resent being sold in an obvious way.

Most people must be like that. The surest way to miss a sale is to overstate your case and then leave something for the other fellow to read. Queer people, are we not?

E. A. BRANIFF
Tulsa, Oklahoma